NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CXX.

JULY, 1843.

ART. I. — *An Oration delivered at the Celebration in Philadelphia of the 106th Anniversary of the Birthday of* THOMAS PAINE ; *by* JOHN ALBERGER. Philadelphia. 1843.

To dig from an almost forgotten grave the intellectual character of Thomas Paine, the object of violent obloquy during life, and of contumely after death, may not be without its uses in these our times. It may be done now without offence ; it may be done, we think, without injustice ; without offence, — for we are not aware of the existence of any man, woman, or child, any men or set of men, whom criticism on such a theme can wound. Many a teacher of pernicious doctrine has, by the purity of his domestic and social relations, left behind him a sort of protective character. There are surviving relatives and friends, or those who know surviving relatives and friends, who disarm even just criticism, and, standing around the grave, claim pity for themselves, if not for the poor inhabitants below. But Paine had none of these. He was childless, and friendless. Nor is there a human being in this wide world, we verily believe, who cares a jot for him or his memory. There was, perhaps, to use one of his own phrases, something like " sentimental union " between him and the sparse congregation of freethinkers who looked to him in life as an oracle. But it was a " sentimental union " in its strictest sense. There were a few, who, when he died, regarded him as a sort of

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martyr. But the affection or sympathy of such a class scarcely deserves the name. The heart where it dwells is hard and bony. It has no play, no warm life-spring. There is, in pathological phrase, with such folks, a perpetual determination of blood to the *head*, leaving the sources of feeling and true sentiment dry. No offence, therefore, can be given, even by harsh criticism, if it be deserved.

It may be done, too, without injustice. The time has long since gone by, when the name of Paine would throw good and pious men into paroxysms of indignation. No one nowadays reads "The Age of Reason," such is the entire and contemptuous oblivion into which it has fallen; nor would any one take the trouble to mutilate a copy of Paine's Works, as was once the fashion, by cutting out his pages of loathsome infidelity. Revealed religion has too firm a hold on the mind of this age to be weakened by such cavils as Paine's, or to be strengthened by the answers of his adversaries. The Christian's faith has truly begun to be "something far higher, something that lies far deeper, than any mere act of the understanding"; and that something is too secure to be enfeebled or wounded by sneering sophistry, or much invigorated by logical processes. If Paine, or any other infidel, rendered, in any mode or to any extent, service to the cause of liberty or morality, if any one of his fugitive essays, at the time of its publication, made the pulse of patriotism beat more quickly, or awakened any slumbering sense of public duty, there is now no such blinding prejudice as to make us reluctant to admit our obligation, be it what it may, to its full extent. His character may, therefore, be treated with entire impartiality; we repeat it, without offence and without injustice.

And what a strange and eventful career was his! As a little incident of history, how much varying interest was crowded into his life! All climes, regions, habits, and institutions were Paine's by adoption; and yet, such was the strange uncongeniality of his temper, with none did he seem to claim communion. He was a citizen of the world, and, of course, alien to every part of it. Born in Great Britain, he was an exile, and, literally and technically, an outlaw; naturalized in America, he renounced her moderate republicanism for the exaggerations of French democracy; a citizen of France, one of her august Counsellors, he be-

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came *ex officio* an inmate of the *Conciergerie*, and was glad, not grateful, to escape with his head upon his shoulders; buried in an American village, the grave, usually a quiet home, was violated, and the bones of the restless cosmopolite were exhumed and carried abroad, in solemn mockery of the relics of holy men of old.

In respect to America, we have a right to cause her share in this fluctuating property to be accurately defined; and one object we now have in view is, without at all derogating from the actual value of Paine's services during the Revolution, to mark their worth very precisely, and to correct a prevalent notion, which in life he was anxious to cultivate, that he was by common consent regarded as a great benefactor to America, and that, as connected with our Revolutionary history, we Americans entertain cordial feelings towards him. There is now before us a letter from Paine, written on his return to America, in 1802, and republished in a British periodical, in which this absurd specimen of self-glorification is contained. "I arrived at Baltimore on the 30th of October, and you can have no idea of the agitation which my arrival occasioned. From New Hampshire to Georgia, (an extent of fifteen hundred miles,) every newspaper was filled with applause or abuse."

There are those living who remember "the agitation" of that day, and we shall have occasion hereafter to recur to the circumstances of his return to America, and to see what contemptible exaggeration of his own importance those lines embody. The truth is, that Paine came back a poor pensioner of party, an outcast from abroad, an illegitimate Jacobin, and assumed the congenial trust of a contributor to a ribald press, for which office — and those who employed him knew his qualifications — he was admirably fitted. Yet we doubt not that there are those abroad, and at home too, who may be deceived by such pompous mendacity as this, and may be led to believe that Paine really was one of the great men of the Revolution, and that when, in old age, he returned to the land which, in early life, he had, in a very limited measure, benefited, the public voice spoke cordial welcome, and the popular mind was moved to ecstatic gratitude. There are those, too, who may be very willing to believe, that the American canon admits such saints, and that Paine, the infidel, the scoffer, the libertine, the drunkard, and,

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worse than all perhaps in anti-republican judgment, the stay-maker, was just the man for our savage, vulgar democracy to be proud of. Far, very far, is this from the truth.

It has always been with us matter of grateful wonder, that the American Revolution was so little contaminated by the coöperation of unworthy men, and especially of unworthy foreigners. It was a great popular movement, which attracted attention and awakened sympathy throughout the civilized world. A continent in arms against oppression was an imposing and attractive spectacle. The oppressor, too, was England, towards whom Continental Europe bore no love, and from whose government and ministry many Englishmen were alienated. There were, in a revolution, new avenues to honor and emolument, which one might naturally suppose would soon be crowded from abroad. Yet how few came hither, and, with the exception of French military adventurers, how exclusively were the ranks of our armies and the halls of our councils filled with those who were born on the soil, or who were domiciled here before the war began! There was, in truth, as we perceive when we come to look more closely, a reason why sympathy from abroad, otherwise so natural, in this case met with some check. The Revolution, dating its commencement long prior to actual hostilities, was very gradual. From 1763 to 1774, it was a matter of grave, deliberative remonstrance and reasoning. There were professions of loyalty, — not such as the Scotch Covenanters and the Long Parliament made to Charles the First, with arms in their hands, ready and willing to seize what might not be conceded to them, — but professions earnest, sincere, and pacific, made by legislative assemblies and peaceful congresses, striving to convince Metropolitan authority, that its pretensions were unconstitutional. The Revolution was no affair of the barricades, of an infuriate, outraged populace rising suddenly to revenge. It was (thank Heaven!) no brigand revolt, no revolution of squatters, who, planting themselves on lands which belonged to others, raised the standard of rebellion, and solicited the kindred aid of all fugitives from justice throughout the world. What fellow-feeling could there be between an English radical, — assuming the breed to have been the same then as it is now, — a reviler of kings and queens, lords and ladies, *per se*, and any one of the leaders of our peaceful, deliberative

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Revolution? How dilatory would the process of revolt, as it was exhibited in this country, have seemed to the self-sufficient reviler of all established institutions! How nauseous the professions of loyalty, which, till forbearance ceased to be a virtue, were sincerely uttered from the most patriotic lips! Any one who will read Dr. Franklin's correspondence whilst in London, prior to 1774, will see how different his associates were, and how rarely he was approached by men of the stamp which we have referred to. The "friends of America," too, in Great Britain were not of the radical order, though the radical party, by virtue of its hostility to the minister, were so far friends of America. Lords Camden, Chatham, and Shelburne, the Marquis of Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, Burke, Fox, and General Conway, were "friends of America," her advocates and steady defenders; but it was oppressed, not revolutionary, America which they defended, and radicalism saw in their proceedings few inducements to sympathy.

In Continental Europe, there was of course no occasion for sympathy, till actual hostilities commenced; and then the prevalent anxiety to serve America was, with one great exception, little else than a love of military adventure; and the foreign officers who came hither were Dalgettys somewhat etherealized, in whom a love of adventure and a love of pay were strangely blended. Excepting this attraction, Anglo-Saxon, Puritan America not only had no bond of union with France, but there was a positive antipathy between the inhabitants of the two countries. We have heard it from the lips of a venerable survivor of those days, a Frenchman by birth and early education, who came to this country as a military adventurer in 1778, and who yet lives honored and beloved amongst us, that on his arrival in this country the greatest difficulty he encountered was the prejudice against his country and his language.* And it was very natural it should be so; for the only civilized enemy Colonial America had ever known was France, and the bloody alliance of Montcalm and Dieskau with the savage frontier tribes was too recent to be forgotten. The difference of national religion was also operative. The love of

* We may be pardoned for naming the venerable Mr. Du Ponceau, of Philadelphia.

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adventure conquered all these minor obstacles; but national and natural sympathy, as we have shown, never did and never could exist, and the want of it was constantly felt. As early as May, 1777, Washington thus described the prevalent state of feeling on this point, in the army at least, and his language was, we imagine, a pretty faithful exponent of the feeling throughout the country. "These foreigners," says he, in a letter to Richard Henry Lee, "have no attachment nor ties to the country, further than interest binds them; they have no influence, and are ignorant of the language they are to receive and give orders in; consequently great trouble or much confusion must follow. But this is not the worst; they have not the smallest chance to recruit others; and our officers think it exceedingly hard, after they have toiled in this service, and probably sustained many losses, to have strangers put over them, whose merit perhaps is not equal to their own, but whose effrontery will take no denial." *

The truth is incontestable, and we mean only to state it, that the Revolution was *our own*, — and such is our pride in this distinction, that we sometimes feel a shade of regret, as a matter of historical association, at even the French alliance; for we are confident that, although the contest would doubtless have been prolonged, and have been more sanguinary, had Rochambeau and his soldiers never landed on our shores, the result would have been the same, with no one to claim a share of the honor.

But to return to Paine, and his Revolutionary services, which it is almost absurd to mention in the same breath with the French alliance, and the aid actually rendered by the Frenchmen; we repeat, that we choose to define accurately these relations, if it be only as a matter of historical curiosity.

Thomas Paine, the child of humble, though respectable parents, was born at Thetford, in the county of Norfolk, England, in the year 1737. His father was a member of the Society of Friends, and, it is believed, held steadfastly to the tenets and discipline of that exemplary sect. His mother was an Episcopalian. In this difference of opinion between his parents, some of his biographers have seen the cause of his early skepticism. The memorials of his early

* Sparks's *Washington*, Vol. IV. p. 424.

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life are too few to enable either friends or enemies to form any satisfactory conjecture as to the source of his opinions, which, if we are to believe his own testimony, germinated early in his restless mind, and never left it during life. As a matter of mere feeling, we would gladly adopt the theory we have referred to ; for, as the experience and observation of all will show, hazardous in the extreme is the spiritual condition of that child, who, at the age of levity and thoughtlessness, sees no devotional concord in those to whom he looks for guidance, or hears nothing from their lips but the bitter words of that worst of domestic evils, family polemics. The cultivation of the devotional principle in the childish mind is the highest and most delicate trust a parent ought to know. It may be deadened by rigorous exaction, as we too often see in the children of the most pious. It may rot away by utter neglect, and for want of the fostering care which a judicious parent can alone bestow. But, more than this, it may, in the mysterious process of mental development, produce bitter and poisonous fruit, when it is tortured and perplexed by the differences of those who, in its culture, at least, should agree. Momentous indeed — let the example about to be illustrated enforce the precept — is the responsibility of parents thus situated !

Be the cause what it may, Paine was, according to his own story, an infidel in the nursery. We quote his own awful language, in which he records his recollections of boyhood.

"From the time I was capable of conceiving an idea and acting upon it by reflection, I either doubted the truth of the Christian system, or thought it to be a strange affair. I scarcely knew which it was, but I well remember, when about seven or eight years of age, hearing a sermon read by a relation of mine who was a great devotee of the Church. After the sermon was ended, I went into the garden, and, as I was going down the garden steps, (for I perfectly recollect the spot,) I revolted at the recollection of what I had heard, and thought to myself it was making Almighty God act like a passionate man, that killed his son when he could not revenge himself any other way ; and, as I was sure a man would be hanged that did such a thing, I could not see for what purpose they preached such sermons. This was not one of those kind of thoughts that had any thing in it of childish levity. It was to me a serious reflection, arising from the idea I had that God was too good to do such an action, and

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also too almighty to be under any necessity of doing it. I believe in the same manner to this moment; and I moreover believe that any system of religion, that has any thing in it that shocks the mind of a child, cannot be a true system."—*Age of Reason.*

And what a dismal retrospect is this! The old man of sixty — for such he was when these sad words were written — travelling back in memory to the hours of infancy, and persuading himself that, at the age of seven years, he was a reasoning infidel! The boy standing upon the garden steps, with the flowers and the singing birds around him, with the sound of familiar prayer in his ears, "seriously reflecting" on thoughts of blasphemy! And fifty years afterwards, the childless, friendless man, who never knew the softening influence of domestic relations, amid scenes of blood and carnage at which even his heart, cold as it was, must have sickened, — for he wrote his "Age of Reason" in Paris, in the midst of the Reign of Terror, with overpowering proofs of man's depravity before his eyes, — boastfully recording his persevering, obdurate skepticism of all in God's written word, which could not be compassed either by his childish or his matured intelligence! The story of Brutus immolating his children at the shrine of patriotism, and looking on with calmness as the axe of the Republic shed their blood, was a tale of classic verity, and involved no mystery to his illuminated mind. Man's severe justice and man's bloody atonement were easily comprehended. But all that God mysteriously ordained, and all that God's Son was ready to undergo, the incarnation of his spirit, and the self-sacrifice of the mortal frame in which it was incarnate, amid the scoffs and gibes of railing infidels, was scornfully denied as false, because incomprehensible to one who was hourly beholding what to us seems the greater mystery of the forbearance of Omnipotence towards the bloody butchers of revolutionary Paris, Paine's friends and fellow-laborers, and fellow-infidels. To us it seems to be a libel on childhood to assert such precocious blasphemy; but if it be not, and Paine the old man told the truth of Paine the boy, then is it no exception to the fact proclaimed by the poet, that the child was father of the man; and the brazen links of infidelity which bound his years together were never disunited.

Paine's life, till he attained the age of thirty-seven, had no

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other variety than a constant succession of occupations gave it. A journeyman and master stay-maker, a privateersman, a store-keeper, a tobacconist, a schoolmaster, and an exciseman, to no pursuit was he able or willing steadily and industriously to adhere. In his official career, of whatever kind, he was singularly unfortunate, both before and after his emigration; for while in America, as will be seen, he forfeited the confidence or incurred the displeasure of his Republican employers, in England he was twice, for some unexplained reason, dismissed from the Excise. To do Paine justice, however, we are free to admit, without attributing to him any actual official delinquency, that the Excise may easily be supposed to have been an uncongenial pursuit for one who could set no example of self-denial to deter violators of such laws, and whose tendencies were to sympathize with those whom its oppressions and restrictions most directly affected. When poor Burns took refuge in the Excise, he described it as an occupation in which honesty was a rare quality. "For the ignominy of the profession," says he, writing to his friend Mr. Ainslie, "I have the encouragement which I once heard a recruiting sergeant give to a numerous, if not a respectable audience in the streets of Kilmarnock; 'Gentlemen, for your further and better encouragement, I can assure you that our regiment is the most blackguard corps under the crown, and consequently, with us, an honest fellow has the surest chance of preferment.'" Paine and Burns, we have a right to assume, were not exactly the men to withstand temptation in such a course of life; and it is at least within the range of reasonable probability, that other causes, besides the vindictive antipathy of the government to a pair of democratic gaugers, may have led to their dismissal from public service.

In his domestic life, Paine was liable to darker and more reasonable suspicions. Twice married, whilst in Great Britain, his first wife died within a year after marriage, and from his second, Frances Ollive, an exemplary and religious woman, he was in a short time separated. Without speculating on minute causes, or even asserting a truth which all observation authorizes, that, when man and wife without any assigned cause separate, the fault is with the husband, it is enough to know that there was a strange uncongeniality in Paine's temper, which denied him all affectionate commun-

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ion with persons of either sex; and we can easily imagine, without supposing that immorality was the source of difficulty, how dissonant and ill assorted that union must have been, where the wife's humble, though perhaps ascetic, piety was placed in daily contrast with the husband's scoffing, intolerant infidelity. He never married again; his old age was that of desolate, childless solitude.

In 1774, Paine emigrated to America. His friends and admirers have assumed, that it was Paine's sympathy with a struggling and oppressed people which led to this step, and have asserted that Dr. Franklin's countenance was given as to one who had already attracted attention as a writer, and who, he thought, might aid the cause of freedom with his pen. To us it seems far more probable, that he emigrated to America as many clever foreigners now daily do, because he was out of employment at home, and it is very absurd to dignify the act with any higher motives. Paine had written a pamphlet on the Excise System, and a few newspaper squibs in poetry and prose, but had done nothing to attract attention or acquire reputation as a writer; and Franklin's brief and characteristically cautious letter, in which he introduced him to his son-in-law, Mr. Bache, shows that no very exalted expectations were entertained by him of the abilities or usefulness of the stranger.

"London, 30 September, 1774.

"DEAR SON,

"The bearer, Mr. Thomas Paine, is very well recommended to me as an ingenious, worthy young man. He goes to Pennsylvania with a view of settling there. I request you to give him your best advice and countenance, as he is quite a stranger there. If you can put him in a way of obtaining employment as a clerk or assistant surveyor, (of all which I think him very capable,) so that he may procure a subsistence, at least, till he can make acquaintance and obtain a knowledge of the country, you will do well, and much oblige your affectionate father,

"B. FRANKLIN."

In the autumn or winter of 1774, Paine arrived at Philadelphia, where, it seems, he contemplated the establishment of a female seminary. Being led accidentally to form a union with the proprietor of a periodical publication, which had just been commenced, he relinquished this design, and became, in a small way, a regular contributor to the press.

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We learn these facts from the first, if not the only authentic account of Paine's early career in America, contained in a letter written, in 1809, by Dr. Rush to Cheetham, then about to publish a biography of Paine. His contributions in poetry and prose to the magazine are said to have been very popular, though, from the specimens which have survived, and those, too, the most extravagantly praised, we confess our utter inability to discover the merit which extorted such praise. Take, for example, the "Song," as it is called, on the "Death of Wolfe," in which a paltry conceit, of Jupiter snatching General Wolfe from earth to fight his battles against some celestial rebels, is rendered in tripping Bacchanalian metre, like the following, for example, — though we crave our readers' pardon for quoting such trash.

"The Sons of the East, the proud giants of old,
Have crept from their darksome abodes,
And this is the news, as in Heaven it was told,
They were marching to war on the Gods.
A council was held in the chambers of Jove,
And this was their final decree;
That Wolfe should be called to the army above,
And the charge was intrusted to me.
To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew,
He begged for a moment's delay,
He cried, 'O, forbear! let me victory hear,
And then thy command I 'll obey.'
With a darksome thick film I encompassed his eyes,
And bore him away in an urn;
Lest the fondness he bore to his own native shore
Should induce him again to return."

Dr. Rush must have been a better judge of pills than of poetry, if he sincerely praised such stuff as this. The reflections in prose on the death of Lord Clive are conceived and expressed with power, and occasionally with a coarse sort of eloquence. We refer to these two productions, because they are cited by his biographers as those which, by their peculiar merit, first attracted attention.

We come now to Paine's participation in revolutionary scenes. The history of the city of Philadelphia, then the colonial metropolis, faithfully written, during the year 1775, — or rather from the receipt of the news of the Boston Port Bill, in May, 1774, till the Declaration of Independ-

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ence, — would be full of interest to the student of our history. The first and second Congress sat during that interval, and there was a curious action and reaction of political opinion in the city and the immediate neighbourhood, which might easily be traced. The population of Philadelphia, in political sentiment, was divided into a great variety of classes. The leaders of each were men of high merit and influence. Dickinson and Reed, Thomson, McKean, Morris, Clymer, Biddle, Mifflin, and others, were all active, and, though differing as to means and time, all influential with their respective friends in the popular ranks. There was, too, a loyalist party, led by Mr. Galloway, sustained by the whole proprietary interest, and strengthened by the peaceful principles and example of the society of Friends, who, openly and without reserve, almost without exception, individually and by accredited organs, deprecated all popular excitement, and exhorted an oppressed people to submit. The mantle of the first Proprietary, the friend of James the Second, had descended without a rent on the Quakers of 1775. The influence of such dissuasives was naturally great. When the interested dependent on proprietary or royal authority proclaimed obedience as his tenet, and submission as his rule of life, — when the importer of British goods, unwilling to lose the profits of trade, refused to consider commercial non-intercourse as a means of obtaining redress, — when the minister of the church, whose liturgy commemorated the 30th of January as the anniversary of a martyr's death, exhorted his flock to "submit to every ordinance of man," — it was easy to attribute other than pure motives to the utterance of opinion. But when the ancient, and venerable, and disinterested Friends, men of pure and unspotted lives, independent of all political association, as well of metropolitan as of colonial government, born on the soil, — whose ancestors had laid deep the foundations of all the institutions of charity and beneficence, in which the community had so much right to glory, and who themselves sustained them, — when such as these uttered earnest admonitions to peace and submission, no one could doubt the purity of their motives, nor was it easy to resist the power which their sincerity gave to all they uttered. We profess no concurrence with the doctrines promulgated by the Friends at the outbreak of the Revolution, but looking back on what they said and did as a mere mat-

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ter of history, we are not disposed to question their honesty, or to denounce as traitorous their testimony to what they believed to be religious truth. Admitting freely this purity of intention, we can conceive how deeply such language as that in which, in 1775, the Quakers of Philadelphia addressed their brethren must have sunk into the public mind, and how materially their influence may have retarded the popular movement. "It hath ever been our judgment and principle, since we were called to profess the light of Christ Jesus, manifested in our consciences unto this day, that the setting up and putting down kings and governments is God's peculiar prerogative, for causes best known to himself; and that it is not our business to have any hand or contrivance therein; nor to be busy-bodies above our station, much less to plot and contrive the ruin or overturn of any of them; but to pray for the King, and safety of our nation, and good of all men; that we may live a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty, under the government which God is pleased to set over us." This is error, gross error of doctrine, but, in its unquestioned honesty, to many it seemed like truth, and had, more or less, the influence of truth. But on the other side was the whole body of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and their clergy, a body of men of high attainments and vigorous intellect, who, without exception, and with equal sincerity, were strenuous in promoting the popular excitement; who saw both their interest and duty in doing so, and looked to the dismemberment of the British empire by the independence of the colonies, as what they supposed would be a fatal blow to the British hierarchy.

In this scene of party strife and conflicting opinions, the Continental Congress, the Provincial Assembly, and the various revolutionary conventions met. And it was for a community thus agitated and excited, that Paine published his celebrated pamphlet, called "Common Sense." "It bursted from the press," says Dr. Rush, in his letter to Cheetham, "with an effect which has rarely been produced by types and paper in any age or country." Such is the testimony of Paine's friend and patron, after the lapse of more than thirty years, and we are not prepared, though marvelling somewhat at the hyperbolical form of the statement, to question its accuracy. It is very manifest, however, that the success

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of the publication was mainly attributable to its being exceedingly well timed. That this was so, no one, we think, can dispute, who will at this day calmly and without prejudice read the pamphlet; and that even his contemporaries on the popular side thought so can easily be shown. In the "Memoirs of Bishop White" is the testimony of that venerable man, who, though one of the priests,* was true to his allegiance to our republican institutions. "Great Britain," says he, "threw us out of its protection, independently of all other measures, by what was called the Prohibitory Act, passed in November, 1775, authorizing the seizure of all vessels belonging to persons of this country, whether friends or foes. The act arrived about the time of the publication of Paine's 'Common Sense.' Had the act been contrived by some person in league with Paine, in order to give effect to his production, no expedient could have been more ingenious. To a reader of that flimsy work at the present day, the confessed effect of it at the time is a matter of surprise. Had it issued six months sooner, it would have excited no feeling except that of resentment against the author. But then had come a crisis, which the foremost leaders of American resistance were reluctant to realize to their minds."

Here the perplexity of the modern reader of Paine's ephemeral writings is truly stated. If "Common Sense" be judged by any ordinary standard of criticism, it is beneath praise; but if the reader will place himself in the relation to all those about him in which the readers of it in January, 1776, were, he can be made to understand the power and effect of this lucky pamphlet. The Colonies were made independent on the 19th of April, 1775, though they hardly knew it. Bunker Hill, Ticonderoga, Montreal, Quebec, had all been witnesses of daring independence and successful resistance. The people had been declared rebels, and put beyond the pale of the law, not, as Bishop White supposes, by an act of Parliament in November, but by the King's proclamation of the 23d of August, 1775, issued, to quote its own threatening language, "to bring to condign punishment the authors, perpetrators, and abet-

* Paine and his friends always made it a boast, that he was persecuted by the priests, meaning thereby the Christian clergy of all denominations.

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tors of such traitorous designs." From June, 1775, Washington's rebel soldiers had kept all the colonial forces of the mother country within the lines of Boston, and were now about to witness their inglorious flight. The thought of independence was in the mind of every one who thought of the morrow; it was in the minds of all, either as matter of hope or fear. Months before "Common Sense" was dreamed of, a New England woman had written to her husband the words which once were thought so startling; "Let us separate; — what signifies a word?" And, besides all this, the public mind was agitated by the very suppression of these well ascertained opinions, — by councils held in secret because the issue was doubtful; and all the institutions of social life were looked to, as they must always be in an infant revolution, not as fabrics standing securely for protection, but as the possible means of destruction. It was the scene of the earthquake, when out of doors is safest. In Paine's own language,

"—— without law, without government, without any other mode of power than what is founded on and granted by courtesy, held together by an unexampled concurrence of sentiment, which is nevertheless subject to change, and which every secret enemy is endeavouring to dissolve, — our present condition is legislation without law; wisdom without a plan; a constitution without a name; and, what is strangely astonishing, perfect independence contending for dependence. The instance is without a precedent; the case never existed before, and who can tell what may be the event? The property of no man is secure in the present unbraced state of things. The mind of the multitude is left at random, and, seeing no fixed object before them, they pursue such as fancy or opinion presents. Nothing is criminal; there is no such thing as treason; wherefore every one thinks himself at liberty to act as he pleases," &c.

In this state of anxiety, and apparent, rather than real, indecision, Paine's pamphlet appeared, — its pages boldly avowing the secret opinions of every thinking man, and proclaiming as desirable what all knew to be inevitable. There should be no wonder that its effects were apparently so great.

It is a pamphlet of not more than fifty pages, — brief enough to be widely circulated, and written in a style of homely eloquence suited to every comprehension. It is di-

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vided into two parts, one an appeal to popular feeling against monarchical institutions all over the world, a diatribe against kings and queens and prelates ; the other, an argument in favor of independence, and of the ability and means of the Colonies to maintain a separate existence. There is in the former all the usual *slang* which can be uttered on such a theme, from which every reflecting mind in its sober moments revolts, though it is suited to the excited appetite of a revolutionary populace. It consists of reasoning from the elementary principles of society to its present complicated relations and condition, — the poor sophistry which, asserting the incontestable truth that all men are by nature free and equal, infers that there can be no state of society so artificial as to require distinctions of rank, and to need the control of what is known as absolute authority. The mind of the sober and reflective republican has no difficulty in seeing through this poor sophistry. For ourselves, without claiming any other merit than that of sincere and conscientious devotion to our popular institutions, we are not foolish enough to deny, that there may be, and are, states of society in which democratic institutions are impracticable, or, if practicable, would be pernicious. A Muscovite, an Austrian, or a Turkish republic, no one can be insane enough to believe in. There is not a nation of Continental Europe, except, perhaps, some few of the northern, Protestant states, in which, under existing circumstances, a representative democracy could survive the year of its creation. France is, in technical language, estopped by her own deeds. And even in England, where the principles on which representative government is founded are better understood, we may be permitted to doubt, reasoning from the past and the present, if such an experiment could succeed. There are many who think differently, and who will look frowningly on those who question the universal applicability of our theory of government ; but if they will look soberly on English society as it is now organized, its habitual consideration for rank and authority, its complicated mechanism, too firm and intricate to be easily disturbed, the dense population crowded into a territory too narrow to allow scope for the ceaseless activity of republicanism, — or if (and this is the most impressive consideration) they will study the history of England's great and ineffectual rebellion, when the wisest and purest

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and ablest of her sons, — for such we honestly believe the leaders of the Long Parliament to have been, — stimulated by the highest impulses, were arrayed against a feeble, vacillating prince, and a treacherous nobility, and yet failed, signally failed, and were compelled, bowing their necks meekly, if not gladly, to submit themselves to the usurpation of a military adventurer, and to the worse domination of a restored king, the most contemptible and profligate man who ever sat upon a throne, — if this story be well read and considered, there will, we repeat, be room at least for doubt as to the fitness of such a nation, and a society so tempered, for popular institutions. Here, in Anglo-Saxon America, the experiment has been made, and has succeeded; and, though a shade of doubt, a transient misgiving, may sometimes darken the minds of the most sanguine, yet it is too transient to disturb the tranquil and abiding confidence, that on this soil, and with a people educated politically as ours has been, representative republicanism is the best and only form of social institution that can exist or endure. It is, after all,—and to this point all fair reasoning brings us,—a matter of social aptitude; and, freely conceding, as we do, that a popular government is the best and most natural, the most conformable to the word of God, proclaimed in his gospel, and written in the heart of intelligent man, we deny the logic which deduces from this admission the expediency of forcing, as Paine and his disciples would have done, all existing societies, no matter how organized, into this mould. Where *self* is fit for it, self-government is best. Hence is it, that we have no sympathy with the feeling, or agreement with the reasoning, which denounces all monarchy, *per se*, as detestable and unnatural.

Such, however, is the principle which the first part of "Common Sense" asserts, and asserts in the boldest manner. As a specimen of style and intelligible argument, let us take the following passage, in which we can readily imagine that the author spoke from his heart.

"England, since the Conquest, hath known some few good monarchs, but groaned beneath a much larger number of bad ones; yet no man in his senses can say, that their claim under William the Conqueror is a very honorable one. A French bastard, landing with an armed banditti, and establishing himself King of England, against the consent of the natives, is, in plain

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terms, a very paltry, rascally original. It certainly hath no divinity in it. However, it is needless to spend much time in exposing the folly of hereditary right; if there are any so weak as to believe it, let them promiscuously worship the ass and the lion, and welcome. I shall neither copy their humility nor disturb their devotion.

"Yet I should be glad to ask how they suppose kings came at first. The question admits but of three answers, namely, either by lot, by election, or by usurpation. If the first king was taken by lot, it establishes a precedent for the next, which excludes hereditary succession. Saul was by lot, yet the succession was not hereditary, neither does it appear from that transaction, that there was any intention it ever should. If the first king of any country was by election, that likewise establishes a precedent for the next; for to say that the right of all future generations is taken away by the act of the first electors in their choice not only of a king, but of a family of kings for ever, hath no parallel in or out of Scripture, but the doctrine of original sin, which supposes the free-will of all men lost in Adam; and from such comparison, and it will admit of no other, hereditary succession can derive no glory. For, as in Adam all sinned, and as in the first electors all men obeyed; as in the one, all mankind were subjected to Satan, and in the other to sovereignty; as our innocence was lost in the first, and our authority in the last; and as both disable us from reassuming some former state and privilege; it unanswerably follows, that original sin and hereditary succession are parallels. Dishonorable rank! Inglorious connexion! Yet the most subtle sophist cannot produce a juster simile."*

May we not well wonder, that such trashy jargon as this could have made an impression on any mind, whether tranquil or excited?

It is in that part of his pamphlet, in which, dismissing his speculations as to forms of government in the abstract, he urges on the American people the expediency and practicability of independence of Great Britain, that Paine rises to a far better tone and style. He appeals to the fresh recollection of the few years which had passed since the voice of colonial complaint was first raised, and holds up a record of oppressive acts by the mother country before the people.

* We have before us the edition of "Common Sense" published by Almon, in London, in 1776. The printer has discreetly left blanks in his pages, instead of printing such passages as might bring him within reach of "an information *ex officio*."

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Stamp Taxes, Tea Duties, Navigation Acts, Orders in Council, Proclamations, the revival of old penal acts of Parliament, such as the statute of Henry the Eighth, by which offenders abroad were to be sent to England for trial, the very sight of which, like that of some rusty engine of torture brought to light from the cells of the Inquisition or the Bastile, struck terror everywhere, — all these are dwelt upon in eloquent gradation, and at last the climax is reached in the atrocity in the streets of Lexington, the ever memorable 19th of April, 1775. "No man," says he, in eloquent, but ferocious language, "was a warmer wisher for a reconciliation than myself, before that fatal day; but the moment the event was made known, I rejected the hardened, sullen-tempered Pharaoh of England for ever; and disdain the wretch that, with the pretended title of Father of his People, can unfeelingly hear of their slaughter, and composedly sleep with their blood upon his soul."

He dwells with earnestness on the resources, social and economical, which the Colonies had within themselves, and on which, developed as they would be in an independent state, they might so surely rely. He sketches a scheme of political organization for the infant community, and concludes with a passage full of sagacious forecast, and to the power of which we readily bear testimony. Let any one look about him now, in 1843, at the clouds which lower around the horizon, and the occasional flash and distant thunder that bursts from them, — the rivalry of States, sectional prejudices, and local intolerance, — and gratefully acknowledge, that it was the voice of wisdom that looked far into futurity, which bade them in infancy unite.

"Youth is the seed-time of good habits, as well in nations as in individuals. It might be difficult, if not impossible, to form the continent into one government half a century hence. The vast variety of interest, occasioned by an increase of trade and population, would create confusion. Colony would be against Colony. Each being able, might scorn the others' assistance; and, while the proud and foolish gloried in their little distinctions, the wise would lament that the union had not been formed before. Wherefore the present time is the true time for establishing it. The intimacy which is contracted in infancy, and the friendship which is formed in misfortune, are, of all others, the most lasting and unalterable. Our present union is marked

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with both these characters; we are young, and we have been afflicted. Our concord hath withstood our troubles."

We have incidentally referred to, without describing it, Paine's scheme of a Constitution for the United Colonies. We notice it again as a new illustration of the impracticability of theoretical systems coined in any single mind; but also with a view to do justice, though perhaps it is quite unnecessary, to the reputation of an individual, whom Paine, in his latter years, took a malignant pleasure in reviling. In the year 1802, Paine returned from France, at the instance of Mr. Jefferson, in a national vessel, and paid his passage by writing for the Administration press abusive essays, which he dignified with the title of letters to the people of the United States. In a letter of the 19th of November, 1802, is the following passage.

"I have had my doubts of John Adams ever since the year 1776. In a conversation with me at that time, concerning the pamphlet, 'Common Sense,' he censured it, because it attacked the English form of government. John was for independence, because he expected to be made great by it; but it was not difficult to perceive, for the surliness of his temper makes him an awkward hypocrite, that his head was as full of kings, queens, and knaves, as a pack of cards. But John has lost deal."

And then, in the same tone, he goes on to assert, by direct implication, that a conspiracy existed between General Washington and Mr. Adams, the first President and Vice-President, to make the Executive office hereditary, descending to Mr. Lund Washington, the President's nephew, as next of kin, with a sort of contingent remainder to the heirs male of the Vice-President. Such was the incense which a vile party-press offered to its leader, and which his nostrils seemed gratefully to snuff up. We do not stop to nail down this malignant libel, but refer to it in connexion with another matter.

Among Mr. Adams's familiar letters recently published, is one written in March, 1776, to his wife.

"You ask me what is thought of 'Common Sense.' Sensible men think there are some whims, some sophisms, some artful addresses to superstitious notions, some keen attempts upon the passions, in this pamphlet. But all agree there is a great deal of good sense, delivered in a clear, concise, and nervous style.

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His sentiments of the abilities of America, and of the difficulty of a reconciliation with Great Britain are generally approved. But his notions and plans of Continental Government are not much applauded. *Indeed this writer has a better hand in pulling down than building.* It has been very generally propagated that I wrote this pamphlet. But although I could not have written anything in so manly and striking a style, I flatter myself I should have made a more respectable figure as an architect, if I had undertaken such a work. This writer seems to have very inadequate ideas of what is proper and necessary to be done in order to form Constitutions for single Colonies, as well as a great model of union for the whole."

Mr. Adams's "Frame of Government," as developed in his celebrated letter to Mr. Wythe, and Paine's, as stated in his "Common Sense," are both before us, and it may not be amiss to pause and see what sort of architects they were, — each in his own estimation being competent to the task.

Paine's plan was this. For each Colony, there was to be no other government but that of a Legislative Assembly annually elected, with a President as its only officer. Each Colony, the small and the large alike, was to choose thirty members of Congress. The President of Congress was to be chosen annually, and successively from the different Colonies. Three fifths were to form a majority. And this was to be the whole government of the States and of the Union; no other Executive, no Judiciary, — no authority but this single chamber for a Legislature, and an annual President. "He that could promote discord," says Paine, with admirable complacency, "in a government so equally formed as this, would have joined Lucifer in his revolt."

And then, after providing for a Continental written charter, to be framed by delegates to be chosen by Congress and the States, — thus reversing the natural order, whereby the government is organized after the Constitution, instead of preceding and creating the Constitution, — he concludes with a proposed ceremonial for promulgating this organic law, which has a most happy resemblance to the grotesque mummeries practised in revolutionary France.

"But where, say some, is the king of America? I'll tell you, friend; he reigns above, and doth not make havoc of mankind, like the royal brute of Britain. Yet, that we may not

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appear to be defective, even in earthly honors, let a day be solemnly set apart for proclaiming the charter; let it be brought forth, placed on the Divine Law, the word of God; let a crown be placed thereon, by which the world may know that, so far as we approve of monarchy, in America the law is king. For as in absolute governments the king is law, so in free countries the law ought to be king, and there ought to be no other. But lest any ill use should afterwards arise, let the crown at the conclusion of the ceremony be demolished, and scattered among the people whose right it is."

Such was the Constitution and the form of publishing it recommended by "Common Sense"!

In January, 1776, before Paine's pamphlet was published, Mr. Adams prepared his "Thoughts on Government" for Mr. Wythe. They embodied the fruit of extensive study and deep meditation, — of full and philosophic observation of the existing state of the world, and rich recollections of the past; but in practice, his scheme, thus elaborated in the closet, would have been found almost as objectionable as Paine's simple machinery. He repudiated earnestly the institution of a single Legislative Assembly, without restriction and control. The frame-work in each Colony was to be as follows, closely resembling the Constitution which in the same year Dr. Franklin prepared for Pennsylvania. There was to be a House of Representatives elected immediately by the people, which was to choose, either from its own body or from the people at large, a Council of twenty or thirty, who were to exercise a negative voice in the Legislature, but not to originate measures. The Governor was to be chosen annually, by a joint vote of the Representatives and Council, and to be an integral part of the Legislature, with an unqualified veto. All executive officers were to be chosen by the same joint ballot. The Judges (the Judiciary was a part of the scheme which Paine never thought of) were either to be nominated by the Governor to the Council, or elected by joint ballot. They were to hold their offices during good behaviour. The Continental Government was to be vested merely in Congress, whose authority was to be strictly confined to matters relating to war, trade, disputes between Colony and Colony, the Post-office, and the unappropriated crown lands.

How fortunate was it, that to no one man, either such as

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Paine, a self-sufficient derider of experience, or as Mr. Adams, a learned and sagacious theorist, was the duty intrusted of framing a constitution for this nation! From the time of John Locke downwards, the result in all such cases has been a failure. Equally fortunate is it, that the task was postponed till the work of violent revolution was accomplished, and the defects of the mere voluntary system were detected. Had a government been organized at the beginning of the war, we may infer from the schemes to which we have alluded, that the Federal principle would scarcely have been developed, but a loose, ricketty system of Congressional domination would have been the only Continental authority or restraint. As it was, the Convention of 1787, guided by no constitution-monger, was composed of patriotic and practical men, who deliberated in a spirit of compromise and conciliation; deliberated, too, with the lessons of disunion and disorganization, State contumacy and Continental imbecility, before them, and made a work so nearly perfect, that every amendment, so called, since made, has unquestionably marred its fair proportions.

Paine's biographers, Cheetham included, who certainly had no disposition to exaggerate his public services, have stated that, in the campaign of 1776, he joined the army as a volunteer. This may be so, and we incline to infer from the positive manner in which it is stated, that it was so; but his military career was certainly brief, and gained for him no peculiar distinction. He was probably attached to the army in some civil capacity, and made himself useful as a writer of despatches and proclamations on a small scale.

The next, and no doubt the ablest, publication of Paine, was "The Crisis," a series of papers, sixteen in number, on the occurrences of the times, extending from December, 1776, to December, 1783, and designed as popular appeals to sustain the resolution of the nation during those scenes of trial. They bear the signature of "Common Sense." One criticism on these celebrated papers will at once suggest itself. On the face of them they appear to be hastily and carelessly written, with popular, *ad captandum* rhetoric, but without any thing like deep thought, or philosophical consideration. The two hundred pages of which they consist might be written, one would suppose, with a running pen, and could not have been revised or elaborated. Yet it is

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curious to observe how much time was occupied in their composition. An average of three months was devoted to each paper; of course, Paine must either no longer be regarded as a ready writer, or some less creditable reason must be given for the sluggish and passive temper with which, patriot as he claimed to be, he regarded the stirring scenes around him. We have, however, a contemporary solution of this problem, which throws light on the personal habits of this strange and wayward being. There is a little volume of Revolutionary memoirs, now rarely met with, written by the late Judge Henry, of Pennsylvania, a man of education, intelligence, and patriotism. It comprises a journal of the campaign against Quebec, in 1775, in which the writer bore an honorable part, and a few memorials of a later period of his life. In 1777 – 8, when Congress was driven from Philadelphia, and Mr. Henry was a cripple from his wounds, received at the attack on Quebec, Paine became an inmate of his house at Lancaster. His habits of life and composition are thus described.

"When my wound," says Mr. Henry, "in 1778, was so far mended that I could hobble upon crutches, or creep up stairs, (as you may have seen me of late years do,) my greatest recreation in my distressed state of mind, was, to get into the chamber of Mr. Rittenhouse, where the books were. There, his conversation, for he was most affable, enlivened my mind, and the books would so amuse it, that it became calm, and some desperate resolutions were dissolved. While that excellent man was employing his hours in the duties of his office, for the benefit of the people, Paine would be snoring away his precious time in his easy chair, regardless of those injunctions imposed upon him by Congress in relation to his political compositions. His remissness, indolence, or vacuity of thought caused great heart-burnings amongst our friends. I have heard the late George Bryan, then Vice-President of the Council, speak of his gross neglect with remarkable harshness. I would sometimes go into Paine's room, and sit with him. His 'Crisis,' No. V., lay on his table; to-day three or four lines would be added; in the course of a week a dozen more, and so on. No. V. is dated March 21, 1778, but it was not published till some months after that date, and it was generally thought that it had been too long delayed. For my own part, I was so passionately engaged at heart in the principles of our cause, that Paine's manner of living and acting gave me a high disgust towards him. No idea could enter my

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mind, that any one in that noble struggle could be idle or disengaged."

Our limits are such as to prevent us from noticing these papers in detail, or from giving such extracts from them as would enable our readers to understand their scope and merit. Every student of our history, accurately appreciating their author's motives and opportunities, should carefully examine them. The first words of the first number, written two days before the battle of Trenton, have become part of our household words. "*These are the times which try men's souls.*" Yet it is very manifest, that, with all Paine's aptitude at coining popular phrases, there was no spring of true eloquence in him, and when he wrote under immediate and outward pressure, and without an opportunity of revision and slow elaboration, no matter how great the occasion or intense the excitement, he wrote feebly and impotently. Take, for example, the "Crisis," No. IV., and, meditating on the circumstances under which it was written, observe what a feeble appeal it makes to arouse a dismayed and discomfited people. It is dated at Philadelphia, on the 12th of September, 1777, the day after the battle of Brandywine, when the broken remains of the American army were slowly and sadly marching through the empty streets, reluctantly abandoning the capital of the nation to an invading foe. Within twenty miles of the field of bloody victory lay that invading force ready and, as was supposed, willing to advance and take possession of the city. The sound of the cannonade was in the ears of the people. Congress, remembering that, less than a year before, the Providence of God had snatched them from equal peril, remained firm and resolute. In December, 1776, they had fled in no groundless panic to Baltimore. In September, 1777, with a far greater danger impending, they remained firm and constant to their post and duty; nor was it till Washington supplicated them to leave the city, and Sir William Howe, driving our scattered levies before him, was actually surrounding Philadelphia, and cutting off all chances of escape, that they adjourned, first to Lancaster, and then to York. Yet at a juncture like this, when, if ever, eloquence was needed to drive despair from the popular mind, the style of Paine was dull and listless, and the two or three inanimate pages which he published could not have aroused hope or invigorated

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patriotic feeling. It was the time to animate the nation with trumpet eloquence, not to tickle its ears with sneers and sarcastic ribaldry. But he was not the man for such occasions as these. His was the maudlin rhetoric, doled out, line by line, in the intervals of his after-dinner nap at Lancaster, when, with "a blanket wrapped round him, after eating an inordinate dinner," he snored away opportunities so precious. A nation's sorrows and a nation's terrors have consolations as well as those of individuals ; and never is confidence in a kind and merciful Providence more nobly developed, never is the voice of prayer more eloquent or impressive, than when an oppressed and injured people, deserted by all earthly auxiliaries, and bereft of all apparent aid, raises its voice to supplicate for assistance from on high. But it was not for such pick-lock eloquence as Paine's, to open sources of hope and consolation. The example of Washington, of him on whom, in times like these, the whole burden of responsibility and expectation was made to rest, of him who never murmured or repined, but who, without presumptuous confidence, never allowed despondency to weigh him down, — it was his example that had an influence in sustaining national hopes, when all the pamphlets that issued from a fertile press had failed to arouse them. The strong religious sentiment of the people, interwoven as it was with their political action, the sentiment of grateful and submissive trust in Heaven, which such men as Washington inculcated and exhibited, was a surer stay than ribald rhetoric could supply.

The winter of 1777 – 8 was, beyond comparison, the gloomiest period of the war, and it was at this time, that the "Crisis," No. V., to which Mr. Henry refers, appeared. It was the dark hour before day. Not only was the suffering of the army more severe than it had ever been, not only was the success of the enemy more apparent, as they remained in undisturbed possession of the two principal colonial cities, New York and Philadelphia, but, for the first time, the spirit of party cabal had insinuated itself into Congress, and, by attacking the person and character of the Commander-in-chief, made progress which seemed to threaten the good genius of the young Republic. It seemed as if removal from a city to the quiet seclusion of Little York had withdrawn all restraint, and given time and opportunity

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for discontent and jealousy to develope themselves. Washington had been defeated at Brandywine, and had failed, by no fault of his, but still it was a failure, at Germantown. Philadelphia had been lost by the first defeat, and not recovered in consequence of the second. The Fabian system seemed to be at the lowest point of disrepute, while it so happened that at the same time, by one of those turns of luck which warfare often exhibits, the Northern Army under Gates had achieved a brilliant victory. Congress and many of the people could not, or would not, account for Gates's success and Washington's defeat, except by that charitable judgment which civilians are too apt to form of soldiers, that the general who is beaten must be in fault, and that it is genius that always succeeds. In this theory, General Gates triumphed, and enjoyed his triumph till the rout at Camden. That General Washington committed what may be regarded as military errors need not be denied ; but so have greater soldiers, from Marlborough to Soult. The campaign on Long Island, in 1776, may be considered one ; the affair of Fort Washington another. It is at least questionable, whether he was not wrong, and did not run a risk which no commander is justified in incurring, when he recrossed the Delaware the second time, after the battle of Trenton ; and possibly military criticism may detect an omission, in Washington's not crossing at Chad's Ford, and attacking Knyphausen, when he learned that Lord Cornwallis had passed the Brandywine above. But what of these ? or of what moment would it have been, if worse errors in a military point of view had been committed, so long as such a temper, such deliberative wisdom and undaunted moral resolution, as Washington's was in command ? Let those who weigh the skill of the tactician, to say nothing of those who would contrast the superficial talents of such men as Gates and Lee, with the wisdom, prudence, and self-control of him whose virtues have now survived all question, realize, if they can, the chances of the war, and of the peace which followed it, had the counsels of discontent prevailed in 1778, and Washington been superseded or dismissed to make room for the victor of Saratoga, the future fugitive from Camden.

The means adopted in and out of Congress to attain the object of this conspiracy were exactly such as unscrupulous men would most naturally resort to. Not only were the

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minds of members of Congress poisoned by open representations to Washington's disadvantage, but the contemptible machinery of anonymous slander was put in active operation. A majority of what remained of Congress was no doubt hostile, and it was a matter of accident only that prevented this hostility from breaking out into some overt act of indignity. During all this time, Paine was in the employment of Congress, having been, in April, 1777, elected secretary to one of its committees, and he was in attendance on that body during its entire session at York. Yet, and it is due to him that it should be stated, he appears never to have lent himself to the purposes of the cabal, but on the contrary, in the fifth number of the "Crisis," written when the aspect of affairs was most gloomy, and Washington's enemies were most in the ascendant, he reviews the operations of the previous unfortunate campaigns in a spirit of patriotism and fairness, without a whisper of censure or reproach on him against whom more eminent men, his friends and employers, too, were then confederating. The infamy of that cabal will, at some future day, be fully illustrated. It is the darkest stain upon our history. It illustrates, better than any other incident, the variety of character on that scene, and affords evidence that there were agents at work in that hour of trial, of mean impulses and malignant passions, as well as others of disinterested and generous sentiments. But Washington was surrounded by a band of friends, whom calumny, whether open or concealed, could not alienate. When an anonymous writer wrote to Congress, that "the people of America have been guilty of idolatry, by making a man their God, and the God of Heaven and Earth will convince them, by woful experience, that he is only man; that no good can be expected from the army till Baal and his worshippers are banished from the camp," Mr. Laurens, then president, sent the letter at once to Washington, as the best means of marking his disapprobation of the mode of accusation and of the accusation itself. Nor was this all, (and we blush in dwelling on the cowardly meanness of these acts of social treason,) for within a week, another letter, apparently from the same source, was forwarded to Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, urging him, almost in direct terms, to use his influence to dismiss from his high trust him of whom Virginia had so much reason to be proud. "The Northern

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army has shown us what Americans are capable of doing with a General at their head. The spirit of the Southern," meaning that which was clustering with affectionate reverence around Washington at Valley Forge, "is in no way inferior to the spirit of the Northern. A Gates, a Lee, a Conway (!), would in a few weeks make them an irresistible body of men." "A great and good God," adds the writer, endorsing a sentiment of General Conway, "hath decreed America to be free, or the General and weak counsellors would have ruined her long ago." And then, with the true chivalry of an anonymous letter-writer, he thus concludes: "You may rest assured of each of the facts related in this letter. The author of it is one of your Philadelphia friends. A hint of his name, if found out by the hand-writing, must not be mentioned to your most intimate friend. Even the letter must be thrown into the fire. But *some of the contents ought to be made public* in order to awaken, enlighten, and alarm our country." But the "Philadelphia friend" mistook his man, when he made the generous, high-spirited Virginian the recipient of his secret slander, and hoped to make him the agent to scatter calumnies abroad which the author was afraid to endorse. "Believe me," said Henry, when sending this letter to the Commander-in-chief, "I have too high a sense of the obligations of America to you, to abet or countenance so unworthy a proceeding. While you face the armed enemies of our liberty in the field, and by the favor of God have been kept unhurt, I trust your country will never harbour in her bosom the miscreant who would ruin her best supporter. I wish not to flatter, but when arts unworthy honest men are used to defame and traduce you, I think it not amiss, but a duty, to assure you of the estimation in which the public hold you." The student of our history is aware, that Washington detected his anonymous assailant by the hand-writing, which he so much desired to conceal, and found him to be one who in public had always professed for him the greatest veneration and regard.* How profoundly grateful should we be, that such a conspiracy was frustrated — frustrated, too, by the manly candor of Washington's friends, and by his own resolute defiance of his enemies, secret and avowed!

* Sparks's *Washington*, Vol. V. p. 515.

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Though in this attack on Washington Paine took no offensive part, but rather employed his pen in his defence, yet, at a later period of his life, he expressed his regret that he had not joined the cabal, and reproached Washington with ingratitude for forgetting his assistance. "Though I came forward," said he, in 1802, "in defence of Mr. Washington, when he was attacked, and made the best that could be made of a series of blunders that had nearly ruined the country, he left me to perish when I was in prison." It is in the same letter from which we make this extract, that Paine charged John Adams, towards whom his animosity never abated, with being an active participator, if not a leader, in the Conway cabal. On this charge we may be allowed to make a passing remark, — the more so, as the correspondence of Mr. Adams, recently published, seems to give some color to the accusation. But for this, Paine's attack, like the thousand venomous calumnies which were generated in the councils of the contending parties of that day, might be scornfully disregarded.

Mr. Adams left Congress very soon after it reässembled at York, in 1777. The germs of the hostile conspiracy were undoubtedly planted at that time, so far as it originated in mere restlessness at apparent military inactivity. The fall of Philadelphia seems to have aroused the resentment of Congress, and the victory at Saratoga was thought to justify it. In this feeling, to a certain extent, Mr. Adams may have shared. It extended to many who were Washington's warmest friends. In 1776, General Reed had complained of the military policy pursued. In the fall of 1777, General Wayne, in an unpublished letter to Gates, which now lies before us, complains of it still more bitterly. Yet Washington had no truer friends than these two gallant men, — none who did him more ample justice. It is therefore not so much to be wondered at, that a civilian, like Mr. Adams, a man of ardent temperament, should feel the same transient discontent and irritation. But it was transient, and it was not excessive. "Washington," said he in a letter to his wife, a day or two before the battle of Brandywine, "has a great body of militia assembled and assembling. Whether he will strike or not, I cannot say. He is very prudent, you know, and will not unnecessarily hazard his army. By my own enlivened feelings I judge I should put more to risk, if

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I were in his shoes ; but perhaps he is right, — I am sick of Fabian systems in all quarters." And so might many an irritable civilian or soldier write, when chafed not only by what seemed to him military inaction, but by the thousand crosses caused by such a body as Congress. But this was not all. Mr. Adams was a student, and had not studied vainly the pages of history. The evils of military domination, of the ascendency of a military man, are taught on every page ; and it was an easy thing for precepts and speculative results like these to work injustice, and to be made the basis of a morbid apprehension and jealousy of the influence of a successful soldier. Nor was this feeling confined to his breast. It controlled Congress from first to last. Washington suffered under it throughout the war. Yet who shall say, reasoning from all history, that it was unnatural, or that, being natural, it was unreasonable ? It was under the influence of feelings thus produced, that Mr. Adams wrote to his wife the only lines which can be construed into disparagement of Washington. "Congress," says he, "will appoint a thanksgiving ; and one cause of it ought to be, that the glory of turning the tide of arms is not immediately due to the Commander-in-chief, nor to Southern troops. If it had been, idolatry and adulation would have been unbounded ; so excessive as to endanger our liberties, for aught I know. Now, we can allow a certain citizen to be wise, virtuous, and good, without thinking him a Deity or a Saviour." In a note, by Mr. C. F. Adams, to this passage, Dr. Rush's testimony is quoted to a speech very much to the same effect, said to have been made in Congress on the 18th of February, 1777, on a resolution to give General Washington the selection of all his officers. We require, however, better proof than this. Dr. Rush was bitterly hostile to Washington, and was the reputed author of the anonymous letter to Patrick Henry. He was desirous of representing Mr. Adams as partaking of his embittered feeling. He speaks, too, of a resolution on which the speech was made, when from the Journal no such resolution appears ever to have been offered ; and, above all, he says that the speech was made on the day but one after Mr. Adams wrote to his wife in terms of earnest praise of the Commander-in-chief. But even attributing to him all that Dr. Rush says he uttered, it was little more than he had previously written, and there was nothing in it but the

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expression of a mistaken, though not unreasonable, opinion. How different is this from a participation in the miserable intrigue, which, having its origin in the disappointment of a combination of foreign adventurers, such as Conway and his most confidential friends, arose altogether after Mr. Adams had left Congress and sailed for France, and was sustained by means from which every honorable mind revolts! John Adams would have cut off his right hand rather than have written a word of anonymous calumny. There now lies before us a letter, which has never been published, written by Mr. Adams when at the Hague, in 1784, to an American friend in Europe, from which, in final refutation of this imputation of personal hostility to Washington, we make the following extract:

"General Washington's retreat is the completion of his character, the greatest our country ever produced. She will never want a greater: a succession of such will ensure her felicity and prosperity. May he live, and be again our great pillar, if we should have another war. But, my friend, is the next generation to produce such characters? Are the moral sentiments and that education which produced such men to be preserved, or are they in danger? Are the eyes of the people to be fixed, as they have been, on virtues, or on ribbons?"

About the time when these lines were written, Paine was beginning to repent his omission to unite with the secret cabal of 1778.

When Paine published his "Age of Reason" in Paris, he described himself on the title-page as "Citizen and Cultivator of the United States of America; — *Secretary for Foreign Affairs to Congress in the American Affairs*, and Author of the works entitled 'Common Sense' and 'Rights of Man.'" We have a word or two to say as to one of the titles here so boastfully displayed.

On the 17th of April, 1777, Paine was elected Secretary or Clerk to the Committee of Foreign Affairs, with a salary of seventy dollars a month, and continued in office till ——, 1779, when, to avoid dismissal, he resigned. What his duties were does not appear. They were certainly neither very onerous nor responsible, and there is some reason in the suggestion of Judge Henry in his Memoirs, that the office was meant as a sinecure for one whose pen might be made useful

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to Congress. The cause of his dismissal may be briefly stated, without the necessity of embarrassing ourselves with the perplexities in which, from extraneous considerations, it was once involved, — the endless controversies of Deane and Beaumarchais. When Paine was elected to office, he was required to take an oath, specially prescribed by Congress, "faithfully to execute the trust reposed on him according to his best skill and judgment, *and to disclose no matter, the knowledge of which shall be acquired in consequence of such his office, that he shall be directed to keep secret.*" Yet in the face of this obligation, Paine not only threw himself into a controversy with Silas Deane, with which, as an officer of Congress, he had no right to meddle, but paraded in the columns of the newspapers facts and the evidence of facts, "the knowledge of which he could only have acquired through his office." The assertion of Paine was, that the assistance furnished to Mr. Deane through Beaumarchais was really furnished by the Court of Versailles, then at peace with Great Britain. Whether this were true or not, (and we presume no one now doubts that it was true,) it is entirely aside from the question as to Paine's official delinquency. It was not only a most indecent breach of trust, but it was one that was necessarily followed by severe retribution. Yet he seems to have been entirely unconscious of this breach of duty, and, with a careless effrontery which it is scarcely possible to reconcile with the possession of reason, he exclaimed; "If Mr. Deane or any of his friends will take the trouble to come to my office, I will give him or them my attendance, and show them, in handwriting which Mr. Deane is well acquainted with, that the supplies he so pompously plumes himself upon were promised and engaged, and that as a present, before he even arrived in France," &c. In his memorial to the legislature of New York in 1808, he says that the despatches from which he derived this information, being addressed to the Foreign Committee as confidential, were not even divulged to Congress, making the breach of faith on his part still more remarkable.

It is, indeed, impossible to avoid the suspicion, in examining this rather humiliating page of our history, that Paine must have been instigated to make this disclosure by those higher in authority, for some ulterior purpose. Yet it is difficult to conceive what object could have been contem-

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plated, as the alliance with France was consummated, and a Continental war in progress. Be this, however, as it may, the consequences were such as might have been anticipated. The French Minister complained to Congress of the act of their subordinate, and demanded an authoritative disavowal of the assertions made by Paine. The disavowal was made, with what throes of conscience may now easily be conceived, and, after a vain struggle to delay action, Paine, to avoid dismissal, sent in his resignation, which was at once accepted. Any one who will take the trouble to examine the votes and proceedings on this subject, and read with every disposition to a charitable construction of his conduct, cannot fail to be struck with the silence of Paine and his apologists, both in and out of Congress, on what is, after all, the turning point of the case, — the violation of his oath of secrecy. That being admitted, as from this silence we may assume that it was, it is worse than idle to talk of the truth or falsehood of the secrets which were betrayed. It is no paradox to say, that his delinquency was greater, if what he divulged was the truth. From this time we must look upon Paine as a disgraced and degraded man.

Unable to find employment elsewhere, he became, the following year, clerk to the Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania, which post he retained till his departure for Europe in 1781. It was during this period, that Negro Slavery was abolished in Pennsylvania, and there is a tradition, (as such merely do we refer to it,) that the act of abolition, with its eloquent preamble, was written by Paine. We know not, and cannot now pause to inquire, on what testimony this tradition rests. So far as internal evidence goes, we should at once deny his claim to this high honor. There is a dignified eloquence in this celebrated preamble, an unaffectedly devout enunciation of religious sentiment, and a precise and unassuming form of expression, which we cannot attribute to Paine. Be this as it may, however, we will not wrest from Paine the distinction which even vague tradition gives him. Few of the States of this Union (we trust we shall not be called to order for the remark) can boast of two more honorable or more eloquent legislative acts than the Pennsylvania Abolition Act of 1780, and her unanimous instructions to her Representatives in Congress in favor of the Missouri restriction.

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In February, 1781, Paine accompanied Colonel Laurens to France, whence they returned in the following August. Laurens went as the agent of Congress, to negotiate a loan, which he succeeded in effecting. In what capacity Paine went has never been precisely ascertained. His own statement was, that he went at the instance of Colonel Laurens. Certain it is, that he was clothed with no official authority. The following letter, written in the preceding year by Paine, may shed some light on the real object of his mission, if, indeed, it had any other than the one which was apparent, that of aiding and counselling Colonel Laurens. We the more readily insert it, as it has never before been in print, and is a production eminently characteristic of its self-complacent author.

"Sept. 9th, 1780.

"Sir;

"Last spring I mentioned to you a wish I had to take a passage for Europe, and endeavour to get privately to England. You pointed out several difficulties in the way, respecting my own safety, which occasioned me to defer the matter at that time, in order not only to weigh it more seriously, but to submit it to the government of subsequent circumstances. I have frequently and carefully thought of it since, and, were I now to give an opinion on it as a measure in which I was not a party, it would be this; — that as the press in that country is free and open, could a person possessed of a knowledge of America, and capable of fixing it in the minds of the people of England, go suddenly from this country to that, and keep himself concealed, he might, were he to manage his knowledge rightly, produce a more general disposition for peace than by any method I can suppose. I see my way so clearly before me in this opinion, that I must be more mistaken than I ever yet was on any political measure, if it fail of its end. I take it for granted, that the whole country, ministry, minority, and all, are tired of the war; but the difficulty is how to get rid of it, or how they are to come down from the high ground they have taken, and accommodate their feelings to a treaty for peace. Such a change must be the effect either of necessity or choice. I think it will take, at least, three or four more campaigns to produce the former, and they are too wrong in their opinions of America to act from the latter. I imagine that next spring will begin with a new Parliament, which is so material a crisis in the politics of that country, that it ought to be attended to by this; for, should it start wrong, we may look for-

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ward to six or seven years' more war. The influence of the press, rightly managed, is important; but we can derive no service in this line, because there is no person in England who knows enough of America to treat the subject properly. It was in a great measure owing to my bringing a knowledge of England with me to America, that I was enabled to enter deeper into politics, and with more success, than other people; and whoever takes the matter up in England, must in like manner be possessed of a knowledge of America. I do not suppose that the acknowledgment of Independence is at this time a more unpopular doctrine in England, than the declaration of it was in America immediately before the publication of the pamphlet 'Common Sense,' and the ground appears to me as open for the one now as it did for the other then.

"The manner in which I would bring such a publication out would be under the cover of an Englishman who had made the tour of America *incog.* This will afford me all the foundation I wish for, and enable me to place matters before them in a light in which they have never yet viewed them. I observe that Mr. Rose, in his speech on Governor Pownall's bill, printed in Bradford's last paper, says, that 'to form an opinion on the propriety of yielding independence to America requires an accurate knowledge of the state of that country, the temper of the people, the resources of their Government,' &c. Now there is no other method to give this information a national currency but this, — the channel of the press, which I have ever considered as the tongue of the world, and which governs the sentiments of mankind more than any thing else that ever did or can exist.

"The simple point I mean to aim at is, to make the acknowledgment of Independence a popular subject, and that not by exposing or attacking their errors, but by stating its advantages and apologizing for their errors, by way of accommodating the measure to their pride. The present parties in that country will never bring one another to reason. They are heated with all the passion of opposition, and to rout the ministry, or to support them, makes their capital point. Were the same channel open to the ministry in this country which is open to us in that, they would stick at no expense to improve the opportunity. Men who are used to government know the weight and worth of the press, when in hands which can use it to advantage. Perhaps with me, a little degree of literary pride is connected with principle; for, as I had a considerable share in promoting the declaration of Independence in this country, I likewise wish to be a means of promoting the acknowledgment of it in that; and

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were I not persuaded, that the measure I have proposed would be productive of much essential service, I would not hazard my own safety, as I have every thing to apprehend should I fall into their hands ; but, could I escape in safety, till I could get out a publication in England, my apprehensions would be over, because the manner in which I mean to treat the subject would procure me protection.

" Having said thus much on the matter, I take the liberty of hinting to you a mode by which the expense may be defrayed without any new charge. Drop a delegate in Congress at the next election, and apply the pay to defray what I have proposed; and the point then will be, whether you can possibly put any man into Congress who could render as much service in that station as in the one I have pointed out. When you have perused this, I should be glad of some conversation upon it, and will wait on you for that purpose at any hour you may appoint. I have changed my lodgings, and am now in Front Street, opposite the Coffee House, next door to Aitken's bookstore.

" I am, Sir, your ob't, humble servant,

" THOMAS PAINE."

The special mission of Colonel Laurens to France, and the events which immediately followed his return, fill one of the most interesting chapters of our Revolutionary history. When he sailed, in the winter of 1781, affairs looked gloomy on this side of the Atlantic, even with all the encouragement of the new alliance, and the actual presence of a French fleet and army. The currency, by which alone the army was paid, was at its lowest point of depreciation. The confederation was incomplete, and made slow progress with Congress and the States. The French fleet was blockaded in Newport harbour, and the army lay in entire inaction, unwilling to leave the fleet defenceless. " Send us," says Rochambeau, in a letter to Count de Vergennes, with a vehemence that shows the depth of his anxiety, " send us troops, ships, money ; but do not depend upon these people, nor upon their means ; they have neither money nor credit ; their means of resistance are only momentary, and called forth when they are attacked in their own homes. They then assemble for the moment of immediate danger and defend themselves. Washington commands sometimes fifteen thousand, sometimes three thousand." Never did man assume a more painfully responsible trust than Colonel Laurens. Never did man more zealously labor

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to discharge it. He had a personal feeling in his duty. Across the channel, in no formal duress, but literally in the cells of the Tower, his aged father, worn down with infirmity and sorrow, a venerable patriot whose gray hairs should have moved his inhuman jailors to pity, was incarcerated. Who knows what promises on this score were whispered into the ears of the young ambassador, to tempt him from his duty ? Yet so zealously was it discharged, so perseveringly did he haunt the French ministerial antechambers, so bluntly and honestly did he express his irritation and disappointment, that Vergennes made it the subject of formal complaint to his minister in America. And who can wonder at his importunity, on reading Washington's private letters to him ? "Be assured, dear Laurens, day does not follow night more certainly than it brings with it some additional proof of the impracticability of carrying on the war without the aids you were directed to solicit. As an honest and a candid man, as a man whose all depends on the final and happy termination of the present contest, I assert this ; while I give it decisively as my opinion, that, without a foreign loan, our present force, which is but the remnant of an army, cannot be kept together this campaign, much less will it be increased and in readiness for another. But why need I run into detail, when it may be declared in a word, that we are at the end of our tether, and that now or never our deliverance must come ? "

And between the date of this earnest letter, and Colonel Laurens's return in August, 1781, how much of momentous interest was crowded ! It is a story of romance. The semi-pursuit, semi-retreat, of the British through Virginia, till Lord Cornwallis found himself pent up on the peninsula of Yorktown, — the dispersion of the English fleet off Newport, and the first attempt of De Tilly and Destouches to make a diversion to the southward, — the drawn sea-fight with Arbuthnot, — the arrival of Du Barras with reinforcements at Boston, — the conference at Wethersfield, and the final plan of attack on New York, desperate as it may seem, by sea and land, — the night attack and repulse of the 2d of July, — the arrival of the Hessian reinforcements, — the abandonment of the plan against New York, — the news of the arrival of Count de Grasse, first in the West Indies, and then off the Capes of the Chesapeake, — the entire change

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of the campaign from New York to Virginia, and the secret and well concerted movement of the allied armies from the Hudson to James River, — all this, with its momentous results, was crowded into a brief period; and within three months after urging his request with such importunity at the Court of Versailles, Colonel Laurens was storming the British redoubts at Yorktown, while the flags of more than thirty French ships of the line floated in triumph on the waters of the Chesapeake.

"We brought," says Paine, in his usual strain of self-glorification, "two millions and a half of silver, with clothes and military stores, which enabled our army to move to Yorktown to attack the British under Cornwallis. As I never had a cent for this service, I feel myself entitled, now the country is in a state of prosperity, to state the case to Congress" (*Memorial, in* 1808, *to Congress*). Had Paine been content with the honorable distinction of being, in his hour of disgrace, the companion of so pure a man as Laurens, no one would have been tempted to wrest it from him. But there is not a shadow of evidence that he either did render or could have rendered service at the Court of France. Laurens needed no other aid than what his own talents and the experience of Franklin gave him, and it would have been no slight diplomatic blunder to associate publicly in his mission a man who, not two years before, had been disgraced for offering a wilful and deliberate insult to the Court to which the mission was accredited.

Paine's enemies, and Cheetham in particular, in their anxiety to depreciate his claims, have endeavoured to show that the aid obtained from France by Colonel Laurens had nothing to do with the success of the campaign of 1781, and have proved this to their own satisfaction by showing, what no one can dispute, that the movement against Cornwallis was planned and partially carried into effect before its arrival. On the 25th of August, when Laurens and Paine landed at Boston, the army had advanced to Philadelphia, though General Washington had not left his head-quarters on the North River, and on the 5th of September, though the news of their arrival had reached the army, no one yet knew what was their success. It was on that day, that Mr. Morris, at Washington's urgent instance, made his private and ineffectual appeal to Count Rochambeau to lend him

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twenty thousand hard dollars from his military chest, to advance a month's pay to the American troops. He followed the French general as far as Chester, such was his solicitude and the public necessity, and on his way thither received the glad tidings of the arrival of Count de Grasse in the Chesapeake. Such was the confidence inspired by this news, that Rochambeau at once made the advance, on Mr. Morris's promise to repay it on the first of October, which he was enabled to do through Colonel Laurens's supplies. With all this, Paine, however, had no more to do than the footman that brushed Colonel Laurens's coat.

With the surrender of Yorktown, the war of the Revolution may be said to have terminated. But when the excitement of actual warfare and impending danger was over, the vigor of the people seemed to sink at once, and the five or six years that ensued presented a dreary aspect to those who had fought the battles of their country well, had counselled her in hours of extremity, and now looked for their recompense to the consummation of the high hopes which they entertained from free institutions safely consolidated and established. Instead of this, there ensued fearful disorganization ; no union, no strength, no confidence, no currency, no means of public faith ; not merely "the loose buckling of the belt," (one of Paine's phrases,) but the danger of wild centrifugal action, which threatened, from mere want of ordinary resistance, to produce a desolation that war itself had failed to effect. Then it was that the genius of a great man developed itself, and Robert Morris, taking charge of what were called our Finances, empty vaults, dishonored credit, and a burden of foreign debt, labored, with mental powers almost superhuman, to lay a foundation on which something like system and order could be raised. In his Diary for February, 1782, Mr. Morris made the following note.

"Having lately had several meetings with Mr. Thomas Paine, the writer of a pamphlet styled 'Common Sense,' and many other well known political pieces, which, in the opinion of many respectable characters, have been of service to the cause of America, I thought this gentleman might become far more serviceable to the United States by being engaged to write in the public newspapers in support of the measures of Congress and their Ministers. My assistant, Mr. Gouverneur Morris, is clearly of

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the same opinion, and, in all our conferences with him, we have pointedly declared, that we sought the aid of his pen only in support of upright measures and a faithful administration in the service of our country. We disclaim private or partial views, selfish schemes or plans of any and every kind. We wish to draw the resources and powers of the country into action. We wish to bring into the field an army equal to the object for which we are at war. We wish to feed, clothe, move, and pay the army as they ought to be done, but we wish also to effect these on such terms as may be least burdensome to the people, at the same time that the operations shall be every way effective. Having these for our objects, we want the aid of an able pen to urge them upon the legislatures of the several States."

This is the very guarded language of Mr. Morris, who evidently had no very exalted opinion of Paine's abilities as a writer, but rather deferred to the views of others who thought better of him than he did; and it is probable, reasoning from the evidence we have, that the attempt thus to employ his talents failed, since, except two brief numbers of the "Crisis," we are aware of no publication made by him at that time, or indeed at any time, on the subjects to which Mr. Morris refers in his diary. In one of his letters to the people, he alludes to something of the kind, and with his usual modesty claims for himself the suggestion of the Convention of 1787, and the great results which flowed from it.

"If," says he, "by Federalist is to be understood one who was for cementing the Union by a general government, operating equally over all the States, in all matters that embraced the common interests, and to which the authority of the States severally was not adequate, for no one State can make laws to bind another; if, I say, by a Federalist is meant a person of this description, (and this is the origin of the name,) I ought to stand first on the list of Federalists; for the proposition of establishing a general government over the Union came originally from me, in 1783, in a written memorial to Chancellor Livingston, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to Congress, Robert Morris, Minister of Finance, and his associate, Gouverneur Morris, all of whom are now living, and we had a dinner and conference at Robert Morris's on the subject." (*Letter, 25th of November*, 1802.)

Now as no such memorial exists, so far as our inquiries (and they have been carefully made) extend, and as this very

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project of a government for the Union was among those suggested by Mr. Morris to Paine in 1782, (not 1783,) after a consultation with Gouverneur Morris and Chancellor Livingston, it is surely not unfair, or even uncharitable, to infer, that the muddled recollection and exuberant vanity of Paine led to this strange misstatement.

From this time forth, Paine was little else than a pressing supplicant for alms at the hands of the different States and of Congress, — a thriftless beggar, exaggerating the services he had rendered, and wearying his ancient friends by his ceaseless importunities. It is not easy to read with tolerable seriousness his odd exaggeration of his merits. In his memorial to the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, he says, with admirable solemnity, "I cannot but observe, that the course of four years has produced no other signature universally known and read, here and abroad, except that under which I have constantly published; and should my situation be rendered such as shall oblige me to discontinue the part I have hitherto acted, it will not be easy to establish a new signature that shall collect and keep the sentiments of the country together, should any future emergency arise, which to me appears very probable."

These appeals were not made in vain. In 1785, Congress voted him three thousand dollars, Pennsylvania gave five hundred pounds currency, or about thirteen hundred dollars, and New York bestowed on him the confiscated estate of Mr. Deveaux, at New Rochelle. Virginia, to whom Paine also applied, for some reason not precisely ascertained, either insensibility to his vaunted merits, or irritation at a publication made by Paine in 1780 against her claim to the Western Territory, rejected his prayer for relief. Complaint of Washington's ingratitude and insensibility to his public services was, as we have seen, the favorite topic of Paine's latter days. There was no word of querulous acrimony too strong for his use. Yet in his hour of need, Washington aided him by private benefactions, and had been a kind and earnest interceder in his behalf; and the private letter which, in 1784, he wrote to Mr. Madison is the most valuable testimonial of praise that Paine ever earned.

"Can nothing," he wrote, "be done in our assembly for poor Paine? Must the merits and service of 'Common Sense' con-

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tinue to glide down the stream of time unrewarded by this country? His writings certainly had a powerful effect upon the public mind; ought they not, then, to meet an adequate return? He is poor, he is chagrined, and almost, if not altogether, in despair of relief. New York, not the least distressed, nor best able State in the Union, has done something for him. His views are moderate, — a decent independency is, I believe, all he aims at. Ought he to be disappointed in this? "

It was this generous benefactor, that Paine subsequently described as "one of so icy and death-like a constitution, that he never loved a friend, nor hated an enemy."

In April, 1787, having collected his wages from all who were willing to pay him, Paine sailed for France, and in September he returned to his native country, after an absence of thirteen years. We have neither the means nor the inclination to trace minutely his career abroad. We cannot do it without involving ourselves in the perplexities of British politics, at a period when partisan heat was at an extreme point, and taking sides in controversies, the merits of which we might easily mistake. The alternations of feeling in Great Britain, produced by the French Revolution, and reflected in a modified form on this side of the Atlantic, are curious subjects for consideration, but too important and too curious to be incidentally noticed. Hope, horror, disgust, and dismay succeeded in as quick succession as the palpitations of the British heart. We felt all but the last, — our distance securing us from alarm, — and, in its place, there were the sympathy of a common republicanism, and the grateful recollection of recent succour. In England, the first excitement was intense; so much so, that he who doubted the result of the great popular movement in France was regarded as a fanatic admirer of obdurate despotism. Nor was this unnatural, or confined to what are known as the lower classes. An English conservative of 1787 had no personal sympathy with the French monarchy and aristocracy, for no classes of men ever were more alien from each other than the British noble and the French courtier of the vilest of all courts, — that of Louis the Fifteenth. If, as Mr. Windham said, Revolutionary France was a large brothel, — the court of Versailles was a small one. The penalties of the Decalogue were inverted, and, in the royal family at least, the penalty of the second commandment followed a violation of the seventh.

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It was literally the children, and the children's children, of adultery, that were punished, and Louis the Sixteenth and his wretched son expiated the gross iniquities of a court of strumpets. The British aristocracy looked down on their fellow nobles across the channel as scornfully as a British jack-tar regards a French *matelot*. When the Princesse De Lamballe dined with the Duke of Queensberry, Walpole, a thorough aristocrat, though a Whig, turned up his nose at her. "I have no particular *penchant* for sterling princes and princesses, much less for French plate." To others, the appearance of a rightful claim for redress, which marked the first movements in France, was to a certain extent attractive. The whole class of disaffected persons had a more direct inducement to sympathy. As soon, however, as the violence of the movement increased, there began to be counter currents, and, after no great lapse of time, the whole surface was lashed into a foam and fearful agitation by the outbreak of contending feelings and opinions. Then came the war of words and almost of deeds, in and out of Parliament, — the rupture of ancient friendships, the generous, but mistaken sympathy of Mr. Fox and his party with a people striving to be free, the eloquent frenzy of Burke, surpassingly wise in his enthusiasm; then was developed, in its full severity and rigor, the ministerial policy directed by Mr. Pitt and his crown lawyers, — the manifestos on both sides, — clubs and associations, Crown and Anchor festivities, — loyal and seditious toasts, — pamphlets upon pamphlets. In the midst of this hurly burly, Paine came back to England, and what propitious elements were there for him! What a change for the poor staymaker, to return and be made the companion of leading politicians, to be appealed to as authority, to have listeners at his shrine, and to be able to tell how *he* had started the ball in America, how *he* had done this and that, — in short, how *he* had done every thing. Of course, it was not long before he began to write, and in rapid succession a batch of revolutionary pamphlets were published, which were intended to outshine the feeble brilliancy of "Common Sense." Mr. Burke's great "Reflections" had just appeared, and had awakened every impulse of English loyalty throughout the land. His genius had fired a beacon, whose light made clear as noon-day, to the minds of those for whom he wrote, the atrocities of France and the

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dangers of England. And England was in danger; her institutions, her church, her laws, her ancient privileges, were threatened. The covenant of blood was against them all. It was with no impotent malignity that the demon of Jacobinism brandished its bloody knife across the channel. The only union which revolutionary Frenchmen knew, was in hatred of England and English institutions. "They have turned over in the air," said Mr. Windham, in his speech on the Peace of Amiens, "as in sport, like tumbler pigeons; but have they ever in consequence ceased their flight? The ship has been in mutiny; there has been fighting at the waist, and fighting on the forecastle; but, in the midst of the confusion, somebody has always been found to tend the helm, and to trim the sails; the vessel has held her course." Fortunate, thrice fortunate, was it then for England, that, in dangers like these, a trumpet tongue, speaking words of credible prophecy, like Burke's, should have been heard! The government, harsh and extreme as its measures were, was thus thoroughly sustained by the sentiment of the people. As a reply to Burke's "Reflections," was written Paine's "Rights of Man"!

And though the reader of the present day may smile at the contrast, it is idle to deny that Paine made an impression in Great Britain. There is abundant evidence that he did. His grotesque and often vigorous phrases told on the excited mind of the populace. The pamphlets were published cheaply, and forced by a thousand arts into every channel of circulation; they were read in the streets of London, and at Strawberry Hill *; in palaces and in gin-shops, by old and young, rich and poor. The Attorney-general, in his speech on Paine's trial, stated that children's sweetmeats were wrapped up in pages of the "Rights of Man," and delivered to them, in the hope that they too would read. Paine, also, had a reputation as a writer, which his adversaries themselves had endorsed, and it was one of the cleverest thrusts of Mr. Erskine, in his defence, when he cited Mr. Burke's letter to the sheriffs of Bristol, testifying to Paine's ability and reputation, and to the orthodoxy of some of the doctrines of "Common Sense." But the impression produced was still more plainly shown in the

* See Horace Walpole's *Letters*, Vol. VI. p. 416.

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extreme course pursued by the government. He was tried, as is well known, in his absence, on an information laid by the Attorney-general, and, a verdict being rendered against him, proceedings of outlawry were instituted and carried into effect. His head was, in the language of the law, henceforward *caput lupinum*, the head of the noxious animal, to be broken by any dutiful subject that might meet him. In September, 1792, the Department of Calais elected him a member of the National Convention, and Paine hastened to take his seat in that terrible council-chamber, leaving behind him the dangers of a state prosecution. On the 8th of December of the same year, his trial took place at Guildhall, before Lord Kenyon.

Whilst the judgment of the British law was pronouncing, Paine was, in the full fruition of his doctrines, a judge on the trial of royalty. He must have arrived in Paris about the time of the September massacres, and was enthusiastically welcomed. He voted for the abolition of royalty and the trial of the King. And by what right, might any one in his simplicity inquire, did this stranger, who had never, as a citizen, breathed the air or lived under the laws of France, an English runaway, and an outlaw, sit thus in judgment? What a caricature of justice was it to intrust such functions to such hands! Far be it from us to deny that there may be occasions when a monarch, as well as a subject, may forfeit his life. The king may be a traitor, and deserve, as richly as the most vulgar conspirator, a traitor's doom. We think, whatever our sympathies may be, that Charles the First deserved his fate. He had played the bold game of a war with his people, and had lost. Not so Louis the Sixteenth. He had been a close prisoner in the power of his subjects; he had raised no hand against them; had counselled no treason against the constitution of the nation. He had yielded one prerogative after another, and most readily that of self-defence. When Barrère haughtily exclaimed, "Louis Capet be seated," "Louis Capet withdraw," we can imagine him as he was, a helpless, deserted man, powerless and defenceless. He had tried to escape, — as who would not, — but there was no worse treason in this than in the secret, fervent prayers which, from the dungeon in the Temple, he and his family breathed for rescue. His was vicarious crime. His brothers and family were with

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the enemy, and therefore he perished. The "haggard element of fear" was at work against him. The Mountain feared his vengeance, if he was allowed to live for a restoration. The Girondists feared the Mountain, and dreaded the penalties which their ferocious rivals would be sure to visit upon mercy.

Charles the First had a trial before the only peers that can try a faithless monarch, his own offended countrymen. The French convention was a mob on a small scale. Englishmen sat as jurors, to try the English king. The French inquest was a sort of *tales*, not even *de circumstantibus*, not of the body of the country. Judges were summoned from abroad, like Paine, Anacharsis Clootz, and others, and made citizens for the nonce and by wholesale naturalization, if not citizens by mere force of republican sympathies.

On the test vote in the Convention, Paine's voice was for mercy, and what he calls his speech in favor of banishment to the United States is preserved in his printed works. What a dismal scene was that of the night session of the 15th of January, 1792, and what thoughts must have crowded into the mind of Paine, as, with the fresh recollections of the past, he looked around him! It was in the same Paris, whither he had first come some eleven years before, to invoke sympathy for America, and where he had been so warmly welcomed. Before him, during the days of the trial, sat the monarch who generously supplied the aid America had solicited, now attainted and about to be sacrificed. Where was the brilliant court which Laurens had importuned, — where the white flag which had floated before the intrenchments of Yorktown, — where Lafayette, the Lamottes, Chastelleux, Rochambeau, D'Estaing, De Grasse? All gone to death or banishment; the scene was changed; there were new actors and a bloody ceremonial. Seven hundred and forty-nine judges were uttering the words of doom on innocence. During all one night and the following day the polling of this dread jury continued. There was to be heard the hoarse, emphatic tones of the Jacobin, remorselessly pronouncing his bloody opinion, — the hesitating whisper of the Girondist, taking eternal woe upon his soul for a false judgment, — the "*sans phrase*" of Paine's friend and fellow constitution-monger, — the doubting vote of banishment from Paine's lips, followed by execrations and sneers from

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those who had imported him for sterner uses, — and, last and worst of all, the hollow voice of an apostate prince, decreeing death to one whose blood was kindred to his own ; — all these in quick succession were the incidents of that night and day ; — and yet Paine lived through it, and meditated on it afterwards without remorse, or without any thought but that this was the rightful effect of theories that were destined to triumph ; and, though he shrunk from being himself the butcher, he could in his old age look back upon the bloody actors in these scenes, and praise them as the wise and good.*

Paine was soon to taste of the poisoned cup of revolutionary excess, and his subsequent career affords a curious comment on his usurped functions of a *citizen* judge. He was, as we have stated, naturalized, or, in M. Thiers' phrase, "elected a citizen," on his arrival in France, and qualified by this process to take his seat in the Convention. He was then made one of the philosophic triumvirate with Sieyes and Condorcet, to prepare the plan of a constitution. Anacharsis Clootz and himself were the only two transmuted foreigners in the Convention. On the fall of the Gironde, in order probably to get rid of them, a decree was passed expelling all who were not natives of France. The next day, by a natural transition, they found their way to the cells of the Luxembourg. The next step was to a revolutionary distinction to which Paine did not aspire, and, in his reasonable terror at the thought of death, he applied to Gouverneur Morris to obtain his release as an American citizen. But, with the honors of French citizenship, he had assumed its responsibilities, and the Minister of Justice very peremptorily replied to this effect to Mr. Morris's intercession. In vain did Paine argue in favor of indefeasible allegiance ; in vain did he assert, that, having once become an American citizen, he could not be renounced as such ; the logic was too subtile for Robespierre and Fouquier Tinville, and could not unlock the prison doors. Beside, if allegiance were thus inalienable, England had a sort of preëmption right in him ; for within her realm he had been born, and thither he had once volun-

* "Hérault de Séchelles, — a good patriot and a friend of Mr. Jefferson." See *Paine's Third Letter to the People of the United States*, printed in the "Aurora," of December 3d, 1802. Who Hérault was we need not say.

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tarily returned. For eleven months, throughout the whole Reign of Terror, did he remain a prisoner in the Luxembourg.

How he escaped the wholesale, indiscriminate slaughter of that awful period has never been precisely ascertained. Mr. Morris attributes it to the contempt into which he had sunk, and Paine accounts for it by the mistake made by the gaoler in marking the cells of the condemned ; a mistake which could scarcely have occurred, unless the gaoler was as drunk as the prisoner generally was. Hérault de Séchelles, Anacharsis Clootz, and Lebon of Arras, his immediate companions in captivity, went, one after another, to the guillotine. One hundred and sixty in one day and night were taken from the Luxembourg, and condemned ; yet the destroying angel passed by him. He escaped till the revolution of the 9th Thermidor, and the fall of Robespierre, when the prisons were opened, and Paine, with a few other survivors, worn out with disease and distress of mind and body, was set at liberty.

But what were the fruits of his captivity, the meditations he had had in his solitary cell, and how did he manifest his gratitude for the almost miraculous interposition of a merciful Providence in his behalf? Immediately on his release, or as soon after as he could digest and put on paper the thoughts and speculations that had been germinating in his mind, he published the second part of his "Age of Reason," the first part of which had been published after his arrival in France and immediately before his incarceration. Finding himself in danger of arrest, and surmising how quick might be the transition from the prison to the scaffold, he hastened to complete his work, so that, in case of his death, it might be left as his last and most precious legacy. It was dated in the Luxembourg, in January, old style, 1794 (8th Pluviose). The second part is dated October, 1795.

This volume, the hornbook of vulgar infidelity, is now before us, and we have doubted how far we ought to refer to it, or what use to make of it. It has passed utterly out of the world's thoughts, and we have a repugnance, not easily to be overcome, in bringing it to light again. Its blasphemies are enough to sicken the heart ; but still it may not be useless, in one view, to show the Christian reader to what dregs infidelity, beginning with refinement and high-bred speculation, will at last come. With this view, and at the risk

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of shocking our readers, let us quote a few extracts from this forgotten, but atrocious volume. It is dedicated to "the citizens of the United States of America, by their affectionate friend and fellow-citizen, Thomas Paine." *

"The Christian theory is little else than the idolatry of the Ancient Mythologies, accommodated to the purposes of power and revenue, and it yet remains to reason and philosophy to abolish the amphibious fraud." — *Age of Reason.* Part I. p. 7.

"The Proverbs, which are said to be Solomon's, though most probably a collection, (because they discover a knowledge of life which his situation excluded him from knowing,) are an instructive table of ethics. They are inferior in keenness to the proverbs of the Spaniards, and not wiser than those of the American Franklin." — p. 18.

"If the taste of a Quaker could have been consulted at the creation, what a silent and drab-colored creation it would have been! Not a flower would have blossomed its gayeties, nor a bird been permitted to sing." — p. 55.

"The most extraordinary of all the things called miracles, related in the New Testament, is that of the Devil flying away with *Jesus Christ, and carrying him to the top of a high mountain,* and to the top of the highest pinnacle of the temple, and showing him and promising him all the kingdoms of the world. How happened it, that he did not discover America? Or is it only with kingdoms that his sooty highness has any interest?" — p. 72.

But our heart fails us, and though we had marked other and more impious passages than these for extracts, we can no further pollute our pages with such ribald blasphemy. Yet the man who could thus write — and the extracts we have made are as nothing in comparison with the obscenities that might be culled from his infamous pages — was invited by Mr. Jefferson to return to America, in a national vessel, and at the nation's expense. Nay more, this very volume — we blush as Christians and as Americans to record it — was written and published, so said Paine, when its writer was under the immediate protection of the Representative of this country near the French Republic. Some of Paine's biographers state, that Mr. Monroe took him from prison and made him

* No part of the Revolutionary jargon has survived, with the exception of "citizen," in which there was once so much pride, and even that has no abiding place, that we are aware of, but in *Hayti.*

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the inmate of his house.* The "Age of Reason" was published just before Mr. Monroe was recalled by General Washington, for entering into too close a union with Paine's friends, the surviving Jacobins. Such favor was, after all, but a practical enforcement of Mr. Jefferson's peculiar toleration. "It does me no injury for my neighbour to say, there are twenty Gods, or one God. It neither picks my pocket, nor breaks my leg."

"I have now," says Paine, in closing what he considers the greatest effort of his genius, "I have now gone through the Bible, as a man would go through a wood with an axe on his shoulder to fell trees. Here they lie, and the Priests, if they can, may replant them. They may perhaps stick them in the ground, but they will never make them grow." — p. 85.

And what impression, after all this impious boasting, has this, or any other, effort of the skeptic or scoffer made upon the mind of man? We speak not of individuals, for some, no doubt, have been by such writings seduced into infidelity as obdurate as his. The venerable trees, beneath whose eternal foliage thousands and tens of thousands have taken shelter in all ages of the world, survive and flourish in defiance of him who would attempt to hew them down. The principle of religious belief is, at this moment, more actively prevalent than it has ever been since the birth of our Saviour; it pervades larger masses, is effecting greater results, and an Age of Reason has become, we humbly trust, an Age of Faith. And who can tell how much of this great result is to be attributed to that dismal scene in which Paine was an actor, or what precisely has been the effect of the reaction on the mind of man? The wars of the French Revolution, which continued till the battle of Waterloo, have been succeeded by a longer peace than the Christian world has ever known. It was amidst the clash of arms, that the worst and most indecent infidelity proclaimed itself. It is in the midst of a peaceful world and age, that the religious sentiment has undergone its most remarkable and signal development. The cycle of

* In the latter part of his life, Mr. Monroe affirmed in conversation, that he received Paine at this time into his house only from motives of charity, having found him wandering about, in a state of utter destitution, in the streets of Paris. Paine remained there for some time, though his habits were so offensive, that Mr. Monroe was obliged to place him in a separate apartment on the ground floor.

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infidelity was complete with Paine. He was the last of a class, the first of whom were men of education, accomplishment, and intellectual training, courtiers, and statesmen, and scholars, and princes. Such men were Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke, and Hume, and the Encyclopedists, and Frederic the Great. The last was a kennel scoffer, who, in his writings and his life, showed the fruits of those pestilent and ambitious speculations, which, spurning the restraints which an humble faith imposes, either soar aloft to fall at last the lower, or crawl with venomous malignity on the ground, and perish there. So will it ever be.

It is difficult to believe that Paine's book could do much mischief. Yet we can see how it may. Its very audacity is imposing, and there are those who walk abroad utterly unarmed, whom it may wound. Of the extent of its circulation we have no means of judging. We are not aware of its being reprinted in this country, though we presume it has been, — the only copy we have been able to find being one of those originally printed in Paris, "in the second year of the Republic one and indivisible." And even this copy we had as much difficulty in procuring as Paine had in obtaining a Bible in Paris. * It was reprinted and, we presume, extensively circulated among a certain class of readers in Great Britain; and again the penalties of a state prosecution were fulminated against him, or rather against his printer. But on this occasion, the prosecution had higher motives and sanctions than before. It was no *ex officio* information, instituted by a Crown lawyer, at the bidding of his master, but an indictment duly found by a grand jury, and prosecuted by the eminent man, specially retained for the occasion, who had so eloquently defended Paine for publishing "The Rights of Man." We need not say, that we refer to Mr. Erskine.

It was Mr. Erskine who, on the former occasion, when the Attorney-General cited with approbation Mr. Adams's "Publicola," said, "Let others do like 'Publicola,' answer the book, not prosecute the author." To the "Age of Reason" there appeared a noble and able adversary, one

* "Under these disadvantages I began the first part of the 'Age of Reason.' I had, besides, neither Bible nor Testament to refer to, though I was writing against both, *nor could I procure any;* notwithstanding which, I have produced a book that no Bible believer, though writing at his ease and with a library of Church-Books about him, can refute." — (*Preface to the Second Part of the Age of Reason.*)

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who, twenty years before, had been engaged in a kindred controversy with Gibbon. Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, published his celebrated "Apology for the Bible" as an answer to Paine. This little work, with all its merit, has passed very much out of view. It was intended as a popular appeal in behalf of Revelation, and has no pretensions to any very profound or elaborate views of the subject. It is singularly kind and courteous in its tone, and is in strange contrast with the ferocious ribaldry to which it was meant to be the antidote. The book had an unfortunate title, of which we never think without recalling the remark made on it by George the Third, who, by the by, hated the Bishop for his speech on the Regency Bill. "An Apology for the Bible!" said the King, "what does he mean by that? I never knew the Bible needed an apology." Justin Martyr and Tertullian, to be sure, had written "Apologies"; and Milton had published an "Apology" among his polemical writings; but so had Colley Cibber, and George Anne Bellamy, and perhaps the King was more familiar with these last than with either the Fathers or the poets. Bishop Watson's book was written for the people, not for the palace, and had a great and salutary effect. If it is forgotten now, it is because no one fears the poison as an antidote for which it was prepared.*

On his discharge from prison, Paine remained at Paris, an impotent spectator of the shifting scenes before him, employed, in addition to his infidel lucubrations, with writing occasional pamphlets on French politics. Once he made a sort of amateur speech in the Convention on the constitution of Boissy d'Anglas, but no one listened to, or cared for him. Mr. Monroe succeeded Gouverneur Morris, and threw himself, in violation of the spirit of his instructions,

* In Gouverneur Morris's Diary, in 1795, is an interesting anecdote, given on the authority of Bishop Watson. "He spent a day and night with the Bishop of Llandaff at Colgarth Park near Ambleside. The Bishop told him, among other things, that 'the day the Marquis of Rockingham kissed hands on being appointed minister, he showed him, on the back of a letter, certain conditions he had made with the King and taken down with a pencil. The first was, that the Independence of America should be acknowledged. The Marquis took that precaution, because on a former occasion the King had deceived him. And his Majesty was so hurt by the precaution, that he never forgave the Marquis.' The Bishop, moreover, declared, respecting himself, that he was a stanch opposition man, and a firm, decided Whig." — (Sparks's *Life of Morris*, Vol. I. p. 428.)

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into close communion with France. Paine, who was preparing an elaborate libel on Washington, was delighted at the course taken by the minister, which he had sagacity enough to know must cause great dissatisfaction and embarrassment to the President, whom he hated. Paine's letter to Washington, written in Paris, in 1796, and sent home as fit fuel for the flame of partisan malignity, was perhaps the most wanton and atrocious libel he ever penned. The object of his malice soared too high to be reached by such shafts. It is now utterly forgotten.

Mr. Monroe was soon recalled, to be succeeded by General Pinckney, and Paine was again left in friendless solitude. His active career was now rapidly drawing to a close ; one more restless movement, and he will be at rest. Let us trace it to the end.

In 1796, Paine's letter to General Washington was published in the United States, and of its temper a fair judgment may be formed from a single passage taken almost at random, like our extracts from the "Age of Reason."

"As to you," (speaking to Washington,) "treacherous in private friendship, and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an impostor or a villain ; whether you have abandoned good principles, or whether you ever had any."

This, it will be remembered, was published with the author's name both in Europe and America. So was the "Age of Reason." And yet Mr. Jefferson, who, as well as his friends, thought the letter to Mazzei needed explanation and apology, considered it proper and expedient, before Washington was cold in his grave, formally to invite his confessed calumniator back to this country, and to tender him, at the nation's expense, the means of return. The surmise is neither unreasonable nor uncharitable, that Paine's writings in France, after Mr. Monroe's recall, were far from unpalatable either to the French Government or to a party at home. Nor is it known how far they may have contributed — his friendly relations to the leaders of the opposition to Washington's administration being well known — to produce the state of irritation which, beginning with the insolent refusal of the Directory to receive General Pinckney, continued throughout Mr. Adams's presidency, and almost involved the two nations in actual war.

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For a long time Paine was anxious to return to America, without being able to effect it. To return in a private vessel exposed him not only to the cost of his passage homeward, but to the risk of capture and punishment as a fugitive from justice in England. Paine had too fresh a recollection of the Luxembourg to make him at all desirous of a residence in Newgate; and similar, if not worse, he knew, would be his fate, if the blockading squadron off the French ports chanced to exercise a war right of search. He did not dare to expect either General Washington or Mr. Adams to protect such a contraband article as he was, or to commit the indecency of making our public ships convey him. But, in 1802, when Washington was dead, and Mr. Jefferson was President, the opportunity of a safe and cheap return presented itself. The *Maryland*, sloop of war, carrying Mr. Dawson, a member of Congress from Virginia, as bearer of despatches to France, was offered to Paine, and he gladly accepted the proposal.

"I hope you will find us," says Mr. Jefferson, addressing the writer of the "Age of Reason," and the libels on Washington,—"I hope you will find us returned generally to sentiments worthy of former times. In these it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as any man living. *That you may long live to continue your useful labors, and to reap their reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer.* Accept assurances of my high esteem and affectionate attachment.

"T. JEFFERSON."*

Paine landed in October, 1802, and immediately hastened to present himself to the President. It is believed that his reception was far from being as cordial as he anticipated, which may be well accounted for by the repulsive nature of his personal habits, and the rudeness and offensiveness of his deportment to all about him. After contributing largely for a few weeks to the columns of the Administration newspapers, sometimes writing, however, in so revolting a strain on the subject of religion, that the conductors of the press, not the most fastidious, were compelled to mutilate his contributions; after writing, at Mr. Jefferson's request, a demonstrative defence of the gun-boat-system, the absurdity of which even

* Jefferson's *Works*, Vol. III. p. 459.

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Professor Tucker admits, Paine at last took refuge on his farm near New Rochelle, where, with the exception of occasional visits to the city of New York, and with no other occupation than corresponding with a few scattered infidels there and elsewhere, he lingered in entire obscurity till his death, on the 8th of June, 1809, at the age of seventy-two.

Of his personal habits, his private career, and the circumstances of his dying hours, of the questions about his true relations to the female who followed him from France, and of whom he afterwards tried to rid himself as an incumbrance, we do not care to speak. On his trial for the "Rights of Man," in 1791, it was proved, by competent and credible testimony, that he was, if not habitually, at least occasionally, a drunkard. There was nothing in his subsequent career, or in his personal appearance, as those who remember him can testify, to discredit this testimony. Alternately at his farm near New Rochelle, scribbling infidel essays, or lounging in the streets of New York, with no other companions than the few who agreed with him in sentiment, and who shrunk not from his loathsome exterior, he continued to the last a fair specimen of that class of men who are stirred to the surface by political excitement, and sink into contemptuous oblivion when the waves are lulled to rest. "Remember me," he says, in a letter written about that time, "to my much respected friend, Carver, and tell him I am sure we shall succeed if we hold on. We have already silenced the clamor of the *priests*. They act now as if they would say, 'Let us alone, and we will let you alone.' Come, ride up and see me. I am master of an empty house, or nearly so. I have six chairs and a table, a straw bed, a feather bed, and a bag of straw, a tea-kettle, an iron pot, an iron frying-pan, a gridiron, cups, saucers, plates and dishes, knives and forks, two candlesticks and a pair of snuffers. I have nothing else, but to this you and Carver, if he will come, are welcome." Thirty years after Paine's death, William Carver, the only friend who seemed to cling to him, died in New York, eighty-five years of age, a squalid mendicant in the streets, too obdurate or too enthusiastic in his persevering skepticism, to ask alms from Christian charity, and unable, so vain are the promises of infidel philanthropy, to find any other refuge open to receive and succour him.

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Of Paine's deathbed we do not care to speak. There is no well authenticated account of what then occurred; and, if there were, in our poor judgment, it would prove nothing. The struggles of bodily disease were never meant to authorize any inference as to the state of mind, the confidence or despair, of the dying man. The condemned captive, who, in full health and in solitude, looks forward to approaching and inevitable death, has a right to claim credit for sincerity, be his opinions what they may; but the flickering light that is shed on the ghastly and attenuated visage of disease is generally too uncertain to be relied on. All experience shows, that the unbeliever may die calmly and resolutely, and that the truest Christian may shrink back with terror. If the Christian's faith be true, these terrors, if they do not degenerate into despair, — for then it becomes unbelief, — are no sin; and, in our confidence in the faith which every one may hope will sustain him in his hour of trial, the spectacle of the dying skeptic who is careless and confident is more awful than that of him who shrinks in agonizing terror at the thought of death. Paine did neither. He was a prey to childish fears, but not apparently to the more reasonable fear of death. He dreaded being left alone, or being left in darkness, and screamed, like a terrified child, for his nurse and the light. He insisted on his nurse reading aloud; but it was not so much in order to take solace from what she read, as to be satisfied by the sound of her voice that she was at hand. And yet, when questioned by his physician as to his religious opinions, he reaffirmed his infidelity with calmness and decision. "Do you believe in the Christian religion?" asked Dr. Manley; "do you believe that its truths and consolations can help you? Come, now, answer me honestly. I want an answer as from the lips of a dying man, for I verily believe you will not live twenty-four hours!" After a pause of some minutes, he answered, "I have no wish to believe on the subject." And these were the last words he is known to have uttered.

We have not left ourselves room to say a word of Cobbett's pilgrimage to New Rochelle, some ten years after Paine's death, of the disinterment of the mouldering bones, and their translation to Great Britain. It was a piece of indecent and ineffectual mockery. The spectacle aroused no sympathy, excited no interest. The bones of the scoffer

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were looked on by such of the British people as knew any thing about them, with no more regard than the anatomical student bestows on the unknown carcass before him. Where they lie now no one knows, or cares. And thus ends the story of one who was endowed with abilities that might have made an impression on the world, and have left a memorable trace behind him; an actor in scenes of commanding interest; a sagacious observer of what was going on around him; a speculator in no common spirit on the times in which his lot was cast; a patriot, in a certain, though a narrow sense; but, withal, infirm of the only high purpose which consecrates man's career on earth, and poor in the aspirations which alone dignify humanity, — the aspiration for a reward which the world neither gives nor takes away, the mingling of the highest of human qualities, the love of virtue and of truth, with a meek and humble sense of the powers with which God has endowed us, and the love of freedom with a decent reverence for authority and example, which constitute the perfection of human character, that of the conservative and Christian patriot.

ART. II. — 1. *Speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, Jan.* 24, 1839, *on the Bill to Abolish the Duty on Salt.* By JOHN DAVIS. National Intelligencer of March 25, 1839.

2. *Reports of the Majority and Minority of the Select Committee on the Origin and Character of Fishing Bounties and Allowances.* Read in the Senate of the United States, April 10, 1840. Washington: Blair & Rives, Printers. 1840. pp. 80.

THERE is no error, we think, in stating that no work devoted to the rise and progress of the American Fisheries exists. It will not be wide of the truth to add, that few works would be more useful to the young, and to our countrymen generally. The idea is prevalent, that fishing is a low occupation; but it is as false as it is common. Equally prevalent and false is the supposition, that these fisheries have

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no history but such as relates to the quantity and quality of the food which they annually produce. He who shall correct these errors, and give to this branch of American industry the place which belongs to it in our annals, will perform a valuable service. The subject is worthy of the pen of the grave historian; the poet might indite many a song, and the novelist weave many a story, from the numerous strange events and thrilling scenes which belong to it. To describe these events, however, forms no part of our present purpose; and our doubting readers must be content to take the truth of the remark, as to their high and interesting character, upon trust, until another time.

Having given, on a former occasion,* some account of the Whale-Fishery, we design now to devote a few pages to some of the other Sea-Fisheries, and to the manner of catching and curing the various kinds of dried, smoked, and pickled fish, that are found for sale in our markets. These fish are not taken in great abundance within the limits or jurisdiction of the Union; inasmuch as the best fishing-grounds, whether for cod, pollock, herring, or mackerel, are far north or east of the United States. Those most frequented are the inlets and shores of the Bay of Fundy, the Bay of Chaleurs, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Straits of Bellisle, the the coast of Labrador, and the Banks of Newfoundland. Fishing at Newfoundland is, probably, the most hazardous. The business is usually commenced in April, and closed in October. It is done while the vessel is at anchor in the open sea, at a great distance from land, and woe too often betides those who engage in it with old, unsound, or ill-furnished vessels.

A vessel intended for service in the Labrador fishery leaves home about the middle of May. Arriving on the coast after a passage of two or three weeks, she enters some snug harbour, and is there moored. There she remains quietly at anchor, until a full "fare" has been obtained, or until the departure of the fish requires the master to seek another inlet. The coast of Labrador is frequented for fishing for a distance of ten or twelve degrees of latitude. It has been preferred to any other, for a long time, on account of its se-

* *N. A. Review*, Vol. XXXVIII. p. 84.

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curity, and a general certainty of obtaining a supply of fish. The fishing is done entirely in boats, and the number usually employed is one for about thirty tons of the vessel's register. Here, under the management of an experienced and skilful master, every thing may be rendered systematic and regular. As soon as the vessel has been secured by the necessary anchors, her sails and light rigging stowed away, her decks cleared, her boats fitted, and a day or two spent in fowling and sailing, under color of exploring the surrounding waters and fixing upon proper stations for the boats, the master announces to his crew that they must try their luck with the hook. Each boat has now assigned to it a skipper or master, and one man. At the time designated, the master departs with his boats, to test the qualities of his men, and to mark out for them a course for their future procedure.

The love of power, so common to our race, is exemplified even here, since the *skippers* of these boats, though commanding each but a single man, often assume airs and exercise authority which are, at once, ridiculous and tyrannical; while their ingenuity in explaining the causes of a bad day's work, really occasioned by idleness, or by time spent in shooting sea-birds, frequently puts the patience and the risibility of the master to a severe trial. If fish are plenty, and not too distant from the vessel, the boats are expected, in good weather, to catch two loads in a day. Their return, if laden, is the signal for the *dressing-crew*, who were left on board, to begin a series of operations which, when completed, leave the fish in the form in which the consumer buys them. From the *dressing-table*, the fish are thrown down the hatch-way to the salter, who commences the process of curing by salting and placing them in layers in the bottom of the vessel. If the master intends to remain on the coast until his fish are ready for market, they are commonly taken on shore as soon as caught, and there dressed, salted, and dried, before being conveyed to the vessel. If, on the contrary, it be his intention to dry them at home, as is now the common practice, the salter's duty is the last that is performed abroad. The English usually cure their fish on the coast. The buildings which are necessary for this purpose are easily constructed; they consist of an oblong shed, and a rude wharf, called a *stage*. The site selected for the stage is a rocky inlet, where the water is deep, and the beach or

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upland drying-place is capacious and convenient. The bait used is a small fish, called *capelin*. This small, but useful fish seldom remains on the fishing-ground for more than six weeks in a season; a time which is long enough for securing a full supply, and which an experienced and energetic master does not often allow to pass away without one. The average produce of this fishery may be estimated at about ten quintals to every ton of the vessels employed in it, though the best masters are dissatisfied, when they fail to catch a fourth or fifth more.

The selection of a master is a point so important to owners, that a word upon his qualifications and duties will not be amiss. Besides all the responsibilities at sea, which devolve upon a master in the merchant service, he has cares and anxieties, which are unknown to that branch of maritime adventure. His passage being safely made, the master of the merchantman is relieved by the counsel and assistance of the owner or consignee. But it is not so with the master of the fishing vessel. During the period devoted to fishing, his labor is arduous in the extreme; and come what will, in the desolate and distant regions which he visits, his own sagacity and prudence are his only reliance. If, as not unfrequently happens, he be so unfortunate as to have among his crew two or three refractory spirits, who poison the minds of all the rest; if others, who boasted loudly in port how well and quickly they could use the *splitting-knife*, or how true and even-handed they were in distributing the salt, prove too ignorant to be trusted; or if every man under his charge, without being either dogged or incapable, is still of so leaden a mould, as to remain immovable under promises of bounty or promotion; these difficulties must be but new inducements to use extraordinary personal exertions, and to preserve his reputation at the expense of his health and strength. Even if there are none of these embarrassments to contend with, his ordinary employments require an iron frame and an unconquerable resolution.

A friend who has seldom failed to accomplish what he has undertaken, and whose life has been full of daring enterprises, has often assured us that, while on the Labrador shore, his duty and the fear of making a "broken" voyage kept him awake and at his post full twenty hours every day, throughout the time employed in taking the fish. "Once," said he, "I

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was deceived by every man that I had on board of my vessel; each shipped, as is usual, to perform a particular service, and each boasted of his accomplishments in catching, dressing down, or salting away; but there was neither a good boatman, an adroit splitter, or a safe salter among them all. My situation was painful enough. I was interested in the loss or gains of the voyage, and was too poor and too young in command, to bear the consequences of returning without a full fare. And besides, I was never good at accounting for bad luck, and felt that it was far easier for me, even under these untoward circumstances, to fill my vessel, than to explain to every one who would question me at home the causes of failure. And the result of the matter was, that I got as many fish per ton and per man, as any vessel that I met on the coast." "Another season," says the same friend, "while in the West India trade, I was disappointed in obtaining a cargo, and was compelled to go to Labrador, or haul my schooner up. I was too restless to be idle, and resolved upon fishing. It was three weeks too late, and, on attempting to ship a crew, I found that no good men were to be had, and that I must take raw Irishmen, and a drunkard for a mate. The chances, as you may well suppose, were all against me, but I made the voyage, and obtained as many fish as my vessel could carry. But I always had pistols in my pockets, and enforced most of my orders with a threat or a handspike. I slept full dressed, and with arms in my berth. A battle with one or more was almost of daily occurrence, and I was in constant fear either of losing my own life, or of being compelled to take that of some one of my crew, to overawe the rest." These incidents occurred on voyages made from a port on the frontiers of Maine, and before the commencement of the Temperance reform; and are, of course, to be regarded, not only as having been rare in former times, but as never happening now. But the master's duty, if he be an efficient man, is never an easy one. If he would provide against every contingency, and make sure of a cargo despite of every adverse event, he must not even allow himself the full repose which nature craves. It is upon his regularity and perseverance in procuring fresh bait, a service which must sometimes be performed at the hazard of his life, upon the frequency of his visits to his boats, which are often miles asunder, upon his readiness to use his own hands

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to make up the laggard's deficiency, upon his economy and system in the use of time and outfits, upon the degree of energy and regularity which he infuses, and, finally, upon the care which he exercises in dressing and salting the object of his search, that the success or failure of the voyage mainly depends. Masters who are able and willing to sustain these varied and incessant calls upon their bodily vigor and mental activity are to be found, probably, in every fishing port. But it is very certain, that the number has sensibly diminished during the last twenty years, and that the transfer to other and more profitable and ambitious commands is still going on. The mercantile men of the commercial capital of the North, and the packet-ships of the commercial emporium of the Union, rank deservedly high. But were their counting-rooms and quarter-decks to yield up all, or even half, of those whose birth-places were on the Capes of Massachusetts, and whose earliest adventures were made in the fishing craft, they would lose many high and honored names. So, too, were either to cease recruiting from the same sources, the humble employment of which we are speaking would speedily become more prosperous and, in public estimation, more respectable.

The cod-fishery in the Bay of Fundy differs in many respects from that of Labrador. It commences earlier, and is pursued more irregularly, and to a later period of the season; while it yields larger and better fish, and, from the greater depth of water and rise of tide, requires much longer lines. This fishery is pursued principally by the people who live along the shores of the Bay, and by the fishermen of the eastern part of Maine. The vessels which are employed in it, though of greater variety, are neither so large nor so valuable, as those which are required for the more hazardous and distant fishing-grounds; and, unlike these, it allows of the use of sail-boats of the smallest size, as well as of those which can be propelled with safety and celerity by the oars of a single man. The vessels anchor upon the outer grounds as often, and for such times, as the weather permits; while the boats keep within the passages, and about the ledges, with which the Bay abounds. The time used for fishing is just before high-tide, and just before low-water, which states of the sea the fishermen call *slacks*. Most of the fishermen own or occupy small farms, situated

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on or near the shores of the Bay ; so that fishing is an occasional, rather than a constant employment with them. For some of them, who live upon the mainland, however, and many whose homes are upon the islands, the sole reliance for support is the hook and line. Two hundred boats are sometimes in sight at Eastport, and when, by a turn of the tide or a change of the wind, the little fleet draw together and float past the town in line, the scene is not without interest, even to those who have witnessed it hundreds of times.

From the earliest, or, as they are called, the *spring fares* of the cod-fish obtained in the Bay of Fundy, are made a considerable part of the table or *dun*-fish, that are consumed in the New England States ; and, next to the Isles of Shoals fish, they are undoubtedly the best. Those caught in boats are seldom fit for *dunning*. They are commonly sold fresh, to the little fishing-stands or trading establishments set up by the more independent islanders. But owing to a variety of causes, the process of curing is so imperfectly performed, that none are so good as those caught in vessels, and many are wholly unfit for human food. The sprinkling of lime, however, over the defective parts, a practice which the fishermen deem entirely honest, will deceive the eye and quiet the nasal organ of the inexperienced or careless purchaser. These waters afford, also, a considerable part of the fish known among dealers as *pollock*, *hake*, and *haddock*. They are usually taken when fishing for the cod, and by the same means. The " Quoddy-pollock " is a great favorite everywhere in the interior, and is to be found in almost every farm-house of the north. The hake-fishery of this Bay is small ; nor is it of much consequence on any part of the American coast. The hake and the haddock are poor fish, and neither commands more than half the price of the cod. The hake, however, yields a larger quantity of oil, and is, therefore, held in estimation by those who catch it, and are not compelled to eat it. The haddock, when fresh, suits the taste of some, but, when dried, it is without reputation even in the hut of the negro, who is doomed to be its principal consumer. There is a tradition in Catholic countries, that the haddock was the fish out of whose mouth the Apostle took the tribute-money ; and that the two dark spots near its gills preserve to this day the impression of his thumb and finger.

We turn now to a brief consideration of the herring-fish-

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ery. The herring in many varieties is taken in large quantities in the principal seas of Europe and America; and some of the principal cities of the former owe their foundation, perhaps much of their present commerce and wealth, to the prosecution of this fishery. To persons who are familiar with the character and rank of the mass of herring-catchers of the present day, an account of the mania on this subject in England, two centuries ago, seems almost incredible. We have no space to go into details; nor can we even relate incidents to show how vast were the projects, and how magnificently rich were the joint-stock associations, that were formed by noblemen and princes of the blood *to catch and cure herrings!* But we may remark, that the "operators" in timber lands and corner lots of cities under water, of 1834, were more sensible, as well as more successful, than these speculators of former days. This branch of industry, as pursued in American waters, produces food of various qualities. The herring is cured both by salting and smoking, and by salting and pickling. When by the first method, it is packed in boxes; when by the latter, in barrels. Nearly the whole amount of that well known luxury of the supper-table, the *scaled-herring*, is taken in the Bay of Fundy, and its tributary, the Passamaquoddy. The best are found and cured in the vicinity of Digby, Nova Scotia, but those of our own fishing-grounds treat the palate to a great delicacy. They were caught for many years by means principally of lighted torches, made of the outer bark of the white birch.

The practice was, for one or two men to place a light of this description in the bow of a small boat, and then to drift about the favorite resorts of the herring, on very dark nights, and to bail in, with a dip-net, all that were attracted to the surface of the water. The islanders have a story, that the discovery of the attracting properties of light was accidental. They relate that, many years ago, a fisherman who lived on Campo-bello,* and who chanced one night to be on the side of one of its little harbours, opposite to his own house, on remembering that he had no fire at home, took some chips and coals in a skillet to carry across; that, during the passage, the chips took fire and blazed up; and, on

* An island on the New Brunswick side of the Bay of Passamaquoddy.

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his landing, he found that a large number of herrings had followed him to the shore; and that this circumstance induced experiments, which resulted in abandoning the former practice of using "set-nets" and "wears." These nets and wears are, however, becoming favorites again; and, should the torch-lights be completely extinguished, of which there is certainly some fear, the inhabitants of the frontier towns of Maine will be deprived of one of their finest sights, and sojourners among them of one of their most attractive and peculiar scenes. To watch, from the headlands and beaches, the movements of the "herring-drivers," has been a pleasurable recreation there for years. We have seen a spacious harbour, and the coves and indentations in its neighbourhood, most beautifully lighted up, as with hundreds of lamps, and each light heaving and falling with the motion of the sea. Far in the offing, the torches, no larger to the eye than a candle's flame, would move and dance, approach and cross each other, and then vanish away; while nearer, and perhaps within a stone's throw of the position which we occupied, their red flare would reveal every act of the fisherman, as time after time, he drew in the fish which he had lured to destruction. On shipboard, too, when entering or leaving the Passamaquoddy, we have seen these lights in all directions, and they served to relieve loneliness and to excite interesting imaginings.

The herrings thus secured and intended for smoking are washed the morning after being caught, and the scales of all that are fat enough to shed them are forced off by friction, when they are salted away in casks. As soon as they are sufficiently "struck" with the salt, they are again washed, spitted, or strung upon small round sticks of three or four feet in length, and hung up in the smokehouse. In spitting, as well as in hanging them up, great care is necessary to prevent the fish from touching each other. They are placed, tier above tier, upon wooden fixtures supported by joists, until the house is full. The distance from the lower tier to the floor is commonly about seven feet. Fires of wood are now lighted, and the great art is to manage these fires in a proper manner, inasmuch as they must neither be too quick nor too slow, and, at times, they require to be extinguished. Wood just taken from the forest is the best, but old and water-soaked fuel is sometimes used, to the serious injury both of the color and the flavor of the fish. The time occupi-

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ed in smoking them is not far from three weeks. To cure herrings well, good weather is quite as necessary as good fuel and carefully tended fires. After being sufficiently smoked, the fires are allowed to go out, and, as soon as the house has become cool, the fish are taken down, slipped from the sticks, sorted into three qualities, and packed in boxes. The houses in which the smoking is done are mere huts, without floors, and without other finish than rough board walls, and roofs of the same, battened with slabs. In some cases, however, a wiser use is made of money, and sufficient expense is incurred to erect durable buildings. The upper part and the roof are always intended to be tight, both to retain the smoke and to exclude the rain and damp. These houses are of various sizes, some being large enough to hold one thousand boxes of the fish when on the sticks, while others will contain no more than a fourth part of that quantity; the largest and best finished are the most economical. The business of smoking herrings is confined, mainly, to the region of which we are now speaking. The price in the markets to which they are usually sent is sometimes ruinously low, and the poor fishermen are often deprived of adequate recompense for their labor. The quantity exported from the eastern part of Maine often exceeds eighty thousand boxes in a year, while the average of ten years may be estimated at three-fourths of that quantity. Besides these, some thousands of barrels are annually pickled. The article known among dealers as the *gibbed-herring* is a good substitute for the second quality of mackerel.

The Magdalen herring-fishery, in which our citizens are allowed to participate by treaty stipulation, has been thought to be of considerable value, as a means of employing vessels too small for carrying freight, in the early part of the season. It has been prosecuted with various success. At times, our vessels have procured forty or fifty thousand barrels in a year, while, at other periods, few have engaged in it. At present, little or nothing is done in it, and we are among those who hope, that it will never again be regarded as worth pursuing. The Magdalen islands are seldom visited, except in spawning time, when the herrings are poor; and as but little pains are taken in curing them, they often prove unfit for food. We have seen whole cargoes, that would poison the air of a neighbourhood, and that were hardly good

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enough to be carted away and spread upon the grass-fields. They are caught in large seines, which require fifteen or twenty, and sometimes forty men, to manage them; and which are capable of enclosing and bringing to the shore from two hundred to one thousand barrels, at a haul. When taken from these seines, the common practice has been to put them into the hold of the vessels without washing, and without divesting them of the offal. Thus they are salted, as it is termed, *in bulk*, and thus they remain, until the vessel arrives in port, when they are taken out and packed, sweltering in all their impurity. Some masters and owners, to their credit, seem to have acquired some notions of decency, not to say of honesty, and have been at the labor and expense of curing them in a proper and wholesome manner. Should the fishery ever be prosecuted again to much extent, it is to be hoped that the erroneous and dishonest practices of the past will not be renewed, or that, if any one of them be revived, prompt punishment will be administered to the guilty master, and the far more guilty inspector. The herrings which are procured on the coast of Labrador are as unlike those of the Magdalens as possible, since they are fat and well flavored. It is to be regretted that so few of them are taken, inasmuch as a more abundant supply of so excellent an article of food would probably lead to the disuse of the inferior kinds of dried fish, and render poorer and badly cured herring entirely unsalable.

Returning once more to the fisheries of the Bay of Fundy, we conclude our notice of the herring with a remark or two as to the value of the privileges for the building of wears. Until lately, such privileges have seldom been rented, or taken into account, in estimating the price of the estates to which they are appended. In proportion to the discontinuance of "driving" by torch-light, and the substitution of wears and set-nets, they have become the objects of desire and litigation, and sources of income. The necessary beach for a wear, with sufficient upland for a smoke-house, commands, in some cases, a rent of two hundred, and even four hundred, dollars annually.

Before we proceed to speak of the manner of catching and saving mackerel, we must commend to the kindly regards of the reader a most singular being — the herring-fisher of this Bay. Few that see him are likely to forget

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him. He is neither so moral, so intelligent, so willing to pay his debts, or so temperate or industrious, as he might be ; — still, he is an improved and improving man. Bred to the use of boats from his earliest youth, he displays astonishing skill in their management, and great boldness in his adventures. He will cross, in the stormiest weather, from island to island, and go from passage to passage, through frightful whirls of tides, which suddenly meet and part with a loud roar ;* and he will drive headlong, as it were, upon rocks and bars, merely to show how easily he can shun them, or how readily he can "go about." He is neither a landsman nor a seaman, a soldier nor a marine, but you would think by his talk that he could appear to advantage in either of these characters. He is neither a merchant nor a mechanic, and yet he can buy and sell, mend and make, as expertly as either. In the healing art he is wise above all others ; and fancies that he possesses a sovereign specific for every ailment which all the world beside considers as incurable. He holds nautical instruments in high derision ; for the state of the moon, and the weather predictions of the almanac, the peculiar sound of the sea when it moans, and the particular size or shape of a "cat's-paw" or "glin" in the sky, lead him to far surer results. He will undertake nothing upon a Friday, and can prove by a hundred incidents how infallible are the signs and omens which he believes in. He thinks to die in his bed ; true it is, that he has been overset, that his boat has sunk under him, and that a vessel has run over him ; but he is still alive, and why should he suppose that he can be drowned ? His "fish stories" are without end. In politics, he goes for the largest liberty. He has never heard of easements or of prescriptions, but he occupies, at will, both beach and upland, without any claim to the rights of either ; and will browbeat the actual proprietor who has the temerity to remind him of their relative positions. Against speculators he wages perpetual war ; why should he not ? since it is they who put up the price of flat-hooped, fine, middlings flour, and put down the price of fish and oil !

* The ordinary rise and fall of the tide is twenty-two feet. The rapidity with which it rushes by the points of land, and through the narrow straits between the islands, creates dangerous cross-tides, eddies, and whirlpools.

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And who shall do justice to his dress, and to his professional gear? The garments which cover his upper and nether man he calls his *ile sute*. The queer-shaped thing worn upon his crown is a *sou-wester*, or, if the humor takes him, a *north-easter*. He wears neither mittens nor gloves, but has a substitute which he has named *nippers*. When he talks about *brush*, he means to speak of the matted and tangled mass which grows upon his head, or the long, red hair under his chin, which serves the purpose of a neck-cloth, or of that in front of his ears, which renders him impervious to a dun. His boots are *stampers*. Lest he should lose the movables about his person, he has them fastened to his pockets by *lannairds*. One of his knives is a *cut-throat*, and another is a *splitter*. His apron of leather or canvass is a *barvel*. The compartment into which he throws his fish as he catches them is a *kid*. The state of the moon favorable for "driving" he calls *darks*. The bent-up iron hoop which he uses to carry his burning torch is a *dragon*. The small net with an iron bow and wooden handle is a *dip-net*, because it is with that that he dips out of the water the fish which his light draws to the surface. His *set-net* is differently *hung*, and much larger; it has leads on its lower edge, to sink it its width in the water, and corks upon its upper edge, at regular intervals, to buoy it up, and preserve it nearly in a perpendicular direction, so that the herrings may strike it, and become entangled in its meshes. Nor does his dialect end here. Chebacco-boats and small schooners are known to him as *pinkies*, *hogies*, and *jiggers*. He knows but little about the hours of the day or the night; every thing with him is reckoned by the tide. Thus, if you ask him what time he was married, he will answer, "On the young flood last night"; and he will tell you, that he saw a certain man this morning about "low-water slack"; or, as the case may be, "just at half flood," "as the tide turned," or "at two hours to low-water." If he have fish to sell, and is questioned as to their size, he will reply that they are "two quintle" fish, by which he means that fifty will weigh one hundred and twelve pounds. If he speaks of the length of line required on the different fishing-grounds, he says that *two-shots* are used on the Banks and in the Bay of Fundy, and but *half a shot* at the Labrador; by a *shot* he means thirty fathoms, or the length of an ordinary line. He is kind and hospitable

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in his way; and the visiter who is treated to *fresh-smother*, *duff*, and *jo-floggers*,* may regard himself as a decided favorite.

Though the man we have described is no countryman of ours, and was to be seen playing the soldier on the easterly side of the St. Croix, during the recent troubles on the Aroostook, we have bestowed considerable time upon him, because some of his qualities of character and forms of speech are common to most of the class to which he belongs; and because his nets, knives, and other gear are in general use. In days gone by, both he and many of our own fishermen were lovers of strong drink. In a petition to Congress sent from Marblehead, in 1790, which contains a number of calculations as to the losses and gains of the fishing business at that period, and which claims relief from the onerous duties imposed upon the articles used in constructing and fitting out fishing vessels, it is stated, that the impost paid to the Government, on the quantity of molasses necessary for a vessel of sixty-five tons and eleven men, was only ninety-nine cents, while that on rum for the same, was just fourteen dollars! This was a melancholy state of things, it must be confessed; but worse occurred before a better, inasmuch as, some twenty-five years later, masters, whose own sobriety was above suspicion, and whose notions of economy were rigid, would often require for a voyage to Labrador eight, and even ten, gallons of rum for every man on board. Masters who now contend that one tenth of this quantity, or indeed that any quantity, is necessary for drink on a similar voyage, are seldom found or employed.

It is frequently said, that the mackerel-fishery is of very recent origin, or that, at least, vessels were not employed in it until about the close of the last, or the beginning of the present century. Both suppositions are entirely erroneous. We have refrained from tracing the slightest historical sketch of the cod and herring fisheries, and must continue to observe the same rule. But, did it comport with our present purpose, we could present facts and statistics, so numerous and so well authenticated, as to leave no possible doubt on the minds of any, that this fishery was commenced more than two centuries ago; that, in fact, it is as old as any other;

* Pot-pie of sea-birds, pudding, and pancakes.

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that it employed even a hundred vessels yearly, prior to the Revolution; and that the exports of mackerel reached the value of £50,000 currency, in a year.

This fish is one of the most beautiful that the sea affords. Its habits are continually changing, and, with them, the modes of catching it. Fifty years after the settlement of Plymouth, the practice prevailed of taking it in seines by moonlight; * and seines are still used to great advantage and extent in some parts of Nova Scotia. The fishermen of New England, at the present time, use the hook principally, though there are indications that some other means must be resorted to, or the business be abandoned. When first seen upon the coast in the spring, the fish is thin and poor, and voyages in quest of it hardly pay their expenses, even when full fares are obtained. The course of our fishermen in pursuit of the mackerel is commonly as follows. They seek for, and generally find it, in the vicinity of the Capes of the Delaware, about the month of May; and, following it north and east, as the season advances, they "make fares" in the Bay of Fundy, in July and August, in the Bay of Chaleurs, in September, and sometimes in the latter Bay and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in the month of October. More frequently, however, they are following it on its return west and south, before the equinoctial gale. They seldom pursue it further in autumn than the capes of Massachusetts, or the shoals of Nantucket. At times, great quantities are taken along the coast, in small boats; and landsmen, women, and children leave their accustomed employments, and, by the use of pans, baskets, trays, pitchforks, and the like, show how true it is, that "necessity is the mother of invention."

The master of the mackerel vessel, after reaching some well known resort of the fish, furls all his sails except the main-sail, brings his vessel's bows to the wind, ranges his crew at proper intervals along one of her sides, and, without a mackerel in sight, attempts to raise a *school* or *shoal*, by throwing over bait. If he succeeds to his wishes, a scene ensues which can hardly be described, but which it were

* This was at Cape Cod. In 1670, the government of Plymouth Colony granted the profits of the cod, mackerel, bass, and herring fisheries there for a free school. This school was established, and is said to have been the first *ordained by law* in New-England. See Thacher's *History of Plymouth*, p. 302, and *Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, Vol. IV. 2d Series, p. 79.

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worth a trip to the fishing-ground to witness. We have heard more than one fisherman say, that he had caught sixty mackerel in a minute; and when he was told, that, at that rate, he had taken thirty-six hundred in an hour, and that, with another person as expert, he would catch a whole fare in a single day, he would reject the figures, as proving nothing beyond a wish to undervalue his skill. Certain it is, that some active young men will haul in and jerk off a fish, and throw out the line for another, with a single motion; and repeat the act, in so rapid succession, that their arms seem continually on the swing. To be *high-line* * is an object of earnest desire among the ambitious; and the muscular ease, the precision and adroitness of movement, which such men exhibit in the strife, are admirable. While the *school* remains alongside, and will take the hook, the excitement of the men, and the rushing noise of the fish in their beautiful and manifold evolutions in the water, arrest the attention of the most careless observer. Oftentimes the fishing ceases in a moment, and as if put an end to by magic; the fish, according to the fishermen's conceit, panic-stricken by the dreadful havoc among them, suddenly disappear from sight.

Eight, ten, and even twelve thousand have been caught, and must now be "dressed down." This process covers the persons of the crew, the deck, the tubs, and every thing near, with blood and garbage; and, as it is often performed in darkness and weariness, and under the reaction of overtasked nerves, the novice, and the gentleman or amateur fisher, who hitherto had seen and participated in nothing but keen sport, become disgusted. They ought to remember, that in the recreations of manhood, as in those of youth, the toil of hauling the hand-sled up hill is, generally, in proportion to the steepness and slipperiness which give the pleasurable velocity down.

The approach of night, or the disappearance of the mackerel, closing all labor with the hook and line, the fish, as they are dressed, are thrown into casks of water, to rid them of blood. The deck is then cleared and washed; the main-sail is hauled down, and the fore-sail is hoisted in its stead; a lantern is placed in the rigging; a watch is set to salt the

* To catch the greatest number of fish.

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fish and keep a lookout for the night; and the master and the remainder of his crew, at a late hour, seek repose. The earliest gleams of light find the anxious master awake, hurrying forward preparations for the morning's meal, and making other arrangements for a renewal of the previous day's work. But the means, which were so successful then, fail now, and perhaps for days to come; for the capricious creatures will not take the hook, nor can all the art of the most sagacious and experienced induce them to bite. Repeating, however, the operations which we have described, from time to time, and until a load has been obtained, or until the master becomes discouraged, or his provisions are consumed, the vessel returns to port, and hauls in at the inspector's wharf, where the fish, many or few, are landed, sorted into three qualities, weighed, re-packed, re-salted, and re-pickled. In two or three days, she is refitted and on her way to the fishing-ground. Meanwhile, the owner, and all others who inquire, "what luck," learn from some wise "old salt" (and there is always a Sir Oracle) how much knowledge the mackerel have acquired since the previous season. Having been thus employed until the cold weather approaches, or the fish leave the coast, the smaller vessels haul up, and their *skippers* pass the winter in cracking nuts, relating stories, and accounting for bad voyages, or boasting of good ones; while the larger vessels go south, and engage in freighting.

The superiority of sound, strong, and well furnished vessels over those of opposite qualities may seem too apparent to require a word of notice. Many poor ones are nevertheless employed, and so are poor masters; but the misplaced economy of trusting to either is becoming so perceptible, that their number is rapidly diminishing. Yet we may be pardoned for relating a single fact, illustrative of the folly of retaining in use a solitary vessel that ought to be, or one master that seeks to be, in a harbour, during any of the gales which occur on our coast just before the equinox. Some four years ago, between Mount Desert and Cape Sable, there were, one day, three hundred vessels in sight of each other; and, as was judged, they were mostly mackerel-catchers, meeting with more than the average success. The moderate breeze of the morning freshened towards noon, and, as night approached, there were strong indications of a storm. A movement was soon perceptible throughout the

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fleet, and it finally scattered and sailed away. The stanch vessels, which were controlled by stout hearts, sought an offing; but the rest, the shelter of the nearest haven. Two thousand men, probably, were thus interrupted in their employment; — but mark the issue; the vessels that kept their positions, under their storm-trimmed foresails, escaped unharmed, and resumed their business early the next day; while the refugees were seen no more for four days, two of which were excellent for fishing, and during that time many vessels caught from a quarter to a third part of a full fare.

The bait, which, we have said, is thrown overboard to attract the fish to the surface, is usually composed of small mackerel, or salted herrings, cut in small pieces. As economy and success alike require a careful use of it, the master seldom allows other hands than his own to dispose of it. It was formerly the duty of the man who kept the watch on deck, in the night, to cut the bait on a block. But the *bait-mill* has taken place of this noisy and tedious process. Nothing, certainly, in the time of any fisherman now living, has occasioned so much joy as its introduction. This labor-saving, sleep-promoting machine, as constructed at first, was extremely simple. It was a box, which was made to stand on end, and had a crank projecting through its side; while internally, it had a wooden roller, armed with small knives, in rows, so arranged that, when the roller was turned, the fish to be ground or cut up should undergo the operation by coming between these rows of knives and others which were arranged along a board that sloped towards the bottom.

As already remarked, the mackerel fishery is as old as any other, and was commenced in Massachusetts. This State not only took the lead, but retains it. The business has been extensive and successful; at present, it is diminishing.* In 1832, the returns show, that upwards of 383,000 barrels were inspected in Massachusetts alone, while those of 1842 exhibit the inspection of only 76,000 barrels, which is 20,000 more than in 1841; and the statistics of the fishery of Maine present results and comparisons even more unfa-

* In 1804, the inspection in Massachusetts was only 8,079½ barrels; in 1807, it was 10,904½ barrels; in 1811, 19,632 barrels; while in 1813, it was only 3,832½ barrels, and in 1814, but 1,349 barrels. It had risen, in 1816, to 30,021 barrels; in 1818, to 47,210; in 1819, to 105,433, and in 1830, to 308,462 barrels.

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vorable. There is certainly no lack of skill and perseverance on the part of those who are now so inadequately rewarded for their capital and labor. Whether the numerous and increasing "broken voyages" are to be attributed to a decrease of fish, or to a change of its habits and places of resort, we shall not undertake to determine. The opinions of many practical men are mere whims and fancies; and, though amusing enough, are not worthy of record.

It will be remembered, that in enumerating the principal fishing-grounds, it was stated, that the most valuable of them are situated beyond the limits of the United States. In concluding this part of our subject, we must be permitted to dwell for a moment upon this fact, and to deduce from it an argument in favor of the policy of maintaining protective duties. From the magnitude of our fisheries, in the periods of their prosperity, it may be thought that they can hardly be increased; and that treaty rights are quite as valuable as ownership of, and proximity to, the scenes of labor.* The error of such a conclusion may, we conceive, be placed beyond dispute. Aside from the fishery at desolate Labrador, or that of stormy Newfoundland, the seas which wash the shores of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia teem with cod, mackerel, and herring. Thus the British colonists may take them in any desirable quantities, at their very doors, and without the expense of large vessels, or extensive outfits; while the pursuit of these fish, at their more distant haunts, is attended with less cost than from the ports of Massachusetts and Maine; for the reason that the timber, labor, iron, cordage, and canvass, necessary for the construction and equipment of vessels, and the salt, hooks, and lines for their outfits, are much cheaper. These advantages will be acknowledged at once, and, unless the observation of many years has led us astray, they are too great to allow of an entire repeal, or even a reduced scale, of impost. We know something of the energy and skill of our fishermen, and appreciate them highly; but we feel quite certain, that, under a system of uni-

* The quantity of smoked and dried fish caught and cured in the United States, in 1840, was 773,947 quintals, and of pickled, 472,359½ barrels. The quantity in Massachusetts, was 389,715 quintals of smoked and dried, and 124,755 barrels of pickled. In Maine, it was 279,156 quintals of smoked and dried, and 54,071 barrels of pickled; and in New Hampshire, 28,257 quintals of smoked and dried, and 1,714½ barrels of pickled.

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form, *ad valorem*, or a sensible reduction of specific, duties, their colonial competitors would take from them the supply of our own markets, as they already have taken away the principal markets of Catholic Europe.

Severely as a change of policy with regard to foreign productions of the sea would be felt by all the branches of industry under notice, the mackerel fishery would, probably, suffer first and most. During certain months of the year, as we have already said, our vessels seek the mackerel in the waters of Nova Scotia and other British possessions; but, as our treaty with Great Britain requires them to keep the open sea, the fishery in the narrow straits, by the means of nets and seines, is in colonial hands exclusively. The quantities of fish which are sometimes taken in nets and seines are immense. It is not long since forty thousand* barrels were caught in three harbours of Nova Scotia, in a single season. To secure two, four, six, and even eight hundred barrels at a time, it was only necessary to set a seine, to tend it, and, at the proper time, to draw it to the shore. Competition without protection, when such rewards as these await adventures which involve no outlay whether for vessels, outfits, or wages, but which are attended with results that richly pay for a heavy expenditure for them all, would be, we think, impossible. We must leave the topic with the additional remark, that the lot of our fishermen is hard enough, at best; and that the battles which they have fought, and which, in the course of events, they may be called to fight, ought to prevent its being made worse.

We might well conclude our labors here; but the growing disinclination in some quarters to foster this branch of industry must be our excuse, for continuing them a little longer. Mark Antony, who was a keen fisher, was told by Cleopatra to "leave fishing to us petty princes of Pharos and Canopus"; leave it, is the sentiment yet, to "the ignorant, the

* This quantity is more than one tenth of the whole quantity obtained by all the vessels of Massachusetts, in the most prosperous year; and may seem too large. But the statement is made on the best authority. It might have been added in the text, that these three harbours can all be entered in sailing a distance of twelve miles; and that the owner of an estate where seines are in use has received, in one year, one thousand two hundred barrels of mackerel for the rent of the waters and privileges belonging thereto.

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superstitious, and the improvident." If ignorance be necessarily despicable, then those called to be "fishers of men" were proper objects of contempt. If superstition be pitiful, then it was not Bacon's real or supposed vices, but his faith in astrology, and his connexion with a fishing colony at Newfoundland, which made him, in the poet's mind, the "meanest of mankind." The world rings with the enormities of the Salem Delusion; it should wonder, rather, that witchcraft in America was so nearly confined to the fishing county of Essex, at a period when all England was peopled with witches and goblins, and when the venerable and devout Sir Matthew Hale doomed two women to be hanged for vexing with fits the child of a herring merchant. If to misspend the mere pittance of one's own earnings be monstrous improvidence, — what shall be said of sporting patrimonies, and of wasting whole estates? The thirty pieces of silver bought their man, — but not among those who had cast their nets in the sea of Galilee. The battle of Worcester was lost to the second Charles, and he fled for his life; and who were more true to him, in his hour of need, than the fishermen? Strange it was, that one of them, whose little bark he had made prize of in the time of his father, should have borne him from the shores of England. "By the grace of God," said the true-hearted man, "I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safe on shore, if I can, in France." So, too, the battle of Culloden sealed the fate of Prince Charles Edward, the "Pretender"; and he also fled. Thirty thousand pounds was the price which tempted men to betray him; but he sought the huts and the boats of the "ignorant, the superstitious, and the improvident" class, that had been true to his dynasty; and he was safe. When Gifford, the critic, — whose unsparing severity will not soon be forgotten or forgiven, — was forlorn and in rags, and in his misery had ceased to hope, almost to wish, for a change, the pity of the fishermen's wives of Brixham, and their continual rehearsal of the story of his sufferings to others, caused his removal from a coasting vessel to a school.

The Emperor Charles the Fifth visited the grave, and erected a monument to the memory, of Beukels, who invented the process of preserving the fish of Holland in pickle; but the sneer, that "Dutchmen's bodies are built of pickled herrings," was not withheld. Massaniello, the young

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fisherman of Naples, who led his countrymen in their revolt against Spanish rule, and rose to supreme power more rapidly than mortal ever had done before him, was at last shot down without trial, like a dog; but would the nobles have thrown money to the rabble that dragged the mangled body through the ditches of the city, had one of their "own order" come to so dreadful an end in the attempt to redress personal wrongs as great as his, and public miseries inflicted by foreign hands? The benevolent heart of Roscoe assisted and protected the poor Welch fisher-boy, whose astonishing attainments in the darkest recesses of ancient learning were a kingdom's wonder; but could the literary world endure calmly to hear one "as ragged as a colt" say, of Dr. Parr, that he was "less ignorant than most men"?

And to look into our own history, — was no disquiet entertained, when Phips attained to the chief magistracy, under William and Mary's new charter to Massachusetts? Why, even the Indians of Maine, says a historian, were "amazed" at the elevation to such dignity, of one with whom they "had hunted and fished for many a weary day." When the son of an Isles of Shoals fisherman was offered the command of the expedition to be sent against Louisbourg, Whitefield talked to him of the "envy" of men, and of their "endeavours to eclipse his glory," and he spoke truly. The service on which Pepperell embarked resulted in giving peace to Europe,* and in earning for himself the rank of a Baronet of Great Britain; an honor not conferred on any other native of New England during her colonial vassalage. Yet a noble peer stood up in Parliament to express his derision of such a reward bestowed on such a man, and to endeavour to show, that the honor of the achievement actually belonged to a British admiral. A fisherman of Maine captured more guns during our Revolutionary war than any other naval com-

* The expression is not too strong. The conquest of Louisbourg, said Lord Chesterfield, "was certainly of great importance, and in the end procured peace," &c. "The Colony of New England," says the Universal History, "gave peace to Europe, by raising, arming, and transporting four thousand men, who took Louisbourg, which proved an equivalent, at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, for all the successes of the French upon the Continent of Europe." The speech of Mr. Hartley in Parliament contains sentiments of the same import.

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mander in the service; but how many know so much of him as his name? *

The romance which once belonged to our subject is among the things that have passed away. The fisheries had their day in turning men's brains, and in creating excitements and speculations. The time was, when whole communities seemed to think that no way to wealth was so sure and so rapid as that which this branch of industry afforded, and when, accordingly, men of the highest rank, and of the most shining talents, set their hopes and fortunes upon the cast of a fishing-line. And in sober truth, is it not strange, that an avocation which founded Venice, and the cities of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, from which sprung up the commerce of Holland and Denmark, and which gave an immense increase to that of England, which required the first quay and the first dock to be built in London, and which loaded the first ship that was built in Boston,† should have fallen so low in public estimation? Who shall state its true influence, during all the periods of British and French colonization in America? The first century of our history is often regarded as a mere blank. But the labors and sufferings of those who, throughout that time, constantly visited our seas in search of fish, ought not thus to be disposed of. They were the pioneers of civilization. By their severe toils, they taught other adventurers to the New World to rest their hopes of success on regular industry. The intercourse which they maintained between the two hemispheres kept alive desires which, otherwise, might have become extinct. They persevered, when all others were discouraged. The annual arrival on the coast of from one hundred to three and even four hundred vessels‡ could not have failed to be the germ of some important events. Hence, we

* Samuel Tucker. He took John Adams to Europe in 1779. On the passage he fell in with an enemy. It was agreed to fight her, and that Mr. Adams should retire below, to a place of safety. But Tucker soon observed him with a gun fighting as a common marine, and in tones of authority ordered him to leave the deck. Mr. Adams, however, continued at his post, when, at last, Tucker seized and forced him away, exclaiming, as he did so, "I am commanded by the Continental Congress to carry you in safety to Europe, and I will do it."

† The ship *Trial*. In 1643, she took a load of fish to Bilboa.

‡ The Newfoundland fishery was commenced in the year 1504, by vessels from Biscay, Bretagne, and Normandy, in France. Its increase was rapid.

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find, that to her fishermen France was directly indebted for the immense domains which she acquired, and which were finally wrested from her by her great rival. Hence, too, the first law relating to American affairs, which is to be found on that rival's statute-book,* was designed to put an end to exactions upon those who frequented our fishing-grounds. The first of the countless charters which passed the great seal of England, for planting the Protestant faith on our shores, ruined the fortunes and caused the death of the noble Gilbert, to whom it was given.† Though he did little more under it than to mark out fishermen's lots and drying-places, still, this act, and the prior discovery of Cabot, form the title of the British crown to Newfoundland, and to the inexhaustible treasures of the seas which surround it.

The failure of several subsequent attempts to effect permanent settlements at Newfoundland undoubtedly hastened the colonization of more genial regions. Thus, if Mason had succeeded or stayed there, he would not have acquired New Hampshire, or have sent out "fish-mongers" to pursue their calling and erect salt-works at the mouth of the Piscataqua. Nor, if Calvert Lord Baltimore's plantation of "Avalon" had been less unfortunate, would he have aban-

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In 1517, it employed as many as 50 vessels of different nations of Europe, and in 1577 the number was 350. The next year, Bancroft says, that "four hundred vessels came annually from the harbours of Portugal and Spain, of France and England." In the year 1593, Sir Walter Raleigh declared that this fishery was the stay of the west counties of England. In 1603, there were engaged in it 200 vessels, and, including the *shoresmen* or curers, 10,000 men. The fishermen then, as now, expended in the winter what they earned in the summer. Whitbourn came to Newfoundland from England, in 1615, commissioned to empanel juries and try offences. He held a court, and the masters of 170 vessels rendered complaints. The irregularities on the coast were very great.

* Act of Parliament of 1548. It prohibited the exaction of money, fish, or other rewards, from the Newfoundland fishermen. The practice had been, it seems, for "certain officers of the Admiraltie" to exact "summes of money, doles or shares of fish, and such other like things," of persons engaged in this business.

† Charter to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 1578. Five years after, Sir Humphrey came to Newfoundland to found a colony there. He found 36 vessels of various nations in the harbour of St. John's, and was refused entrance; but they finally submitted. His commission was read, and "a turf and a twig" were delivered to him, in token of possession. He brought out "toyes, as morris-dancers, hobby-horses," &c., "to delight the savage people." On his passage to England, his little vessel, of only *ten* tons, foundered, and all on board perished.

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doned it, to become the founder of Maryland.* And besides, the name and opinion of Smith were all-powerful, and his strong and often repeated declarations, that the waters of New England were richer than those of Newfoundland, and that its soil and climate were better adapted to husbandry, must have had a controlling influence upon all whose thoughts were turned toward America.

Did this influence reach the Pilgrims? "What sought *they* thus afar?" The sweet poetess herself has answered, not "the wealth of seas," but "a faith's pure shrine." She has expressed the sentiments of all. But is it so certain, that they "sought" not both? We have no space to argue a question which involves so many inquiries, but we cannot forbear to state, in a few words, some of the principal incidents which attended their coming to their "wilderness home." They fled from England to Holland, where they resided about ten years, at a period, be it remarked, when the Dutch fisheries were at a high point of prosperity, and when the fishing mania was rife throughout maritime Europe.† They became discontented, and desired, from a variety of causes, to change their abode. Many places to which to remove were named; and the advantages and disadvantages of each were amply discussed. Smith, who figures so prominently in the early annals of Virginia and New England, had

* It was Mason who induced Sir William Alexander to undertake the settlement of Nova Scotia; and it may be added, that Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the proprietor or "Lord Palatine" of Maine, was also an associate of Mason's.

Calvert expended £25,000 on his "province of Avalon," and visited it twice in person. After he had abandoned it, he desired to settle in Virginia, but his religion was disliked there, and he turned his attention to the country northward of the Potomac.

† It is said, by writers of authority, that in 1560 the Dutch employed 1000 vessels in their herring-fishery; that the number in 1610 was 1500, and that, in 1620, it was 2000. These estimates are extravagant enough, surely. What shall be thought of Sir Walter Raleigh, who set the value of this fishery annually at £10,000,000, or of De Witt, who said that every fifth person earned his subsistence by it? Yet such statements were believed at the time, and their truth is contended for now. But this was not the only fishing excitement of that age. In 1612, the Dutch sent whale-ships to the Greenland seas, but the British considered them interlopers and compelled them to retire. The year after, French, Dutch, and Spanish ships at Spitzbergen were forbidden to fish, by the same "lords of the seas." British whalers at this time were armed (as is stated). In 1613, the British Russia Company received a monopoly of the whale-fishery, and, the year following, a company in Holland obtained the same exclusive right. In 1618, the controversy on this subject between the Dutch and British terminated in a general war.

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just returned from a voyage of fishing and exploration to the latter, and his glowing account of it had just been published.* In the six years which intervened between Smith's voyage and their quitting Holland, a number of English ships had fished on the coast of New England; and the island of Monhegan, in Maine, had become a noted place for the resort of such vessels. These facts lead us to the conclusion, that, in fixing upon the *place* to which to emigrate, *some* reference, at least, was had to "the wealth of the seas." Nor are these all or even the strongest proofs, which tend to the same point. As soon as the decision of the little flock was finally made, some were dissatisfied, and withdrew. The remainder entered into an agreement with merchants in England for advances, for a division of the fruits of their industry at a future time between these merchants and themselves, and for other matters. This agreement expressly provides for prosecuting the fisheries, and the *Speedwell* — that crazy, leaky bark — was bought for the purpose. And besides, when King James's consent to the proposed enterprise was solicited, the monarch asked, "What profit might arise?" He was answered in a single word, "Fishing." Whereupon, James replied, "So God have my soul, 't is an honest trade; 't was the Apostles' own calling." Can any thing be more conclusive?

Arrived now, though north of their original destination, in a country which they had sacrificed so much to reach, what did they do? The records of their sojourn at Cape Cod show that they were not only anxious to settle on the coast, but on such particular parts of it as would afford them the surest rewards for searching the seas. Nothing is more certain than this; but we cannot go into the proofs. Their good pastor, Robinson, who was the soul of the undertaking, never joined them; but his sons did, and, as one of them settled at Cape Ann, and another at Scituate, we may conclude that they also designed to follow the "honest trade" of fishing.

* "*A Description of New England; or the Observations and Discoueries* of Captain *Iohn Smith* (Admirall of that Country) in the North of *America*, in the year of *our Lord* 1614; *with the Successe of sixe Ships that went the next Yeare*, 1615: *and the* Accidents befell him among the *French Men of Ware*. With the proofe of the present benefit this countrey affoords, whither this present yeare, 1616, *eight voluntary ships are gone to make further tryall*." Published, London, 1616; republished, *Mass. Hist. Coll.*, vol. 6th, 3d series.

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So steadily and successfully was this business pursued, that only fifty years * elapsed from the landing at Plymouth, before an English writer, of high authority in matters of trade, expressed his apprehension as to the events likely to result, in the following remarkable words; "New England," said he, "is the most prejudicial plantation to this kingdom." And why? Because, "of all the American plantations, his Majesty has none so apt for building of shipping as New England, nor any comparably so qualified for the breeding of seamen, not only by reason of the natural industry of that people, *but principally by reason of their cod and mackerel fisheries;* and, in my poor opinion, there is nothing more prejudicial, and in prospect more dangerous, to any mother kingdom, than the increase of shipping in her colonies, plantations, or provinces." Sir Josiah Child, though alarmed too much, probably, at what then was, still saw with a prophet's eye what was to be.

The subject thus briefly and imperfectly noticed may be resumed on a future occasion. It is full of interesting incidents. The fisheries, before the development of other resources, were of the first moment. Through all the changes and chances of our colonial submission, through all the wars and territorial and maritime disputes between France and England, touching their respective possessions in America, through the Revolution and the negotiations for peace, they occupy a most conspicuous place in our annals; and were often the hinge on which turned events of vast consequence. The people of New England shed their blood for them at Port Royal, Canseau, Louisbourg, and Quebec; and it was in putting down French pretensions, that they acquired the skill and experience necessary for the successful assertion of their own.†

* The Discourse on Trade was actually written five years earlier, but was not published until 1670.

† Though the general truth of the statement in the text will not be disputed, it may be that some are not aware how many of the distinguished men of the Revolutionary era were engaged in the two wars with France, which preceded it. The mention of a few of them, therefore, may not be amiss. From those who were at the taking of Louisbourg, we select the following: Mathew Thornton, who signed the Declaration of Independence; Gamaliel Bradford, who commanded a regiment in the war of the Revolution, and who was a decendant of the Pilgrim Governor, and the father of Alden Bradford, the respected historian of Massachusetts; General Richard Gridley, who laid out the works on Breed's Hill on the night of the 16th of

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In parting with the reader, we feel our case to be so like that of "Captain Iohn Smith, Admirall," that we cannot

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June, and who was appointed, by Washington, chief of the engineer department of the army; Colonel Joshua Wingate, the grandfather of Paine Wingate, a senator in Congress, and judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire; Samuel Blodget, judge, and projector of the canal around Amoskeag Falls; Stephen Williams, minister of Springfield.

Engaged in one or both of these wars we find the following: Oliver Wolcott, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and was Governor of Connecticut; Col. William Prescott, who commanded on Breed's Hill, on the memorable 17th of June; General Charles Lee; General Richard Montgomery; General Horatio Gates; General Arthur St. Clair; General James Clinton, the father of De Witt Clinton; General Hugh Mercer, who fell in the battle near Princeton, and was followed to the grave by thirty thousand of his countrymen, and who was esteemed by some as second only to Washington; General John Stark, the victor at Bennington; General Daniel Morgan, the hero of the Cowpens; General John Gibson, who heard Logan's celebrated speech, and acted as his interpreter, and who was secretary of Indiana, while the late President Harrison was its Governor; General William Darke, who was with Washington and Braddock, and served throughout the war of the Revolution; General John Bull; General Joseph Spencer; General Israel Putnam, and General Rufus Putnam, "the father of the Western country"; General John Thomas, who commanded in Canada, after the death of Montgomery; Zebulon Butler, the second in command at Wyoming, "when that beautiful vale was desolated by the ferocious John Butler"; Patrick Calhoun, the father of the distinguished statesman of South Carolina; Colonel Samuel Campbell, whose services in 1776 were valuable and much commended; Francis Lewis, who signed the Declaration of Independence; Eliphalet Dyer, who was chief justice of Connecticut, a member of the Congress of 1765, and of that of 1774; William Williams, and Philip Livingston, whose names are affixed to the Declaration of Independence.

Of gentlemen eminent in the healing art, we may notice the names of James Craik, who assisted in dressing the wounds of the ill-fated Braddock, who was director-general of the American Hospital at the surrender of Cornwallis, and whom Washington designated as "my compatriot in arms, my old and intimate friend"; John Jones, who was employed professionally by Washington and Franklin; John Morgan, who was director-general, and physician-in-chief of the army of the Revolution, and one of the founders of the medical school at Philadelphia, which conferred the first medical honors in America; Hinde, the physician of General Wolfe, who was with him when he fell, and accompanied Patrick Henry in his march against Lord Dunmore; John Cuming, who has left memorials of his liberality in bequests for the poor, for schools, for a library at Concord, Massachusetts, and towards the support of a medical professor at Harvard College.

Of those who also bore a part in the siege of Louisbourg, but who died on the eve of the struggle for freedom, we select two; Roger Wolcott, who bore the commission of major-general in that brilliant affair, and who was governor of Connecticut; and whose son Oliver (as already remarked) was a signer of the Declaration of Independence; whose son Erastus was a judge of the Superior Court of that State, and a brigadier-general in the Revolution; and whose grandson, Oliver, was a Secretary of the Treasury of the United States; and Joseph Dwight, who was a brigadier-general, commanded the Massachusetts artillery, was distinguished for his exertions, and commended by Pepperell, the chief of the expedition.

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help quoting his words : "But because," said he, "I speak so much of fishing, if any take me for such a devout fisher, as I dream of naught else, they mistake me. I know a ring of gold from a grain of barley, as well as a goldsmith ; and nothing is there to be had which fishing doth hinder, but further us to obtain."

ART. III. — *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan.* By JOHN L. STEVENS, Author of "Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan," &c. Illustrated by 120 Engravings. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1843. 2 vols. 8vo.

IT is the fashion of some critics to lecture very severely those travellers who write books for the public, and do not deem it necessary to cram their pages with solemn philosophical disquisitions. The writer is censured for the "want of deductive reflection, or that principle which enables the profound mind to trace events from their causes, and so to present a clear method of philosophy." We have quoted this passage, *verbatim*, from one of the newspaper notices of the entertaining volumes, with which Mr. Stephens has lately favored his countrymen, and all other lovers of pleasant reading. The same kind of criticism, with occasional changes of phraseology, was uttered and echoed, it may be remembered, from a countless number of daily and weekly journals, in reference to the light, lively, skip-and-jump "American Notes" of Charles Dickens. "A clear method of philosophy"! What under the sun has Dickens or Stephens to do with philosophy, or profundity, or "deductive reflection," or any other part or parcel of the learned lumber with which erudite persons, in velvet caps and morning gowns, bemuddle their own brains and set those of their readers to aching ? People do not go wandering over the world in search of philosophy, unless it be of that practical kind which comes into play amid weariness, discomfort, and danger, in the rude hut of a wild Indian, or the tent of a lawless Arab, where a cup of sour milk is a luxury, and a bundle of straw to lie upon is a thing for which to give thanks. Such pon-

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derous, respectable, and very tiresome philosophy as these persons prate about, belongs to your sleek stayers at home; and all the world knows that there are plenty of such to furnish it. The traveller goes to look for something else, and if he bring not home something else, the "reading public" soon lets him know that he has gone upon a fool's errand. The adventurous spirit, the quick eye, the facile adaptation of mind and body to changing situations and circumstances, the ready tact, the capacity for good-humored, but shrewd and searching, observation, and the knack of describing what has been seen, or done, or suffered, — these are the stock in trade of the voyager to foreign parts, who would make himself acceptable through the pages of a book; and, if he possess these qualities, he may unceremoniously consign philosophy to the learned halls of colleges and the "dens" of newspaper editors.

The mistake of these fault-finders lies in not making a proper division of labor. They would have the merchant and the manufacturer united in one person; forgetting that the interests of commerce are best promoted, when the merchant gives his whole mind and care to his ships and their due construction and navigation, leaving the raw material which they bring to be wrought up by the man of spindles and power-looms. The traveller goes forth, we apprehend, mainly to collect materials, descriptive, narrative, and historical, out of which the philosopher may construct theories, if he thinks proper, bringing to bear upon them all the "clear method" and "deductive reflection" of which he may happen to be master. It is unreasonable to expect that the former shall have time to elaborate philosophical systems, while his eyes and hands and head are kept in full employment by the necessity of providing for the exigencies of the day, and in observing and recording the objects or incidents of which it is his business to make report. Indeed, he ought not to have any theory to maintain, either political or scientific; because what the public requires of him is an impartial and unprejudiced account of what he sees, and nothing is more destructive to impartiality than the existence of a doctrine, to be established or defended. In short, we maintain that the business of a traveller is to see and describe; and that, as a general rule, the less he meddles with speculation, the better it is for himself and his readers.

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In our notice of Mr. Stephens and his work, we must not forget that the volumes were published nearly three months ago; that the sale is reckoned by thousands; and that our discourse is not likely to fall into the hands of many, at least in this country, who have not read the book for themselves, and become fully acquainted with its racy narrative, its clear descriptions, and the striking representations of dilapidated architectural magnificence, with which the skill of Catherwood and the munificence of the publishers have literally crowded its pages. We shall not enter upon the vexed question of the antiquity of these structures; because Mr. Stephens has settled that as effectually as demonstration can settle any thing; proving that the ruins now existing in Yucatan and Mexico were entire and perfect edifices in the sixteenth century, occupied as temples for worship by the people whom the Spaniards fought, conquered, and enslaved. Nor shall we undertake to say any thing in description of those ruins; because pages of description would not give an idea so distinct or accurate as a single glance at one of Mr. Catherwood's drawings, and because the general character of these edifices was made familiar to most readers by the publication of our author's work on Central America, in which the remains at Palenque and Uxmal were described and pictured. These may be taken as specimens that give a tolerably correct idea of all the ruins, the structure and style of decoration being substantially the same in all, although there are innumerable varieties in detail. What we propose is, merely to give a sketch of our author's progress and adventures, — showing the sort of life and occupation, the discomforts, dangers, and privations through which his enthusiasm supported him for eight months, — and exhibiting at once the nature and peculiarities of the country, the manners and character of the people, and, incidentally, his own qualifications for the work in which, for seven or eight years, he has been engaged so evidently *con amore*, and so much to the satisfaction of his countrymen.

Considering its central position and its proximity to the United States and the British West Indies, the peninsula of Yucatan has somehow escaped the attention of gazetteer-compilers, travellers, and newspaper editors. It has had its place upon the maps, to be sure, and in the books of geography it has been duly noticed as a province of Mexico; but

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of its interior, its population, and even its towns and cities, very little authentic information was attainable. Of its principal sea-ports, Campeachy and Sisal, the names, indeed, have occurred every now and then in the lists of marine arrivals and departures ; but until the recent separation from Mexico, and the consequent war, little knowledge even of these was current except among captains and supercargoes ; and even now, we suppose that, as in the analogous case of Central America, ninety-nine in the hundred of our author's readers are indebted to his volumes for the greater part, if not the whole, of their information respecting the country which he has described. A striking exemplification of this general ignorance was afforded some months ago, on the appearance of a meagre and superficial work, purporting to give an account of travels in the same peninsula, with descriptions and a few poor lithograph views of some of the ruins, — the latter being copied mainly from the inaccurate plates in the costly and scarce book of Waldeck. This work, evidently got up on speculation, by a person who happened to be in Yucatan while Mr. Stephens was prosecuting his researches there, and who visited three or four places of ruins, which, but for those researches, he never would have heard of, was much praised for a season in the newspapers, from Maine to Louisiana. It is a curious fact, that in these notices and paragraphs, almost without exception, Yucatan and Central America were spoken of as portions of one country ; showing clearly enough that the writers had no particular idea of either beyond the fact that wonderful remains of ancient architecture were existing there, which somebody had visited and examined.

Mr. Stephens, as most of our readers will remember, on his return from Central America, passed through that part of Mexico called Chiapas, to visit the ruins of Palenque, travelled thence in a *bungo*, or large two-masted scow, down the rivers Usumasinta and Palisada to the Lake of Terminos, thence by ship to Sisal, and thence, by *calèche*, a few miles to Merida. Here he met a gentleman with whom he had formed some acquaintance at New York, and whom he now discovered to be a proprietor of immense estates, on one of which were ruins. These were the ruins of Uxmal. They had been visited by Waldeck, and his work, presenting views

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of them on a large scale, but very inaccurate, had been published at Paris before Mr. Stephens embarked for Central America. This work, however, from its heavy cost, had not come into general circulation, and in fact only three or four copies had found their way across the Atlantic. The very existence of the ruins, therefore, was unknown, except to a few antiquaries and scholars. Unfortunately, the sudden and severe illness of Mr. Catherwood prevented him and Mr. Stephens from staying more than a day, in which, however, they contrived to do a great deal of work, — obtaining drawings and tolerable descriptions of the principal edifices. We should rather say, that they were *fortunately* interrupted, inasmuch as the sudden and enforced suspension of their labors here was the cause of their returning to Yucatan, and giving to the world the magnificent volumes now before us.

Mr. Stephens's first visit to Merida was hurried ; in fact, it was only a rapid passage through the place, and afforded him no opportunity for the exercise of his remarkably keen and quick observation. His second visit occupied more time, and furnished him with several striking scenes and materials for graphic description. Take, for instance, the following picture of a sequel or pendant to a great religious festival :

" Turning along the left side of the *plaza*, we entered an illuminated street, at the foot of which, and across it, hung a gigantic cross, also brilliantly illuminated, and apparently stopping the way. Coming, as we did, directly from the church, it seemed to have some immediate connexion with the ceremonies we had just beheld ; but the crowd stopped short of the cross, opposite a large house, also brilliantly illuminated. The door of this house, like that of the church, was open to all who chose to enter, or rather, at that moment, to all who could force their way through. Waiting the motion of the mass before us, and pressed by those behind, slowly, and with great labor, we worked our way into the *sala*. This was a large room extending along the whole front of the house, hot to suffocation, and crowded, or rather jammed, with men and women, or gentlemen and ladies, or by whatever other names they may be pleased to be called, clamorous and noisy as Bedlam let loose. For some time it was impossible for us to form any idea of what was going on. By degrees we were carried lengthwise through the *sala*, at every step getting elbowed, stamped upon, and occasionally the rim of a straw hat

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across the nose, or the puff of a paper cigar in the eyes. Very soon our faces were trickling with tears, which there was no friendly hand to wipe away, our own being pinned down to our sides.

"On each side of the *sala* was a rude table, occupying its whole length, made of two rough boards, and supporting candles stuck in little tin receivers, about two feet apart. Along the tables were benches of the same rough materials, with men and women, whites, Mestizoes, and Indians, all sitting together, as close as the solidity and resistance of human flesh would permit, and seemingly closer than was sufferable. Every person at the table had before him or her a paper about a foot square, covered with figures in rows, and a small pile of grains of corn, and by its side a thumping stick some eighteen inches long, and one in diameter; while, amid all the noise, hubbub, and confusion, the eyes of all at the tables were bent constantly upon the papers before them. In that hot place, they seemed like a host of necromancers and witches, some of the latter young and extremely pretty, practising the black art.

. . . . . .

"Along the corridor, and in the whole area of the *patio*, or court-yard, were tables, and benches, and papers, and grains of corn, and ponderous sticks, the same as in the *sala*, and men and women sitting as close together. The passages were choked up, and over the heads of those sitting at the tables, all within reach were bending their eyes earnestly upon the mysterious papers. They were grayheads, boys and girls, and little children; fathers and mothers; husbands and wives; masters and servants; men high in office, muleteers, and bull-fighters; señoras and señoritas, with jewels around their necks and roses in their hair, and Indian women, worth only the slight covering they had on; beauty and deformity; the best and the vilest in Merida; perhaps, in all, two thousand persons; and this great multitude, many of whom we had seen but a few minutes before on their knees in the church, and among them the fair bevy of girls who had stood by us on the steps, were now assembled in a public gambling-house! a beautiful spectacle for a stranger, the first night of his arrival in the capital!" —Vol. I. pp. 17–20.

The incantations upon which all these worthy people were employed is called *la lotería*, or the lottery; it is authorized by the government, which derives a revenue from the stamps affixed to the papers spoken of, those being in fact lottery tickets, having on them rows or tables of figures, on the permutation principle. The gambling was not very formidable

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in amount, the stake, or price of tickets, being limited to a *medio*, or six and a quarter cents of our money. Although called a lottery, the game seems to be rather what the French call *loto*.

Notwithstanding their passion for *la lotería*, bull-fights, and some other questionable amusements, the Meridanos seem to be very worthy people ; else they would never suffer a stranger to escape so easily as they did Mr. Stephens in the matter of house-rent : —

"Our house was in the street of the Flamingo. Like most of the houses in Merida, it was built of stone, and had one story; the front was about thirty feet, and had a *sala* covering the whole, about twenty feet in depth. The ceiling was perhaps eighteen feet high, and the walls had wooden knobs for fastening hammocks. Behind the *sala* was a broad corridor, opening on a court-yard, at one side of which was a sleeping-room, and at the back of that a *comedero*, or eating-room. The floors were all of hard cement. The court-yard was about thirty feet square, with high stone walls, and a well in the centre. Next, running across the lot, was a kitchen, with a sleeping-room for servants, and, back of that, another court-yard, forty feet deep, with stone walls fifteen feet high; and in order that my inquiring fellow-citizens may form some idea of the comparative value of real estate in Merida and New York, I mention, that the rent was four dollars per month, which, for three persons, we did not consider extravagant. We had our own travelling beds, the table, washhand-basin, and chairs set up, and before breakfast our house was furnished." — Vol. I. pp. 25, 26.

We have never seen any complete and satisfactory discussion of the problem respecting the effect produced on national character by various methods of cookery, or any attempt to trace out the connexion between predominant modes of action and thought and predominant modes of eating. Yet there seems to be, among almost every people, a national dish; and it would not be difficult, we suspect, to show that the national dish has a great deal to do with the national temperament. Is there not a distinct analogy between the beef of the Englishman and his solid, vigorous, and durable qualities of mind and body, — between the vivacious, active, and volatile Frenchman, (though he is not addicted to *croaking*,) and the savory amphibious dainty in which he delights ? The Tartar feeds upon horse-steak,

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uncooked save by compression between his saddle and the back of his steed in the course of a twenty-mile gallop ; and is there not a share of the wild horse in the national character of the Tartar ? The Esquimaux feed principally on seal-blubber ; and what a sealish animal is the Esquimaux, with his dumpy figure, his round head, his flipper-like legs and arms, his indolence, and his stupidity ! The Spaniard luxuriates upon his *olla podrida*, an anomalous compound, rank in flavor and fearfully indigestible ; his ancestors must have fared more generously when they were successful warriors. Would the Poles have lost their nationality, if they had possessed a national dish ? Could the Swiss have maintained theirs without one, even though no better than goat-milk cheese ?

The Indians of Yucatan, it seems, have a compound which they call *mukbipoyo*, a detestable pot-pie, consisting of pork and fowls, made hot with Chili pepper, and inclosed in a paste of pounded Indian corn, the pie being baked in the earth. During certain religious festivals, Mr. Stephens tells us, they eat nothing but this ; and they place liberal portions of it out of doors in some retired places, for the consumption of their deceased friends and relatives. The composition of this pie was derived, doubtless, from their ancestors ; no wonder, then, that their thousands fell in vain conflict with the handful of the *Conquistadores*. There must be ruin to any people in such an atrocious preparation for the stomach. Mr. Stephens and his companions had a droll misadventure with one of these pies.

"We have reason to remember this *fête*, from one untoward circumstance. A friendly neighbour, who, besides visiting us frequently with his wife and daughter, was in the habit of sending us fruit and *dulces* more than we could eat, this day, on the top of a large, undisposed-of present, sent us a huge piece of *mukbipoyo*. It was as hard as an oak plank, and as thick as six of them ; and having already overtasked ourselves to reduce the pile on the table, when this came, in a fit of desperation we took it out into the court-yard and buried it. There it would have remained till this day but for a malicious dog which accompanied them on their next visit ; he passed into the court-yard, rooted it up, and, while we were pointing to the empty platters as our acknowledgment of their kindness, this villanous dog sneaked through the *sala* and out at the front door with the pie in his mouth, apparently grown bigger since it was buried." — Vol. I. pp. 45, 46.

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We will not undertake to say that the eating of *mukbipoyo* is bad for the eyes, but it seems that *strabismus* — *Anglicè* squinting — is a prevalent misfortune in Merida. Mr. Stephens was accompanied by Dr. Cabot, of Boston, as well as by Mr. Catherwood, and the Doctor had possessed himself of the delicate and ingenious French process of remedying this visual evil. His philanthropy prompted him to offer his services for the relief of the *biscos*, and there was no lack of patients. The first on whom he operated was a "little gentleman" of about fourteen, who acted like a hero, and was rewarded for his courage with an eye that looked straight-forward instead of cornerwise.

"The news of this wonder spread rapidly, and before night Dr. Cabot had numerous and pressing applications, among which was one from a gentleman whom we were all desirous to oblige, and who had this defect in both eyes.

"On his account we determined to postpone our departure another day; and, in furtherance of his original purpose, Dr. Cabot mentioned that he would perform the operation upon all who chose to offer. We certainly took no trouble to spread this notice, but the next morning, when we returned from breakfast, there was a gathering of squint-eyed boys around the door, who, with their friends and backers, made a formidable appearance, and almost obstructed our entrance. As soon as the door opened there was a rush inside; and, as some of these slanting eyes might not be able to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*, we were obliged to help their proprietors out into the street again.

. . . . . .

"The first who presented himself was a stout lad about nineteen or twenty, whom we had never seen or heard of before. Who he was or where he came from we did not know, but he was a *bisco* of the worst kind, and seemed able-bodied enough to undergo any thing in the way of surgery. As soon as the Doctor began to cut the muscle, however, our strapping patient gave signs of restlessness; and all at once, with an actual bellow, he jerked his head on one side, carried away the Doctor's hook, and shut his eye upon it with a sort of lockjaw grip, as if determined it should never be drawn out. How my hook got out I have no idea; fortunately, the Doctor let his go, or the lad's eye would have been scratched out. As it was, there he sat with the bandage slipped above one eye, and the other closed upon the hook the handle of which stood out straight. Probably at that moment he would have been willing to sacrifice pride of personal

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appearance, keep his squint, and go through life with his eye shut, the hook in it, and the handle sticking out; but the instrument was too valuable to be lost. And it was interesting and instructive to notice the difference between the equanimity of one who had a hook in his eye, and that of lookers-on who had not. All the spectators upbraided him with his cowardice and want of heart, and after a round of reproof to which he could make no answer, he opened his eye and let out the hook. But he had made a bad business of it. A few seconds longer, and the operation would have been completed. As it was, the whole work had to be repeated. As the muscle was again lifted under the knife, I thought I saw a glare in the eyeball that gave token of another fling of the head, but the lad was fairly browbeaten into quiet; and, to the great satisfaction of all, with a double share of blackness and blood, and with very little sympathy from any one, but with his eye straight, he descended from the table. Outside he was received by a loud shout by the boys, and we never heard of him again."—Vol. I. pp. 110–113.

The Maceguals, or children of Maya—the Indians of Yucatan—are a curious people, and it is a great pity that we know so little of them; that little being, in fact, nothing but what Mr. Stephens has told us. If he had been able to speak their language, perhaps he would have found among them traditions throwing some light upon the history of their race, both before and after the Conquest; but centuries of subjection have not sufficed to make them acquire the speech of their enslavers, and these latter are so indolent and incurious, that they seem to have made not a single effort for the discovery of whatever knowledge or memory may yet exist among the Indians, of the arts, sciences, literature, or history of their ancestors. We have a strong suspicion that something lies hidden, if we could but get at it, under the docility, taciturnity, spiritless patience, and stolidity, that seem to characterize the descendants of those ingenious and warlike races who built the stupendous temples now in ruins, and who struggled so long and bravely against the military skill and discipline of the invading Spaniards. It seems impossible, that even two centuries of oppression could bring such a race of men to the abject condition indicated by incidents like these:—

"Early in the morning, we were aroused by loud bursts of music in the church. The cura was giving them the benefit of his accidental visit by an early mass. After this, we heard music of

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a different kind. It was the lash on the back of an Indian. Looking out into the corridor, we saw a poor fellow on his knees on the pavement, with his arms clasped around the legs of another Indian, so as to present his back fair to the lash. At every blow he rose on one knee, and sent forth a piercing cry. He seemed struggling to restrain it, but it burst from him in spite of all his efforts. His whole bearing showed the subdued character of the present Indians, and with the last stripe the expression of his face seemed that of thankfulness for not getting more. Without uttering a word, he crept to the major domo, took his hand, kissed it, and walked away. No sense of degradation crossed his mind. Indeed, so humbled is this once fierce people, that they have a proverb of their own, 'Los Indios no oigan si no por las nalgas, — The Indians cannot hear except through their backs,' and the cura related to us a fact which indicates an abasement of character perhaps never found in any other people. In a village not far distant, the name of which I have lost, they have a *fiesta* with a scenic representation called *Shtol*. The scene is laid at the time of the Conquest. The Indians of the village gather within a large place enclosed by poles, and are supposed to be brought together by an invasion of the Spaniards. An old man rises and exhorts them to defend their country; if need be, to die for it. The Indians are roused, but in the midst of his exhortations a stranger enters, in the dress of a Spaniard and armed with a musket. The sight of this stranger throws them all into consternation; he fires the musket, and they fall to the ground. He binds the chief, carries him off captive, and the play is ended." — Vol. I. pp. 145 – 147.

One custom of their ancestors they adhere to with unwavering pertinacity. Speaking of the annual fair at Yalacho, Mr. Stephens says:

"Night came on, and the *plaza* was alive with people and brilliant with lights. On one side, opposite the church, along the corridors of the houses and in the front of them, were rows of tables, with cards and dice, which were very soon crowded with players, whites and Mestizoes; but the great scene of attraction was the gathering of Indians in the centre of the *plaza*. It was the hour of supper, and the small merchants had abundant custom for their eatables. Turkeys which had stood tied by one leg all day, inviting people to come and eat them, were now ready, of which, for a *medio*, two men had a liberal allowance; and I remarked, what I had heard of, but had not seen before, that grains of cacao circulated among the Indians as money. Every merchant or vender of eatables, the most of whom were

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women, had on the table a pile of these grains, which they were constantly counting and exchanging with the Indians. There is no copper money in Yucatan, nor any coin whatever under a medio, or six and a quarter cents, and this deficiency is supplied by these grains of cacao. . . . . But these grains had an interest independent of all questions of political economy, for they indicate or illustrate a page in the history of this unknown and mysterious people. When the Spaniards first made their way into the interior of Yucatan, they found no circulating medium, either of gold, or silver, or any other species of metal, but only grains of cacao; and it seemed a strange circumstance, that while the manners and customs of the Indians have undergone an immense change, while their cities have been destroyed, their religion dishonored, their princes swept away, and their whole government modified by foreign laws, no experiment has yet been made upon their currency."— Vol. I. pp. 195–197.

We are by no means sure that the small change of the Maceguals is not an improvement on our coppers and half dimes, both in principle and practice. Its value is positive, not conventional, for it can be eaten as well as exchanged for eatables; it can neither be counterfeited nor debased; the delinquency of cashiers and presidents of banks, and the fraudulent ingenuity of clippers and sweaters are alike incapable of depreciating it; legislatures cannot charter or uncharter its issue; it forms a currency incapable of expansion or contraction; and in short it possesses all the requisites of a sound, uniform, hard-money circulation.

The representative system is the crowning glory of modern politics; but it has its inconveniences, among which not the least prominent is the creation of party spirit, with the excesses, abuses, frauds, and violence that naturally follow in the train of political exasperation. It is refreshing to read of a community in which representation exists unaccompanied by any of these evils. Such was the case at Nohcacab, where the democratic principle seems to have been developed with remarkable quietude, at least, if not in remarkable purity.

"The custody and preservation of these wells are an important part of the administration of the village government. Thirty Indians are elected every year, who are called alcaldes of the wells, and whose business it is to keep them in good order, and the tanks constantly supplied with water. They receive no pay, but are exempted from certain obligations and services, which

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makes the office desirable; and no small object of the political struggle, through which the village had passed, was to change the alcaldes of the wells. Buried among the ruins of Uxmal, the news of this important election had not reached us.

"Though practically enduring, in some respects, the appendages of an aristocratic government, the Indians who carried us on their shoulders, and our loads on their backs, have as good votes as their masters; and it was painful to have lost the opportunity of seeing the democratic principle in operation among the only true and real *native American* party; the spectacle being, as we were told, in the case of the *hacienda* Indians, one of exceeding impressiveness, not to say sublimity. These, being *criados*, or servants, in debt to their masters, and their bodies mortgaged, go up to the village unanimous in opinion and purpose, without partiality or prejudice, either in favor of or against particular men or measures; they have no bank questions, nor questions of internal improvement, to consider; no angry discussions about the talents, private characters, or public services of candidates; and, above all, they are free from the degrading imputation of man worship, for in general they have not the least idea for whom they are voting. All they have to do is to put into a box a little piece of paper given to them by the master or major domo, for which they are to have a holyday. The only danger is, that, in the confusion of greeting acquaintances, they may get their papers changed; and when this happens, they are almost invariably found, soon after, committing some offence against *hacienda* discipline, for which these independent electors are pretty sure to get flogged by the major domo.

"In the villages, the indifference to political distinctions, and the discrimination of the public in rewarding unobtrusive merit, are no less worthy of admiration, for Indian alcaldes are frequently elected without being aware that they have been held up for the suffrages of their fellow-citizens; they pass the day of election on the ground, and go home without knowing any thing about it. The night before their term is to commence, the retiring functionaries go round the village and catch these unconscious favorites of the people, put them into the cabildo, and keep them together all night, that they may be at hand in the morning to receive the staves and take the oath of office."—Vol. I. pp. 335, 336.

This catching of candidates, to be sure, is not exactly in accordance with our ideas of popular sovereignty, but it illustrates the sovereign authority of the people collectively; an approach to democracy, though certainly not quite up to

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the mark, as now established in some democratic communities.

There is a wise significance in one of the fairy tales, showing how a transformed princess — a cat by day, a princess all the night — was unable to resist temptation presented in the shape of a fat mouse, and sprung even from the nuptial couch to pursue it. There is not much resemblance, perhaps, but the story of the cat-princess was immediately suggested to us on reading this passage.

"While Mr. Catherwood was making his drawing, the Indians stood around under the shade of the trees, looking at him quietly and respectfully, and making observations to each other. They were a fine looking race. Some of them, one tall old man particularly, had noble Roman faces, and they seemed to have more respectability of appearance and character than was consistent with the condition of men not wearing pantaloons. All at once, an enormous iguana, or lizard, doubled the corner of the building, ran along the front, and plunged into a crevice over the door, burying his whole body, but leaving the long tail out. Among these unsophisticated people this reptile is a table delicacy, and here was a supper provided for some of them. Machetes flew out, and, cutting down a sapling with a crotch in it, they rested it against the wall, and, standing in the crotch, pulled upon the tail; but the animal held on with his feet, as if a part of the building. All the Indians, one after the other, had a pull at the tail, but could not make him budge. At length, two of them contrived to get hold together, and, while pulling with all their strength, the tail came off by the roots, a foot and a half long in their hands. The animal was now more out of their reach than before, his whole body being hidden in the wall; but he could not escape. The Indians picked away the mortar with their machetes, and enlarged the hole until they got his hind legs clear, when, griping the body above the legs, they again hauled; but, though he had only the fore legs to hold on with, they could not tear him out. They then untied the ropes of their sandals, and, fastening them above the hind legs, and pulling till the long body seemed parting like the tail, they at length dragged him out. They secured him by a gripe under the fore part of the body, cracked his spine, and broke the bones of his fore legs so that he could not run; pried his jaws open, fastened them apart with a sharp stick, so that he could not bite, and then put him away in the shade. This refined cruelty was to avoid the necessity of killing him immediately, for, if killed, in that hot climate he would soon be unfit for food; but, mutilated and

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mangled as he was, he could be kept alive till night." — Vol. II. pp. 42 – 44.

Mr. Stephens intimates, more than once, the opinion, that under favorable circumstances the Indians would emerge from their abject condition, and prove by their physical and intellectual elevation their direct descent from the dusky warriors who struggled so bravely against the power of the Spaniard. A fit subject for the experiment seems to have been presented in a large landed proprietor at Kewick, who makes quite as respectable a figure as most of the Yucateco Spaniards themselves.

"We had still two hours of daylight; and, anxious to have a glimpse of the ruins before night, we had some fried eggs and tortillas got ready, and, while making a hasty meal, the proprietor of the rancho, attended by a party of Indians, came to pay us a visit.

"This proprietor was a full-blooded Indian, the first of this ancient, but degraded race, whom we had seen in the position of land-owner and master. He was about forty-five years old, and highly respectable in his appearance and manners. He had inherited the land from his fathers, did not know how long it had been transmitted, but believed that it had always been in his family. The Indians on the rancho were his servants, and we had not seen in any village, or on any hacienda, men of better appearance, or under more excellent discipline. This produced on my mind a strong impression, that, indolent, ignorant, and debased as the race is under the dominion of strangers, the Indian even now is not incapable of fulfilling the obligations of a higher station than that in which his destiny has placed him. It is not true that he is fit only to labor with his hands; he has within him that which is capable of directing the labor of others; and as this Indian master sat on the terrace, with his dependents crouching round him, I could imagine him the descendant of a long line of caciques who once reigned in the city, the ruins of which were his inheritance. Involuntarily, we treated him with a respect we had never shown to an Indian before; but perhaps we were not free from the influence of feelings which govern in civilized life, and our respect may have proceeded from the discovery that our new acquaintance was a man of property, possessed not merely of acres, and Indians, and unproductive real estate, but also of that great desideratum in these trying times, ready money; for we had given Albino a dollar to purchase eggs with, who objected to it as too large a coin to be avail-

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able on the rancho, but on his return informed us, with an expression of surprise, that the master had changed it the moment it was offered to him." — Vol. II. pp. 69, 70.

"Love in a cottage" was once the staple material of amatory songs and romances; but it may be questioned, whether the cottage was not supposed to be somewhat better furnished than one of which Mr. Stephens and his companions took forcible possession, and of whose furniture he gives a *catalogue raisonné*, apparently as a specimen of the *Maya* dwellings generally.

"It was late in the afternoon when we reached the savanna of Chunhuhu, and rode up to the hut at which I had tied my horse on my former visit.

"The hut was built of upright poles, had a steep, projecting roof thatched with palm-leaves, and the sides protected by the same material; as we stopped in front, we saw a woman within mashing maize for tortillas, which promised a speedy supper. She said her husband was away; but this made no difference to us, and, after a few more words, we all entered, the woman at the moment bolting for the door, and leaving us in exclusive possession. Very soon, however, a little boy, about eight years old, came down and demanded the maize, which we were loth to give up, but did not consider ourselves authorized to retain. Albino followed him, in hopes of persuading the woman to return; but as soon as she caught a glimpse of him, she ran into the woods.

"The hut of which we thus became the sudden and involuntary masters was furnished with three stones for a fireplace, a wooden horse for kneading maize upon, a comal for baking tortillas, an earthen olla, or pot, for cooking, three or four waccals, or gourds, for drinking-cups, and two small Indian hammocks, which also were demanded and given up. Besides these, there was a circular dining-table about a foot and a half in diameter, supported by three pegs about eight inches high, and some blocks of wood about the same height for seats. Overhead, suspended from the rafters, were three large bundles of corn in the husk, and two of beans in the pod; and on each string, about a foot above these eatables, was half a calabash or squash, with the rounded side up, like the shade over a lamp, which, besides being ornamental, filled the office of a rat-trap; for these vermin, in springing from the rafters to reach the corn and beans, would strike upon the calabash, and fall to the ground.

. . . . .

"The little boy was hovering about the rancho in charge of a naked sister some two years old, and commissioned, as he told

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us himself, to watch that we did not take any thing from the hut. For a medio he undertook to show me the place where they procured water, and, mounting his little sister upon his back, he led the way up a steep and stony hill. I followed with the bridle of my horse in my hand, and, without any little girl on my back, found it difficult to keep up with him. On the top of the hill were worn and naked rocks, with deep hollows in them, some holding perhaps as much as one or two pails of water. I led my horse to one of the largest. He was always an extraordinary water-drinker, and that evening was equal to a whole temperance society. The little Indian looked on as if he had sold his birthright, and I felt strong compunctions; but, letting the morrow take care of itself, I sent up the other horses, which consumed at a single drinking what might, perhaps, have sufficed the family a month." —Vol. II. pp. 126 – 129.

The next extract we make is full of interest, exhibiting a variety of traits in the Indian character. Here, for example, we have the proud spirit of personal independence, rising even to the excess of revolt against "lawful rule and right supremacy"; also, the firmness and decision of that lawful rule in establishing its authority; also, the beauty of maternal tenderness; and finally, a grotesque, but not ridiculous picture of conjugal felicity.

"Here a scene had just taken place, of which nothing but the noise of the bell prevented my having some previous knowledge. The cacique had sent for an Indian to carry our load, but the latter refused to obey, and was insolent to the cacique, who, in a rage, ordered him to be put into the stocks. When I entered, the recusant, sullen and silent, was waiting the execution of his sentence, and in a few minutes he was lying on his back on the ground, with both legs secured in the stocks above his knees. The cacique sent for another, and in the mean time an old woman came in with a roll of tortillas, and a piteous expression of face. She was the mother of the prisoner, and took her seat on the stocks to remain with him and comfort him; and, as the man rolled his head on the ground, and the woman looked wonderingly at us, we reproached ourselves as the cause of his disaster, and endeavoured to procure his release; but the cacique would not listen to us. He said that the man was punished, not for refusing to go with us, although bound to do so on account of indebtedness to the village, but for insolence to himself. He was evidently one who would not allow his authority to be trifled with; and seeing that, without helping the Indian, we might

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lose the benefit of the cacique's good dispositions in our favor, we were fain to desist. At length, though evidently with some difficulty, he procured another Indian. As we mounted, we made a final effort in behalf of the poor fellow in the stocks; and, though apparently unable to comprehend why we should take any interest in the matter, the cacique promised to release him.

"This over, we found that we had thrown another family into confusion. The wife and a little daughter of our carrier accompanied him to the top of a hill beyond the village, where they bade him farewell, as if he was setting out on a long and dangerous journey. The attachment of the Indian to his home is a striking feature of his character. The affection which grows up between the sexes was supposed by the early writers upon the character of the Indians not to exist among them, and probably the sentiment and refinement of it do not; but circumstances and habit bind together the Indian man and woman as strongly as any known ties. When the Indian grows up to manhood, he requires a woman to make him tortillas, and to provide him warm water for his bath at night. He procures one, sometimes by the providence of the master, without much regard to similarity of tastes or parity of age; and though a young man is mated to an old woman, they live comfortably together. If he finds her guilty of any great offence, he brings her up before the master or the alcalde, gets her a whipping, and then takes her under his arm and goes quietly home with her. The Indian husband is rarely harsh to his wife, and the devotion of the wife to her husband is always a subject of remark. They share their pleasures as well as their labors; go up together with all their children to some village *fiesta;* and one of the most afflicting incidents in their lot is a necessity that takes the husband from his home." — Vol. II. pp. 240 – 243.

Revolutions, it is said, never go backward; but the revolutions in Spanish America have a marvellous faculty of not going at all, after reaching a certain point. As a general rule, they correspond excellently well with the description of the poet, "never ending, still beginning." A little one at a place called Tekax, which Mr. Stephens visited in the course of his wanderings, may be taken as a fair sample of many that have broken out and then stopped, within our remembrance.

"According to the current reports, this revolution was got up by three patriotic individuals, whose names, unfortunately, I have

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lost. They belonged to the party called Los Independientes, in favor of declaring independence of Mexico. The elections had gone against their party, and alcaldes in favor of a reannexation to Mexico were installed in office. In the mean time, commissioners arrived from Santa Ana to negotiate with the government of Yucatan, urging it not to make any open declaration, but to continue quietly in its state of independence *de facto*, until the internal difficulties of Mexico were settled, when its complaints would be attended to and its grievances redressed. Afraid of the influence which these commissioners might exercise, the three patriots of Tekax resolved to strike for liberty, went round among the ranchos of the sierra, and collected a band of more than half-naked Indians, who, armed with machetes, a few old muskets, and those primitive weapons with which David slew Goliath, descended upon Tekax, and, to the great alarm of the women and children, took possession of the plaza, set up the figure of Santa Ana, pelted him with stones, put some bullets into him, burned him to ashes, and shouted 'Viva la independencia!' But few of them had ever heard of Santa Ana, but this was no reason why they should not pelt him with stones and burn him in effigy. They knew nothing of the relations between Yucatan and Mexico, and by the cry of independencia they meant a release from tribute to the government and debts to masters. With but little practice in revolutions, they made a fair start by turning out the alcaldes and levying contributions upon political opponents, and threw out the formidable threat that they would march three hundred men against the capital, and compel a declaration of independence. Intelligence of these movements soon reached Merida, and fearful menaces of war were bandied from one city to the other. Each waited for the other to make the first demonstration; but at length the capital sent forth its army, which reached Ticul the day after I left, at the conclusion of my first visit, and while Dr. Cabot was still there. It was then within one day's march of the seat of rebellion, but halted to rest, and to let the moral effect of its approach go on before. The reader has, perhaps, never before heard of Tekax; nevertheless, a year has not elapsed since the patriotic, half-naked band in arms for independence thought that the eyes of the whole world were upon them. In three days the regular army resumed its march, with cannon in front, colors flying, drums beating, and the women of Ticul laughing, sure that there would be no bloodshed. The same day it reached Tekax; and the next morning, instead of falling upon each other like so many wild beasts, the officers and the three patriot leaders were seen walking arm in arm together in the plaza. The former

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promised good offices to their new friends, two reales apiece to the Indians, and the revolution was crushed. All dispersed, ready to take up arms again upon the same terms whenever their country's good should so require." — Vol. II. pp. 245 – 247.

A considerable portion of the journey whose rich results are given to the public in these volumes was performed in a *canoa*, — a flat-bottomed sail-boat, thirty-five feet long and six feet wide, — navigated by a patron and two or three fresh-water sailors, all Indians. The whole account of the voyage achieved in this little craft is delightful. It was a coasting expedition from the port, or rather fishing station, of Yalahao, near the north-eastern extremity of the peninsula, to the desolate island of Cozumel on its eastern side, thence southward to the site of an ancient city called Tuloom, and thence back along the eastern and northern coasts to the fishing port of Silan, within some fifty miles of Sisal. This whole expedition was full of odd adventures, and is described with a simple vivacity which reminds one irresistibly of Robinson Crusoe. It was exceedingly rich, moreover, in antiquarian discoveries; but of these we take no notice, pursuing the system with which we set out at the beginning of this article; and, indeed, the "incidents" of the voyage present attractive passages for quotation much more numerous than our limits can accommodate. We must content ourselves with extracting a few pictures, as vivid and picturesque as ever were produced on canvass. Here is a sketch of an abandoned estate on the desolate island of Cozumel. What a place for a hermit, or a pair of newly pledged lovers, or a Daniel Boon!

"Above the line of the shore was a fine table of land, on which were several huts, built of poles, and thatched with palm-leaves. One was large and commodious, divided into apartments, and contained rude benches and tables, as if prepared for our immediate occupation. Back of the house was an enclosure for a garden, overgrown, but with any quantity of tomatoes, ripe, wasting, and begging to be put into a turtle soup then in preparation on board the *canoa*.

"This *rancho* was established by the pirate Molas, who, escaping from death in Merida, made his way hither. He succeeded in getting to him his wife and children and a few Indians, and for several years nothing was heard of him. In the mean time he laid the keel of a sloop, finished it with his own hands, carri-

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ed it to Belize, and sold it; new subjects of excitement grew up, and, being in a measure forgotten, he again ventured to the mainland, and left the island to its solitude.

. . . . .

"Our act of taking possession was unusually exciting. It was an immense relief to escape from the confinement of the *canoa*. The situation commanded a view of the sea, and, barely distinguishable, in the distance was the coast of Yucatan. On the bank were large forest-trees, which had been spared in the clearing, and orange and cocoa-nut trees planted by Molas. The place had a sort of piratical aspect. In the hut were doors and green blinds from the cabin of some unlucky vessel, and reeving-blocks, tar-buckets, halliards, drinking-gourds, fragments of rope, fishing-nets, and two old hatches were scattered on the ground. Above all, the first object we discovered, which would have given a charm to a barren sand-bank, was a well of pure and abundant water, which we fell upon at the moment of landing, and were almost like the Spanish soldier in the expedition of Cordova, who drank till he swelled and died.

. . . . .

"This well was shaded by a large cocoa-nut tree. We hauled up under it one of the hatches, and, sitting around it on blocks, had served up the turtle which had been accomplishing its destiny on board the *canoa*. With our guns resting against the trees, long beards, and *canoa* costume, we were, perhaps, as piratical-seeming a trio as ever scuttled a ship at sea. In the afternoon we walked over the clearing, which was covered with a fine plantation of cotton, worth, as the patron said, several hundred dollars, with the pods open and blowing away, indicating that the *rancho* had been abandoned in haste, without regard to the preservation of property. Toward evening we strolled for a great distance along the shore, picking up shells, and at night we had a luxurious swing in our hammocks. — Vol. II. pp. 362 – 364.

With one more extract, we close the second of these fascinating volumes, over which we linger even at the third reading, finding on almost every page some incident or scene on which to dwell with continued pleasure. Our last quotation is an account of a shooting expedition from the little port of Silan.

"In the gray of the morning we heard a loud quacking of ducks, which almost lifted us out of our hammocks, and carried us out of doors. Beyond the point of the little dock was a long sand-bank, covered with immense flocks of these birds.

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Our host could not go with us till he had examined his fishing nets, and Dimas had to take the horses to water, but we pushed off with our Indian to set the canoe. . . . . Below us the shore formed a large bay, with the Punta de Arenas, or Point of Sand, projecting towards us, bordered down to the water's edge with trees; and all over the bay were sand-banks, barely appearing above water, and covered with wild fowl of every description known, in numbers almost exceeding the powers of conception. . . . . It would have been slaughter to shoot among them. In an hour we could have loaded our canoe with birds, of which one or two brace would be considered a fair morning's work. But we did not know what to do with them, and, besides, these were not what we were looking for. . . . . Near the mouth of the creek, a flock of roseate spoonbills flew over our heads, also out of reach; but we saw where they alighted, and setting towards them till we were stopped by a mud-bank, we took to the water, or rather to the mud, in which we found our lower members moving suddenly downward to parts unknown, and in some danger of descending till our *sombreros* only remained as monuments of our muddy grave. Extricating ourselves, moving in another direction, and again sinking and drawing back, for two hours we toiled, struggled, floundered, and fired, a laughing stock to the beautiful spoonbills in the free element above. At length Dr. Cabot brought one down, and we parted. In following our separate fortunes along the shore I shot one, which fell at the other side of a stream. As I rushed in, the water rose above all my mud stains, and I fell back, and hastily disencumbered myself of clothing. A high wind was sweeping over the bay; having no stone at hand with which to secure them, my hat and light garments were blown into the water, and at the same moment the roseate bird stood up, opened its large wings, and fluttered along the beach. Distracted between the bird and the fugitive clothing, I let the latter go, and gave chase to the bird, after securing which, and holding it kicking under my arm, I pursued my habiliments, now some distance apart, into the water, and at length got back to dry land with my miscellaneous load, and stood on the beach a picture of an antiquary in distress; doubtless illustrating the proverb to the Indian, who now came to my relief,—if he had ever met with it in the course of his reading,—that no man can be a hero to his *valet de chambre*." — Vol. II. pp. 422 – 425.

In conclusion, we submit to our readers the question, whether we have not accomplished the object which we first had in view; to wit, a triumphant vindication of Mr. Ste-

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phens from the carping of that unreasonable criticism which would "fault him,"— in the expressive phrase of the Irish, —for not sitting down to philosophize, when, as we contend, he ought to be doing just what he did, taking heedful note of all things curious, novel, or wonderful, that came in his way. His business was to collect materials for others to philosophize upon, if they chose; and have we not shown how successful he was in the gathering? Here, in our limited range of extracts, and that, too, without even alluding to the ruins, we have presented him discoursing of the most interesting philosophical topics; manners, morals, cookery, political economy, gambling, lovely women, surgery, slavery, currency, fortitude under suffering, universal suffrage, democracy, the credit system, the administration of justice, revolutions, and natural history; and if there had been room, we could have gone on extending the catalogue indefinitely. *Macte virtute;* if Mr. Stephens will take our advice, he will go on making just such books as he has made hitherto, and beware how he burns his fingers with "inductive philosophy."

Art. IV. — *The Northern Lakes a Summer Residence for the Invalids of the South.* By Daniel Drake, M. D., Professor in the Medical Institute of Louisville. Louisville, Ky. T. Maxwell, Jun. 1842. 8vo. pp. 29.

This is a work of few pages, but it opens a subject of very broad bearings. Dr. Drake's character as a literary and scientific man is known throughout the country. His reputation has grown with "the West," and he has been a most attentive and intelligent observer of its moral and physical developments. To him the public is indebted for many valuable collections of facts relative to the Indian history, habits, &c., arresting them as they were fleeting by, likely to be lost for ever. He has also been an industrious chronicler of those events which prepared the way for that magnificent progress of population and improvement, that has marked the last fifty years of the *trans-Alleghanic* region.

These have been the mere diversions of his active mind,

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his regular profession having probably furnished the main occupation of his matured years. Led by motives arising principally from this profession, he made, the last summer, a tour over the "Northern Lakes" in such a leisurely way, as enabled him to treasure up many valuable observations on the characteristics of disease, as modified by climate, geographical influences, and other causes, with a view to form clear and satisfactory opinions respecting the chances of health and long life, that are presented by several of the broad divisions of our country. This more elaborate result of his tour has not, as yet, been published; though, we trust, the expectation of its appearance, in due time, will not be disappointed. In a country where such continued changes are taking place, and a part of the population appears to have no abiding place, it is well to have something like a *hygeic* chart, showing the promise of salubrity held out by different regions. Foresight or prudential calculations do not govern in many cases, where a restless spirit of adventure prompts and goads on to change. There are other cases, however, where there is a desire to examine all the influences for good or for ill which may hang over the future. And we have no doubt, that, should Dr. Drake present to the public such a work, as his experience, range of observation, and nice discrimination, will enable him to prepare, after a very general and careful consideration of many latitudes and longitudes, in their bearing upon this important subject, it will be sought after with much eagerness, as one of those guides in emigration, which may dissipate doubts and fears so naturally suggested where so much is put to hazard.

The present discourse is not intended, we presume, even as a preliminary to the important work here alluded to. It was addressed to the pupils of "The Medical Institute of Louisville" soon after the return of the author from his tour, and appears to have in view merely a general outline of the objects that had attracted his attention, and their particular bearing upon "valetudinarians of the South," who may leave their warmer latitudes for the North. The opening of his discourse will best bespeak his views in delivering it, and is as follows.

"Much having been written on the comparative fitness of different places in the South, as winter residences for the inva-

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lids of the North, we propose to say something for the benefit of the valetudinarians of the former. Their present places of resort are chiefly the following: — 1. The Virginia Springs, where they *can* drink mineral waters of different kinds, and *must* breathe a mountain air, which, although not in a high latitude, is invigorating. 2. The New York Springs, in a higher latitude, but on a lower level. 3. The Harrodsburg Springs of Kentucky, where art has contributed munificently to the comfort of invalids and the amusement of the gay, but the advantages of high latitude and alpine scenery cannot be enjoyed. 4. Long Branch, Newport, Nahant, and other marine watering and bathing places; to which may be added, 5. A trip to the Falls of Niagara, and 6. A voyage on the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec. It is not our intention to declaim against any of these resources, but to add another, which we cannot but regard as superior to either, and, in reference to certain invalids and fashionable *ennuyés*, preferable to the whole. Before proceeding, however, let us inquire, what is necessary to give effect to a sojourn in the North by the classes of persons whose tastes or infirmities demand it. In the first place, as the majority are citizens, they should, in travelling for health or recreation, seek for places and scenes that will be in contrast with their homes. The invalid cannot recover, nor the fashionable rusticate, in a crowd. 2d. The places now frequented are not so far north as to give many of the advantages of a cool climate. 3d. They offer but few novelties. 4th. They do not abound in historical associations. 5th. Although the springs of New York, Virginia, and Kentucky are valuable in several forms of chronic disease, they are useless in others and injurious in some, — while the invalid seldom proceeds to drink of their waters understandingly. 6th. The amusements and dissipations in which they abound often tempt the infirm into unhealthy indulgences. 7. It is, we believe, an admitted truth, that, in general, but a *part* of the benefit which results from visiting mineral springs comes from the use of their waters." — pp. 5, 6.

When we consider the large number of persons whose comfort is concerned in this matter, we are disposed to place all efforts to give it a proper direction high on the list of benevolent plans. There is a constant interchange between the North and the South in respect to invalids. We do not know that any one has undertaken to sum up, even with approximate accuracy, the number of those who leave the North, as the chills of autumn give out their warning of

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the approach of winter, for the more genial South; or of those who, as the high temperature of summer parches up the South, shrivels its foliage, and lifts up each evening a humidity from its streams and marshes, that descends in poison upon man, however it may refresh the withered herb, — of those who "flee as a bird unto the field," or to the cooler breezes and purer atmosphere of the North; but we have no doubt that they constitute a class whose sum and substance may claim the kindest regards of the philanthropist.

The invalids of the North have little choice, as they turn towards the lands of perpetual verdure. If they stop short of the West Indies, the maritime skirts of South Carolina, Georgia, or Florida gather them within their tepid folds. They have but one object in view, and that centres upon a point. They seek repose beyond the boundaries of frost, and gladly pause upon the first spot which promises to afford such amenity of climate.* Not so with the Southerner, who generally looks to the North for an agreeable and healthy sojourn of a few weeks. His object is rather to fly from disease, than to seek for health. The whole North is before him, where to choose. Attractions radiate in every direction, almost bewildering him with their multiplicity, and, in his doubts and indecision, he resolves to follow where others have led, though the trace run the same round, until it has become tiresome from monotony. This remark applies more particularly to those who come up the coast.

Dr. Drake places the "Virginia Springs" at the head of his enumeration; not, we presume, from any superiority of attraction, though they offer many allurements to a large class of invalids. The waters are salutary, and of

* It has, of late years, particularly during the Florida war, been the habit of individuals, laboring under pulmonic complaints, to resort to St. Augustine, which certainly offers many inducements to such to winter there. Its climate, compared with that of all northern positions within the United States, is bland and restorative. Still, it has many days which are harsh to the consumptive patient; many winds which make him shrink within his cloak, and aggravate his complaint. There are positions on the River St. John's nearly free from these objections. They are rather in the interior, and yet not so far from the coast as to lose the influences of the sea-breeze. Probably Pilatka, a site occupied by the troops, about a hundred miles up the river, and twenty-five miles in a direct line (the intervening land being flat) from the ocean, and where there will be ample accommodations of such kind as answer in that mild climate, will soon become a favorite haunt for northern invalids.

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extraordinary efficacy in many complaints. The air is invigorating, because it blows over mountains, which improve the atmospheric currents almost as much as those of water. If more of the Southern invalids were persuaded to stop short of this point, more of them would probably be benefited by their journeyings; as many, in going farther, only fare the worse. But the "New York Springs," the second in his enumeration, have long been first in popularity. They have been the cynosure of neighbouring, as well as of more distant eyes, for years; the fashionable ordeal through which all must pass, who wish to avoid a mortification like that of Sterne, when he was piqued into the undertaking of his "Sentimental Journey."

A great change has come over this American Spa within a few years. We can remember the time when it affiliated with the surrounding country only by a few lines of stages, put upon the route only during the "watering season"; private equipages, extras, exclusive extras, &c., forming the principal means of conveyance for the crowds that concentrated there. Even the Carolinian and the Georgian, having in view only a few weeks' stay at these springs, would begin their long journey in a private carriage, undiscouraged by the prospect of bad roads, almost impassable streams, and slovenly accommodations; deeming the exhibition of themselves for such a brief time there a full compensation for all perils and privations encountered while outward and homeward bound. The classification of these crowds was then most distinctly made out, the mode of reaching the place marking with the most obvious discrimination the various grades of wealth, if not of respectability, prevailing among the visiters. Those who arrived in a coach and four were wheeled up in the brightest hour of day, and when the balconies were most likely to be thronged with spectators, feeling an assurance that all eyes would be turned on them with curiosity and consideration, the latter being readily paid in advance upon such unquestionable claims to receive it. The way was promptly opened to the party, which slowly descended the steps of the carriage and ascended those of the hotel, and the saloon was reached in a sort of triumph, where all was bustle and obsequiousness on the part of the host and his attendants, spreading out before them the choice of accommodations. The genealogy and

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public and private history of such a party immediately became matters of general discussion. No gazetting could have given greater notoriety. Fortunate were those who could bear the scrutiny, without any loss of that reputation which the equipage suggested. The more modest carriage and pair had less blazonry than the "four in hand," but was driven up with no misgivings as to its full title to respect and a complimentary reception. The curricle and tandem introduced the bachelor in full-orbed pretension. In the descending scale, came the "hack," which could not be disguised, even by an adroit masking of the "No.", or any other cunning devices assuming the resemblance of proprietorship. The cold-shoulder was put forward against all such counterfeit presentments. The gig or chaise called forth all degrees of indifference, from the "temperate" of a passing glance, down to the "zero" of utter contempt. If those humble vehicles had an undisguised trunk strapped on behind, in a make-shift way, showing that it had no fitness for such extraordinary uses, the balconies were either deserted, or the promenade continued there, as if no arrival had occurred. If they contained a pair of the sexes, the chances were, that, after awaiting the coming of a waiter until impatient at the delay, the woman had to enter and announce their advent, leaving the man to hold the horse in the mean time. No perceptible change of circumstances took place, even if an additional horse were seen harnessed on the outside of the thills (the whippletree being *boomed* out to accommodate this double draft), its *pseudo* character being at once detected. A genuine chaise passed better muster than such a semi, demi-semi curricle.

The public stages brought up the rear. Those who came in them were crowded, heated, dusted, and generally afforded an exhibition of the pitiable and the ludicrous, too tempting to be avoided by those who had nothing else to do than to watch the passing scene for something new and piquant. As the passengers, during the trying interval which determined their fate, whether they were among the admitted or the rejected, endeavoured to conceal themselves from view, or boldly sat with a look of affected indifference, trusting that their flushed faces and begrimed garments, when removed, would leave little or no personal identity behind, a hundred merry glances from the balconies showed

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that there were privileged spectators there, who regarded a scene *in* a stage as legitimate a subject of amusement and criticism as if *upon* a stage. Happy those, who, constrained by a narrow income, or moved by a feeling of economy, had resorted to this chartered, and therefore despised, conveyance, if some accident postponed its arrival until the shadows of evening threw a friendly veil over the approach and entrance, and enabled the party to escape unobserved to their rooms, with a chance of emerging thence under appearances better suited to the pretensions or real character of those who composed it.

The change to which we have alluded, and which has revolutionized all these distinctions, and fused all comers as it were into one mass, has been produced by the railroads that connect these watering-places with the capital of New York. The humble in mind and in fortune must rejoice in this levelling effect, however it may chagrin the *millionnaire* and the subordinate Diveses of the land. Amid the rush that sets from the cars to the hotels, the owner of the "four-in-hand" is not distinguished from him who habitually rides in a chaise, or even does not ride at all; while the jumble of trunks and carpet-bags — all of them of enormous capapacity — on the barrows amalgamates all differences that hastily read names might suggest; and he who can walk the fleetest, or elbow the best, succeeds in entering his name on the book at the bar first, and consequently, under the impartial rule that now prevails, becomes "first served." Favored by such circumstances, the plebeian may resort to these Springs as well as the magnate. No externals decide the lot or standing there. All, or nearly all, come and go, equally without triumph and without defeat. Some, it is true, have a name, dependent upon no externals, which floats over the multitude at these crowded places as well as elsewhere, and is always uppermost. There are exceptions to the general rule; the truly great are great at all times and in all places.

The fashionable places of summer resort have been latterly rendered, by the facilities with which the unoccupied and the invalid can move towards them from the most remote parts of the country, a thousand fold more crowded than they were in other times. With the former — that is, the unoccupied — we have nothing to do, as Dr.

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Drake addresses his recommendations to invalids alone, leaving the healthy and the wealthy, who fly from place to place to while away the tedium of idleness, to jostle in saloons and lounge in their purlieus, as they may list in their listlessness. He remarks, as we have quoted, that this locomotive world, who, during the warm season, are ever on the march, and whose home is on the road, "in travelling for health or recreation, should seek for places and scenes that will be in contrast with their ordinary homes." This contrast may, in some respects, be found at these "Springs"; but it is clearly not the contrast that benefits the invalid. Dr. Drake considers that there is another pathway struck out, which may be followed with far superior advantages. In pointing this out, he draws, chiefly, from notes which he "made on a voyage of two months, for medical observation, during the past summer."

We cannot quote, at large, the outline embraced by his address. His object is to induce invalids, instead of seeking the bustle and excitement of the "Springs" or the "Falls," excepting to give them a passing glance, to extend their movements through the great chain of the "Northern Lakes," and he marks out the course most eligible for them to pursue, whether their point of departure be west or east of a meridian line, dropped from Mackinac, the "centre of gravity" (as he terms it), down through the States.

It is already well known to the residents of the lower Mississippi, that, whatever point at the North be their object, the most certain means of attaining it is by the way of Chicago and the Upper Lakes to Buffalo, and thence onward. That route has the advantage of the Ohio and Ohio canal route certainly, as the latter, so far as the Ohio river forms a part, is liable to subsidences, which often throw off all the large and comfortable boats. A New Orleans family, when it leaves behind the summer solstice and the opening autumn, and the perils to health which beset those seasons, embarks on its long peregrination with an assurance, having all reasonable probabilities in its favor, that it will reach, by the lake route, any proposed destination with comfort and punctuality. Moving up the Mississippi in the floating palaces of that magnificent river, it makes such delay at St. Louis as suits its convenience or taste. The next stage of the journey is thence to Peoria, on the river Illinois, in

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boats adapted to the shoaler waters of that stream, but having ample room to gratify all ordinary requirements. It is well thus to become somewhat habituated to a diminishing scale of accommodations, in order to find the land carriage thence to Chicago less irksome in its contrast with the steamers. Post-coaches await the travellers, at this upper point of the Illinois, to transport them over about one hundred miles of prairie country, offering in its very monotony a novelty that gives the most pleasing employment to the eye. It has not the dull level of a plain, but undulates like a sea of verdure. To those who have never seen nature under this singular aspect, the sight is a rich treat, and the hundred miles terminate long before the gratification which it affords.

At Chicago, boats of the first class, as to size and all other respects, offer, every other day, the means of continuing the route, through a series of lakes, (Europeans would call them seas,) by a voyage, ordinarily of five days, to Buffalo. The length of the voyage is (as Dr. Drake states) "more than twelve hundred miles, on which the traveller is carried by long stretches to the west, the north, and the south; never out of sight of land on Erie, and not long on Huron and Michigan. During the three summer months, he will seldom encounter heavy gales; but, from the shallowness of Lake Erie, it becomes agitated by gentle winds, and it is not uncommon for the invalid to experience the unwelcome benefit of a turn of 'sea-sickness.' When an occasional tempest stirs up the deeper waters of Huron or Michigan, a more formidable agitation, such as the Atlantic might not disown, arises, but this is of rare occurrence. Hence the dangers of a voyage upon the Lakes are almost limited to fire, as 'sawyers' do not exist, and rocks are scarce, while the ample sea-room is an adequate guaranty against the fatal rencontre of boat with boat, which, on our [the Ohio and Mississippi] rivers, destroys and cripples so great a number."

This voyage affords much "to excite the mind as well as agitate the body"; both of which effects are pronounced by Dr. Drake necessary to render "travel beneficial." There can be no doubt of the truth of this remark. And there can be as little doubt, that it is better to obtain this beneficial excitement and agitation by one of these voyages of

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several days, which intersperse land views with those of water, than by those short and rapid trips which are made in other parts of the country. The trip up the Hudson river embraces many views of great beauty, and some of much sublimity. But the velocity with which, in modern times, one is hurried through these scenes, so unlike the days of packets, when one had sometimes a week's leisure for contemplating them, combined with the distractions that an overloaded boat, the jostle and bustle, continued incoming and outgoing of passengers, unavoidably produce, scarcely leave the eye any time or mood for such occupation. Indeed, it is always most unsatisfactory to recollect the imperfect impressions that are left on the mind by the transient views one obtains of the Highlands, and other striking scenery, of that beautiful river. It is the fleeting pauses made each few miles on one bank or the other, that have taken the strongest hold on the memory; those pauses, made with such exact calculation as to the time necessary to enable a stream of people and baggage to run out, and another to run in, with no probable loss of life or limb, and no possible loss of a minute, arresting one's attention like any experiment that involves so much nicety and hazard. Every thing else is shadowy on the memory, and so mixed up with the inconveniences and annoying trifles that almost unavoidably beset one in the midst of a throng, allowing no play for the gentle sympathies of life, when all is unaccommodating, half selfish, and more than half uncourteous, that neither body nor spirit appears to have been benefited by the trip. The predominant feeling, catching its character from the competition of the times, seemed to have been that of impatience, and an ardent desire to pass and surpass any thing moving with us, and to reach the end of the trip with a new and unprecedented speed. Besides, those with whom you were thus closely associated for a time, elbow to elbow, or breathing on each other's shoulders, and within the sound of each other's very whispers, had gone out of mind as they departed from the sight.

It is not so with one of these Lake trips of a few days. A kind of fellowship springs up in that length of time, in spite of formality and conventional barriers that divide strangers from each other. Those on whom we hardly cast a glance on the first day, become somewhat familiar to the

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eye on the second, and, by the third day, all are ready to take advantage of any of those little suggestions to conversation which propinquity ever affords, to enter upon a wayfaring acquaintance, that often lends a pleasure to passing hours, and dwells pleasantly on the mind in many an after day. Besides, as Dr. Drake observes, such extended trips present a most agreeable and salutary change of climate, that strengthens the body, and gives a buoyant character to the spirits. We cannot do better than quote his remarks in connexion with this subject.

"When the south-west winds, which have traversed the vast plain separating the Gulf of Mexico from the Lakes, reach the shores of the latter, they are necessarily dry and hot. Hence the temperature of Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, and Chicago, in the average latitude of 42°, is quite as great as their position should experience,—greater, perhaps, than the traveller from Louisana or Carolina would expect. But the duration of these winds is at no time very long, and whenever they change to any point of the compass N. of W., they bring down a fresh and cool atmosphere, to revive the constitutions of all whom they had wilted down. These breathings from the north descend from the highlands around Lake Superior, which are nearly as elevated above the sea as the mountains of Pennsylvania, and stretch off beyond the sources of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. In passing over that lake, with Michigan and Huron immediately south of it, the temperature of which in summer, as we have already seen, is less than 60°, these winds suffer little increase of heat, and become so charged with moisture from the extended watery surface, as to exert on the feelings of the people along the southern shores of Erie and Michigan, a most refreshing influence.

"From the hour that the voyager enters Lake Huron at the head of St. Clair River, or Michigan at Chicago, he ceases, however, to feel the need of such breezes from the north-west; for the latitude which he has attained, in connexion with the great extent of the deep waters, secures to him an invigorating atmosphere, even while summer rages with a withering energy in the south. The axis (?) of each of these lakes is nearly in the meridian, and every turn made by the wheels of his boat carries him farther into the temperate and genial climate of the upper lakes. Entering it by either of the portals just mentioned, he soon passes the latitude of 44°, and has then escaped from the region of miasms, musquitoes, congestive fevers, cholera-

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morbus, dyspepsia, blue devils, and duns! — on the whole of which he looks back with gay indifference, if not a feeling of good-natured contempt.

"Everywhere on the shores of the lakes, from Ontario to Superior, if the general atmosphere be calm and clear, there is, in summer, a refreshing lake and land breeze; the former commencing in the forenoon, and, with a capricious temper, continuing through most of the day; the latter setting in at night, after the radiation from the ground has reduced its heat below that of the water. These breezes are highly acceptable to the voyager while in the lower lake region, and by no means to be despised after he reaches the upper.

"But the summer climate of the lakes is not the only source of benefit to invalids; for the agitation imparted by the boat, on voyages of several days' duration, through waters which are never stagnant, and sometimes rolling, will be found among the most efficient means of restoring health, in many chronic diseases, especially those of a nervous character, such as hysteria and hypochondriasm.

"Another source of benefit is, the excitement imparted by the voyage to the faculty of observation. At a watering place all the features of the surrounding scenery are soon familiarized to the eye, which then merely wanders over the commingled throngs of valetudinarians, doctors, dancers, idlers, gamblers, coquettes, and dandies, whence it soon returns, to inspect the infirmities or *tedium vitæ* of its possessor; but on protracted voyages through new and fresh regions, curiosity is stirred up to the highest pitch, and pleasantly gratified by the hourly unfolding of fresh aspects of nature; some new blending of land and lake — a group of islands different from the last — aquatic fields of wild rice and lilies — a rainbow walking on the 'face of the deep' — a water-spout, or a shifting series of painted clouds seen in the kaleidoscope of heaven." — pp. 10 – 12.

Though some may be inclined to smile at the enthusiasm here exhibited, in regard to the beneficial influences of these Lake excursions, we know, from experience, that they are not overrated; we know, also, that generally, those who have made them look back upon them with satisfaction, and a grateful recollection of the benefits they have afforded.

This address does not confine itself to a mere geographical view of the regions brought under consideration. It supposes that there may be other sources of gratification than those which arise from an examination of natural beauties and natural phenomena. It truly states, that "the

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North has attractions of a different kind, which should draw into its summer bosom those who seek health and recreation from travel. From Ontario to Michigan, the voyager passes in the midst of spots consecrated to the heart of every American, and deeply interesting to all who delight to study the history of their native land. The shores and waters of the Lakes, so often reddened with the blood of those who fought and died in the cause of their country, will present to the traveller of warm and patriotic feelings scenes which he cannot behold without emotion, under which real diseases may abate and the imaginary be forgotten."

This eloquent allusion to these historic scenes is followed by a brief enumeration of them, as they successively arise to solicit attention, in almost every quarter, throughout the whole excursion; those quarters having been the theatre of many interesting and important achievements, during a series of Indian wars, and during the war of 1812 with Great Britain. However some fashionable minds, which have been engrossed by thoughts connected with metropolitan dissipation, may turn with indifference from such associations, they are most proper and honorable objects of pursuit and contemplation. An actual survey of grounds which have been made memorable by actions that have caused the loss of blood and life, and promoted the welfare or vindicated the rights or honor of one's country, expands and elevates the feelings, and makes one duly proud of that country, and duly grateful for services that have been rendered in her hour of need.

The address embodies many facts relative to the Northern Lakes which may not generally be known. As one gradually moves through this vast chain of waters, it may not enter into the mind, that an ascent is constantly going on, rising step by step into the "liquid chambers" of the interior, until, at the Sault St. Marie, a height of more than six hundred feet above the level of the sea has been attained. It also states the probable depths of these enormous basins of water; that "the lead has been sunk off the mouth of Saganaw bay eighteen hundred feet, more than twelve hundred below the level of the Atlantic Ocean, without reaching the bottom." This profound depth at that point is well attested by the heavy sea that is rolled up there,

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when a furious northeaster "turns up the bottom of the deep."

In respect to the "temperature of the Lakes" — an important consideration — the address states that it

"is diminished by latitude and depth. Thus, in reference to the former, we found a difference of 10° or 12° between the heat of the shoal water on the south side of Lake Erie, and the north of Huron; and in reference to the latter, we observed, in crossing Lake Michigan from Green Bay to Mackinac, that the thermometer first sunk from 76° to 58°; then, after passing the centre of the lake, and entering the Straits of Mackinac, gradually rose to 64°. Again, on leaving the harbour of Mackinac, several days afterwards, it was 61°; in the deep waters of Lake Huron it sunk to 53°, while at the lower end of the Lake, in shallow water, it rose to 65°. We made but a single observation on the heat of the water *below* compared with that of the *surface* of the *same* spot. It was in Huron, near the island of Mackinac, where we found the surface water, and that two hundred feet deep, of the same temperature, 56°. Travellers, then, who, in crossing the lakes, wish for cool water, need not draw it from their depths, as that of the surface, at any given point, would be of the same temperature with that beneath. This uniformity results, no doubt, from the transparency of the upper lakes, by which the rays of the sun penetrate them, without meeting with solid matters in suspension to elicit their heat; it is like their passage through the cloudless atmosphere, which they do not warm." — p. 9.

Dr. Drake dwells with much delight on the picturesque features, and traditional and historical associations, of the island of Mackinac. Probably few or none have visited that singular and beautiful island with other than a similar feeling. The voyage, either way, naturally fits one to relish the novelty it presents to the eye. It has been the object of admiration, and even superstitious respect, among the aborigines, through all their known history, as is strongly bespoken by their traditions, and the persevering efforts they still make, when all other customary motives are withdrawn, to revisit it, that they may draw up their canoes upon its pebbly shore, pitch their lodges beneath the shadow of its lofty cliffs, and mount to its pinnacle — more than three hundred feet above the level of the Lake — and dwell on the glorious scene spread beneath and far around. Nature has exhibited her most freakish humors in this island, and thrown

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some of her works into the shapes of art, as if the latter had designed and executed them instead of herself. The "Sugar-loaf Rock" is, as its name imports, a protuberance of a regular form, rising eighty feet or more above the surface; a geological problem that puzzles the scientific to solve. Whether its cone was thrust up above the common level by some subsultory force, leaving the surrounding mass undisturbed; or whether strata have been washed away, and left this monument to mark their former elevation, are questions that remain to be answered.

This island has also its Leucadian Rock, or "Lover's Leap"; an Indian girl, according to tradition, having, Sappho-like, sacrificed herself there for love. It stands, like a pinnacled turret, on the upper edge of a lofty cliff, forming a leap of nearly two hundred feet. As it would be unclassical, in such a case, to run the hazard of being bruised to death on the rocks beneath, it is presumed that the waters were, at the time of this sacrifice, at a higher level than they are now, when a watery grave could hardly be reached by the most extraordinary effort.

But the most striking object on the island is the "Arch-rock," as it is generally termed. Dr. Drake speaks of it as a "natural bridge," but to warrant the application of that name, it should be more passable than it now is, or probably ever has been. Some light-footed quadrupeds, and persons adopting the position of quadrupeds, have attempted to scramble over its *archivolt*. It is seen on the eastern cliffs of the island, where they rise perpendicularly about one hundred and fifty feet above the lake, its outer abutment resting on the beach, while the other forms a part of the main bank. The arch is slightly rampant, and about thirty feet in span; its sweep is of a most symmetrical character, though the rocks are knit together in a rude manner, and leave the spectator to wonder how, without keystone, or *voussoir*, or any of the securities of masonic arrangement, they hold their place in the upper air. Both the view from above, giving one, through the aperture, a glance at the waves far beneath, — and from below, opening a "narrow vista into heaven," are equally beautiful, and long enchain the eye. Indeed, there are few, if any, places in the United States, where a week or more can be passed away with greater promise of benefit to the health and spirits, than at the island of Mackinac. It has a labyrinth of quiet, shady

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walks, which that week or more could not unravel; it has ascents and descents, which bring, in healthy succession, every muscle of the system into activity; and it has views from its apex, where one can turn on the heel through all the points of the compass, still feasting the eye on attractive prospects. It has mysteries, besides, which lend to it a spice of the marvellous. A wanderer among the deep and tangled groves that crown the island reports that he stumbled on a fissure in the rocky mass that outcrops there, into which he was tempted to cast a stone, which went "nickety-nock" far down its dark depths, until it splashed, with a smothered sound, into hidden waters there. The "rotten limestone," of which this island is mostly composed, gives it a cavernous character; such latent wells are, therefore, not improbable.

Dr. Drake has not forgotten to bestow due praise upon the "white fish" found there and at the Sault St. Marie, remarking, that it is "food for nymphs," and that "its flesh, which is the cold and clear waters of the lake organized and imbued with life, is liable to but this objection, that he who tastes it once will thenceforth be unable to relish that of any other fish." To this high encomium may be added the tribute paid to its excellence by, perhaps, a better judge, because of larger fish-eating experience than Dr. Drake. Mrs. Jameson, who had eaten the best fish of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, somewhere has recorded her opinion, that, good as some of them are, and still better as others are, the white fish, in flavor and texture, is the best.

The excursion that is so strongly recommended by Dr. Drake to the invalid and the unoccupied, who seek for health or recreation, has been long known to European travellers, who seldom cross the Atlantic without also crossing our Northern Lakes. They tarry awhile in our cities to look at buildings, examine institutions, watch the ever-shifting multitude by day, and observe the more stationary society at night; take their flight interior-ward; perch a day or two at the Springs; make a much longer pause at the Falls, where the thought of man is almost lost in contemplation of the overwhelming grandeur of nature, the secrets of whose operations are there so truly "past finding out"; and then embark on a trip over the Lakes, that they may person-

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ally observe the length and breath, reflect on the height and depth, and all the geographical phenomena, which so peculiarly mark the northern part of our hemisphere with features of magnificence that have no parallel in the aspects of the older world.

The metropolitans of our country can hardly persuade themselves to venture beyond the limits of their social connexions. Where these terminate, their peregrinations mostly end. The limits thus determined usually extend as far as the various Springs and Falls, at which places are found nearly all the luxurious comforts and polished courtesies of life. The presence of these permits all habits and tastes to have their usual indulgence. Any departure from this narrow round would be regarded as an aberration from the proper orbit, likely to lead only to confusion and noxious contacts. It is thus that the daintiness and conventional monotony of city life are seldom interrupted. The outer world is almost unknown. Mankind at large is never contemplated; for in going from city to city, and from one "watering-place" to another, it is, literally, *cœlum, non animum, mutant*; nature is seldom seen in her noble phases; and thousands live and die without learning the important lesson, that what they see, what they feel, and what they endure, is but a part, and a small part, of the common lot of man. It is a study to observe one of these fastidious beings, when some accident or necessity throws him beyond his habitual associations, and notice the surprise and shrinking with which he witnesses the novelties of manners and things as they arise before him. It was truly remarked by Washington Irving, when, amid the privations of his prairie excursion, he was growing in strength of body and independence of mind, that one such tour was worth, in its influence on the traveller, a hundred tours in Europe, revolutionizing, as it did, the whole system in all its capacities, and showing one that manliness is the fruit of harsh and varied experience. Having never slept but with impervious roofs and ceilings above, and eider-down beneath, we imagine that one night's repose on the damp earth, with nothing to shelter us from the dews of heaven, would be more than we could bear. Mr. Irving found that he could survive hunger, thirst, and all the ills that campaigning in the wilderness is heir to; that "man is man," however he has been brought up, provided

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he dare what man dares ; and, no doubt, he now reposes at Madrid, with all the better relish for the comforts and luxuries of a European capital, because he has "camped out" on the western prairies.

This allusion to foreigners brings to our mind an accomplished gentleman, M. Latrobe, with whom we travelled a few hundred miles on his western excursions. He had recently returned from his visit to the *trans-Mississippi* region, having been there with Mr. Irving, in the tour of which we have just been speaking. The freshness of nature and the freshness of man, as they exhibited themselves in a new region, then just budding into cultivation and population, delighted his liberal and inquiring mind at each step of the way. And he thought lightly of the inconveniences and the rough accommodations generally met with, where all was inceptive and unfinished. No supercilious reference to better styles of living bespoke offence or disappointment, where either would have been misplaced and absurd. He revelled in the beauties of the rich prairies, then mostly unbroken in their sward, and wearing the same covering that had clothed them since an extinct and forgotten race first subdued the forest that probably once grew there ; inciting the mind to weigh this theory with a thousand others, that are framed to account for an anomalous condition of the earth's surface, equally removed from, and apparently standing midway between, the extremes of wildness and cultivation. He regarded the changes that were breaking forth on every side, the evidences of enterprise, industry, and overflowing population, with philosophic and philanthropic gratification. During the journey, no "takin' notes" was apparent, and no suspicion arose that the intelligent observation of men and things, manifest throughout, would assume the form and pressure of print. Yet we were often led to think, that should any of his observations find their way to the public eye, they would be likely to bear the stamp of an ingenuous, discerning, and scientific mind, excluding all pandering to the British avidity, at that time so prurient, for querulous criticism, scandal, and caricature.

At a somewhat later period, we happened to be in the same steamer with those distinguished French gentlemen, Messrs. Beaumont and De Tocqueville, in a trip to Mackinac and Lake Superior. They had embarked on the Lakes

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in pursuit of their ostensible object, an examination of penitentiaries. It was evident enough that they had already gone far beyond those "prison limits," and had left the boundary of such institutions far behind; but they could not resist the desire to fly off, in a tangent, to the wide and novel fields of observation, that such a trip would spread out before them. Their minds appeared to be let loose from the restraints that had thus far bound them, according to instructions, to a specific inquiry, and their spirits ranged abroad over the fresh seas, and the wild banks that hemmed them in, with the most buoyant (almost *boy*ant) exhilaration. They fished and fowled and sketched, rambled and scrambled and paddled, with the most light-hearted and the most light-footed of the party, which happened to be a gay and a large one; were in raptures with Mackinac; watched with enthusiasm the ever-shifting scenery of the river St. Mary; went up, with the rest, to the neighbourhood of Gros Cap and Point Iroquois — the Pillars of Hercules of Lake Superior — and heartily joined in the ceremony of washing the hands, under a bright summer sun, in the cold waters of that immense basin, and assisted in pouring out a libation of wine upon the glittering sands of its brim; and then, with three or four ladies and gentlemen, closely nestled in a bark canoe, with a *voyageur* at the bow and in the stern, to shun the Scyllas and Charybdises there, descended the Rapids, a full half mile long, ere their breaths — somewhat suspended, it is true — had respired half a dozen times. With a charming simplicity and versatility of manners, they soon appeared to have lost their foreign character, and easily harmonized with all around them; while Mr. De Vigne (also on board), the English tourist, who afterwards published his observations, began, continued, and ended the trip, without having thrown down, so far as we recollect, one of those barriers that most naturally, in the outset, separate a stranger and a foreigner from those among whom he is accidentally cast. He came and departed the "strange gentleman"; was observed to walk the deck much, to talk very little, and to make copious memoranda.

While we are thus citing a few examples of liberal curiosity, and willingness to encounter whatever inconveniences or privations may be met with in gratifying it, we are tempted, too strongly for resistance, to allude to another

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instance of hardy enterprise in another foreigner of high rank and still higher intelligence, who, after having visited these Northern Lakes, resolved to penetrate from Lake Superior to Hudson's Bay, and thus return to Britain by a hyperborean circuit, such as few would have the nerve to undertake even professionally, and still fewer as an amateur excursion. Perhaps the blood of Selkirk circulated in his veins with an energy that does not animate many bosoms. The father, in his perilous and almost romantic peregrinations, had explored much of the vast region that spreads from Labrador to the Sascatchawaine east and west, and from Lake Superior to Hudson's Bay south and north; the son, after having looked through our principal cities, and contemplated the theory and practice of our institutions with an extraordinary degree of good sense, seemed to consider his transatlantic visit but half completed, if he left the Upper Lakes, and the still more northern wilderness, without, at least, a cursory survey. He embarked for the Sault St. Marie with an intention, if he found no vessel there bound to the northern side of Lake Superior, to foot it around the eastern border of that Lake to Fort William, with no other suite than a stout Highlander — a Rob Roy looking domestic — and a guide.

These personal allusions may not be deemed inappropriate, when the object is to set forth, in quarters that may furnish strong allurement to imitation, examples of a spirit for inquiry and observation, that showed no regard for those boundaries which mark the termination of some of the comforts, more of the luxuries, and most of the effeminacy, of metropolitan life. If Dr. Drake's recommendation, joined with these desultory remarks, have any influence with the travelling public, there will probably be a large gain on the score of health, manly habits, and patriotic feeling.

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ART. V. — 1. *The H—— Family.* By FREDERIKA BREMER. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 212.

2. *The President's Daughters, a Narrative of a Governess.* By FREDERIKA BREMER, Authoress of "The Neighbours." Translated from the Swedish. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 230.

3. *The Home, or Family Cares and Family Joys.* By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated from the Swedish, by MARY HOWITT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 134.

THAT kind of fiction, of which these works are a most favorable example, has gained so firm a hold upon the public taste, that it is now the most common recreation in civilized lands, and has become so essential to the intellectual enjoyment of many persons, that they can relish nothing less exciting. The writers whom the people most delight to honor are writers of fiction, and much less fervent reverence is paid to those who deal in truth. Some think it necessary to administer truth in the disguise of fiction, in order to make it go down. When the young mind opens, fiction is the first thing which it learns to love; and a taste is thus early created, which it retains, and which has an effect to color its character and destiny in many future years.

When the use of fiction is become so general, it would be of no use to argue against it, and we propose to do no such visionary thing. The imagination is part of our nature, for wise purposes, no doubt; and as long as these purposes are defined and kept in view, there can be little danger. Amusement is one of these purposes; not the highest, certainly, but still one of them; the mind cannot be always on the stretch; the bow must be unstrung at times, and entertainment at such times is of service to the mind and heart. If fiction is occasionally used for this purpose, to lift up into the world of fancy one who is tired of walking in the dusty road of existence, the indulgence may be of service to the mind and not injurious to the heart.

But obviously there is danger of excess in this indulgence. These luxuries must not be the daily bread of the mind. For the effect of these fictions on the mind closely

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resembles that of stimulating food upon the body; it is agreeable, no doubt, for such food is eagerly devoured; and the occasional use of them, like the moderate use of food of that description, may do no harm, for it is possible to live too low. But when we come to the constant and habitual use of either, it is ruinous, in the one case to the physical, in the other to the intellectual system; and whoever cares for the health of body or mind will hold them in sufficient dread, at least, to keep himself out of bondage.

It is the tendency of this taste to become excessive and engrossing; it grows and gains fast upon the other appetites and tendencies of the mind. Some will say, What if it does? We answer, that single fact proves it to be an unhealthy taste, and one which cannot be indulged without injury and danger. It is in this as in other things. To use an illustration sufficiently familiar, the appetite for bread and water is a natural and healthy one; there is no tendency to use either of them to excess; the constant use of them inflames no passion which it will afterwards be hard to put down. But not so with the desire for stimulating food and drink; it tends at once to excess, and this tendency is proof enough of an unhealthy appetite which it is dangerous to indulge. There is no danger that the taste for true history shall ever become excessive; it is healthy in itself, and indicates right action in the intellect. One who reads habitually what is true, can at times resort to fiction with pleasure; while the habitual reader of fiction cannot interest himself in simple and unexciting truth; a bad sign; because the mind in its right state will always welcome truth with satisfaction.

Besides being unhealthy, this taste displaces others, better than itself. There is one among our feathered tribes which always lays its egg in the nest of some smaller bird. As soon as the young cow-bird is hatched, though it has no enmity with the lawful heirs, the nest is soon found too narrow to hold them all, and the result is, that the smaller go overboard, and the offspring of the thief is left the sole possessor; — an exact parallel to the manner in which the love of fiction takes a piratical and exclusive possession of the mind. It is edifying, sometimes, to hear worthy parents boast, that their young hopefuls are great readers; but if, on inquiry, they find that it is fiction in which these promising ones are so deeply engaged, they might as well boast

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that their children devour great quantities of confectionary, as a proof that they are healthy, and likely to continue so, as infer, from the amount of fiction which they swallow, that their minds are in the way to improve. In the one case, the young *gourmand* will become diseased, and have no relish for the food which would make him strong; in the other, those bright young sparks will show, when it comes to reading for improvement, that they have no more heart for it, than he who drinks intemperately, has for water from the mountain spring.

The chief danger arises from the fact, that the mind is passive in this kind of reading. In reading for improvement, it is not so. In that operation the mental powers are active; many questions start up; new trains of thought are awakened; instead of tamely receiving the communications of the writer, the mind originates ideas of its own. This is the great benefit of such exercise; no one remembers a thousandth part of what he has read; the advantage is found less in the direct attainments so made, than in the vigor and activity awakened and sustained in the mind. But in reading for amusement, the intellect originates no thoughts and gains no new power of action; it subsides rather into a luxurious, dreamy state, resembling that produced by narcotics, whereby all intellectual and moral energy is lost, and self-indulgence reigns omnipotent within. It is more pleasant, no doubt, to sail over smooth waters without effort of one's own, than to foot it on the rough highway; but the tenant of the pleasure-boat gains no exercise, and grows weary to death of his perpetual happiness; the wayfarer, after his first weariness is over, enjoys the sensation of full health; one of the most delightful which it is given to man to know.

There cannot be much force, then, in the impression that good moral instruction may be conveyed in a fictitious form. Given, no doubt, it may be; but whether it will be taken or not is a different question, not to be so confidently answered. Experience on this subject abounds. The most common aim of such writing is, to excite the benevolent affections. But the utmost it ever does is to excite some tender emotions, which never become principles, nor very efficient impulses; there is a slight melting of the ice in the sunbeam, but when the light is withdrawn, it freezes as hard as ever. Now these emotions, which do not lead to action, grow less

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and less each time they are repeated ; the tears, perhaps, are shed as usual, since they cost nothing, but the heart becomes so cold, that if any are in need of relief, one of these weeping-willow philanthropists is the last person to whom they would go. Nothing can touch his feelings but graceful and interesting distress ; and as all real suffering has something coarse and distasteful in it, he reserves his sympathy for imaginary sorrows, and, where nothing is wanted, he is perfectly ready to bestow. This morality of fiction, as might be expected, produces only a fictitious benevolence ; and if this reading be only a self-indulgence, to expect self-denial to grow out of it is as reasonable as to look for strawberries on snow.

The mind, being thus passive in reading fiction, is exposed to injurious influences, which, if it were in action, it could hardly feel. The health of the mind is analogous to that of the physical system, and depends on similar laws. Let a man be exposed to the evening air in an unhealthy climate ; there is no danger while he is in motion ; but once let him sit down to gaze at the moonlight as it sleeps sweetly on the landscape, and he will breathe in disease with the fragrance of the flowers ; still more, if he slumbers under the serene influence of the hour, it is almost certain that his days are numbered. The enjoyment of this kind of reading is attended with similar danger ; it has a soothing and peaceful effect ; one cannot persuade himself that peril is near ; but certain it is, that his moral health will sink under the influence of the pestilent scribbler whose works he reads ; the sensibility of his conscience will be impaired ; his hatred of guilt and unworthiness will be put to sleep, and his heart will welcome suggestions which formerly he would have repelled with fear and shame.

It may be said, however, that all writers of fiction are not of this description. It is true, they are not, and well for the world that it is so. The best and most eminent of them do not stoop to licentiousness and corruption. But many of them are persons who will descend to any thing for the sake of effect ; having too little principle to care for, or even to be conscious of, the injury they do, they can, by means of a temporary popularity, spread the infection among thousands, simply because the minds of their readers are too passive to understand their danger. Thus there are those whose whole employment seems to be to turn vice into virtue, and shame

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into glory, till all moral distinctions are worn away by the perpetual dropping, and the blindfolded reader will accept some poor knave as not only a gentleman and man of honor, but high-souled, whole-hearted, and whatever other fair name, taken in vain for the purpose, these conscientious people think proper to bestow. These men, from Byron down to Bulwer, and many a fathom down it is, have labored to represent human nature, when defiled, degraded, and passion-stained, as more elevated than before its fall; Herod, eaten of worms, as more graceful and commanding than Solomon in all his glory. There cannot be a more impudent affront to the common sense of mankind. The artist might as well maintain that the drunkard's redness is more beautiful than the school-boy's bloom, or the features wasted by sensuality more honorable than the soldier's battle-scars. It is all a base fraud; it is neither according to truth nor nature; the delusion contaminates the heart that gives it welcome; it conducts many a youth to a wretched life, a lonely prison, an untimely grave, or, perhaps, to the pirate's doom.

Happily there are not many writers of this description, though there are some who have been admired by men who might know better; but if the majority are of a higher order, it is unfortunately true of the best of them, that they create a taste for fiction which can only be fed with fiction. Let a youth begin with the most unexceptionable writers, who would scorn to prostitute their talents to licentious uses; still, the more he is fascinated by them, the more does his taste for such excitement grow. Once created, this appetite soon loses its moral taste and power of selection; it will demand, and it will have, indulgence; it can no longer appreciate works of high moral beauty, and it will swallow all that comes in its way, without regard to either character or effect. The epicure may begin with champagne; so long as it exhilarates, he will ask for nothing stronger; but when it ceases to excite, he will go on to the coarsest products of the still. In the same way do even such writers as Scott create this taste, which is not satisfied when their works are exhausted, and, instead of turning to any thing really valuable and improving, takes up with Irish whisky, like Jack Hinton, or those writings of Ainsworth, which are most aptly represented by New England rum; leaving us to bless our stars, however, that our climate, while it rejoices in the one

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commodity, has not, as yet, produced any thing like the other.

With respect to the indications of danger, it is sufficient to say, that where the taste for reading for improvement is lost, there is injury already done. The reader may throw by the news and the novels of the day to ascertain how essential they are to his enjoyment; whether he is dull and listless without them; or whether he can turn with animated interest to works of a different order, such as put the mind into action and send a healthy glow through every part. If he finds that it gives him no pleasure to exert his powers, that improvement has no attraction, and that he turns to his fiction like the intemperate man to his glass, he may well regard himself as already in the perilous position, where many fine minds have been ruined by self-indulgence. It is owing to this, that so few persons think. Their minds play and float on various subjects; but they may as well call drumming with their fingers bodily exercise, as give the name of thinking to revery and waking dreams, which, so far from amounting to action, oftener show that the power of action is lost.

But we have said enough on this subject; enough, probably, if our subscribers were of the younger class of people, to diminish materially the circulation of the Review. If any one of them should be conscientious enough to read our remarks, and should be, like old Transfer, in "Zeluco," willing to hear reason when he has made up his mind, he will see that, with impartiality quite unusual in reviewers, we have presented both sides of the subject in this and in a former number; so that if, after all, he is still dissatisfied, the fault cannot be ours. We think it matter of congratulation, that the kings and queens in this department of literature, have been blameless in proportion to their genius. That power so mighty should be lodged in safe and conscientious hands, considering the waywardness of talent, was hardly to be expected. Still it has been so; and though there has been an instance here and there of some adventurer, who has succeeded in gaining influence and even admiration, without any thing in his mind and heart which really deserved it, the world find him out at last, and turn their backs on him without ceremony, taking ample vengeance not only for his vices, but for their own blindness, which they remember with wrath and shame.

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Scott must certainly take the first place among writers of fiction, though there are defects in his writings which were not perceived in the dazzle of his living renown. His understanding was vigorous and manly; though under the influence of many traditional impressions and prejudices, it was not because he wanted sagacity to see through them, but because strong family and patriotic attachments made him willing to invite and cherish the delusion. Take him in the broad highway of life, and no man could judge more truly, no man's vision was clearer and sharper than his; but with his foot on his native soil, and his ear drinking in its enchanting legends of story and song, he could admire such a savage as Claverhouse, with only the thin veil of chivalry to cover his bloody hands, while he had no voice of cheering for those who stood up under intolerable oppression to fight the battles of the free. Hedged in as he was by early associations, he became too ready a slave to those creeds which go down from one generation to another, venerated by their friends in proportion as they are suspected by others, till the world at once awakes to a universal sense of their hollowness, and they sink unlamented in the dust. In this he differs from Shakspeare, whose kings, lords, and prelates were men, — good or bad men as the case might be; with whom the man was always more than the office or the title, and no robe nor mantle hid the outline and proportions of the moral form. With this abatement, the highest praise can be given to Scott for his healthy tone of moral sentiment; it might seem light praise in Christian lands to say, that he is free from every thing licentious and corrupting; but it is much to keep the garments white, where so many have been stained; where the great genius, which, for a time, eclipsed his own, — we mean Byron, — left a memory in which the glory bears but a small proportion to the shame.

The same praise is due to Miss Edgeworth, who stands second only to that great master; her fame thus far has found many critics, but none that can fairly claim to be rivals. In her works we find much of the true philosophy of life, if we may use a phrase which has figured in so many antic combinations, that it is almost ashamed of its meaning. Her analysis of character is full of discrimination, and her detection of secret motives and impulses sufficiently keen and searching; in fact, the sagacity with which she detects

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the hidden movements of the heart, setting the moral before the reader in a few words of concentrated wisdom, sometimes makes her seem deficient in that tenderness for poor humanity which its sins and weaknesses should ever awaken, and which such minds should be the readiest to feel. In such a story as Vivian, for example, which is, perhaps, the most powerful of her sketches, nothing can be finer than the manner in which she points out the unconscious frailty with which resolution sinks into infirmity of purpose, and thus leads on to hopeless guilt and dishonor. In the power of moral impression she is quite unrivalled, owing, in great part, to her singleness of aim and effort; while a person of considerable promise, like Miss Martineau, believing herself to be a world's convention of all manner of gifts, exerts her powers in so many directions that she contrives to excel in none, Miss Edgeworth presents her morals, patriotism, and political economy, in that form where she is always at home, and thus makes and fixes impressions by light suggestions, where solemn discussions would not be regarded. In her day, sympathy with human nature was not, as it is now, a chief element in the popularity of distinguished writers; but the consciousness which she seems to have, that the deepest fountains of interest may be found in the valleys of life, the warmth of pleasure with which she describes lowly dwellings and their tenants, with the glory and joy of virtue thrown around them, and the familiar ease with which she gives them their places among the great and high, will secure her renown in coming ages, when men shall deal more in the realities of life, and be less enslaved to the outward show.

But we have no time to allude particularly to those who, in our own and other countries, have made themselves eminent by their success in fiction; not even to Bulwer, who, by dint of a certain air, established himself as the Brummel of literature, though his only conception of gentlemen seemed to be, that they were people manufactured by the tailor, and therefore he saw no reason why thieves and murderers, properly dressed, should not sustain that character as well as better men. Nor can we dwell on a later and more deserving favorite of the public, who, after being over estimated, is in danger of being placed below his proper station, and to a far greater degree. His gifts are of that kind which tell with great force upon the public mind; a rich vein of humor,

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though not by any means of the purest, a quick observation of character, and a bold and free hand to set it down, and, what is more, a ready sympathy with human nature in all its aspects and abodes, made him popular almost without example; men expressed their enthusiasm in a manner which they were sure to be ashamed of a little while after, and then, instead of rejoicing that they have hearts to be so easily moved, they wreak their resentment upon the innocent writer, whose works have betrayed them into such overflowing exhibitions of delight. Now they begin to perceive, what is true indeed, that his characters are somewhat excessive and overdone; that such persons as Squeers and Quilp never had their originals in nature; that the writer has not sufficient resources to supply the constant drain; and that the manner in which he dashes off his opinions on many grave subjects shows that he has been at no expense of thought about such matters. Still, if he has patience to bear the reverses incident to the life of every popular writer, and can escape the acid fermentation which always indicates the swift decay of fame, he may yet assume a place above this capricious public taste, which none can venture to defy, but which real merit is sure to carry with it as pioneer and trumpeter at last.

Meantime, another competitor has stepped into the field, and from a quarter where nothing of the kind was expected; but though the scenes of Miss Bremer are laid in the North, and her views of social life savor strongly of local peculiarity, she is not a painter of manners; her characters are not Swedes, but men and women, and, those traits which are common to mankind being so finely traced and brought out, they are welcomed, not as persons figuring on a stage, nor as moving shapes in a diorama, but as human beings, such as we have often met; such, indeed, as we meet wherever we go. She seems to describe her own mind and feelings in the sketch of one of those sensible and affectionate women, who go into a family with a ready sympathy for all its members, and inspire such confidence at once, that every heart turns its open side toward them. She is not blinded to substantial merit by the rough word or hasty action; in the young she can see gleams of promise through the offensive peculiarities of childhood, and she can exert that forbearance toward the old, which disarms all angry passion; keeping the

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waters of life, by her own unconscious influence, all clear and smooth about her, she is able, without effort, to see far below the surface, and to trace what is not manifest to common eyes. She has the courage to paint life as it is; as Shakspeare shuffled clowns and kings together, she takes her reader at once from the parlour to the kitchen, showing in the same view the preparations for dinner and the fermenting elements of tragic passion in the household; the fretful impatience at one moment of those who can be great and self-denying at another; and painting to the life those half laughing tears and those self-consoling sorrows, together with those battles of the secret heart, which would make men's lives scenes of thrilling interest to any eye that could look them through. In this department she excels all who have gone before her; and, however loose and disjointed her stories may be; though all the unities of time, place, and character may at times be furiously disregarded, one who reminds the reader so often of what passes in his own life and his own heart is sure of that affectionate and grateful interest, which is far more enviable than any amount of profit or popular fame.

Miss Bremer, in a letter to Mrs. Howitt, expresses wonder that her works should have interest in England which is so rich in romance already. It is not the romance of her works which gives them their attraction; on the contrary, where the picture of every-day life is so exactly presented, the romantic materials which she interweaves are out of place and unwelcome. They are like one of Mrs. Radcliffe's horrible war-figures set up in a common drawing-room, or a ghost exchanging compliments with living people. In "The Neighbours," every one is oppressed with the fierce romance of Hagar, whose character and presence seem always odious and unnatural, and whose confessions, though relied upon to clear up the reputation of Bruno, leave it, after all, about as dark as before. Bruno himself goes to the utmost bound of romantic propriety; we cannot help feeling that the return of the Prodigal Son is more according to truth and nature; and lament that the happiness of Serena should be intrusted to such wayward hands; but even he is far less oppressive to our faith than Elizabeth in "The H—— Family," who is as unfit for any purpose of interest in a story of common life as a volcano for a mound in a pleasure-garden. Such female

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Giaours may possibly be found in Oriental regions, but are utterly unsuited to the high northern latitudes in which the scene of the story is laid. In "The President's Daughters," there is a different kind of person, a sort of genius, who is happily removed to Rome by a benevolent friend, early in the progress of the story, much to her own, and not less so to the reader's satisfaction, leaving him to travel in peace and comfort to the close. In ordinary stories, these materials would answer well enough, because there is not sufficient probability and truth to nature to put them to shame; but for one who deals so familiarly with home and the heart, and whose great power is shown in the profound interest which she can give to common things, we feel that these theatrical pageants are unsuitable and unworthy.

We have nothing to add to our former remarks on the subject of "The Neighbours," a work admirably suited to herald forth a new literary name. It has passed at once into a popularity more general than it has often been the lot of such a story to secure, having interest not only for childhood and youth, but for a large class of maturer readers, who had long since laid fiction aside, and never expected to see an inducement to return to it again. Since the public always require that each new appearance of a favorite writer shall be more brilliant than the last, it was not to be expected that "The H—— Family" should come up to that somewhat unreasonable demand; accordingly, though with the advantage of some striking scenes, and an excellent translation, it has been accepted as an imperfect sketch, rather than a work, and as such has been admitted to considerable favor; not placed in the same rank with "The Neighbours," indeed, but regarded as sustaining the author's high reputation.

"The H—— Family" opens with an unpretending scene, in which a custom-house officer sustains the chief part; and incidental and careless though it is, such a picture shows, better than more labored ones, the spirit, power, and kind sympathies of the writer. It is needless to do more than name what every reader remembers. The traveller is interested in the appearance of the red-nosed officer, coldly civil and respectful though he is, in the discharge of an unpleasant duty. At first, she was disposed to quarrel with him, on account of that duty; but the cold nose, the sad

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expression, his four children, the snow-storm, all passing before her, changed her feeling into kindness and desire to serve him. When he took off his hat to her at parting, she would fain have stopped the sleigh to make him a present; but that sort of irresolution, which every one understands, prevented her doing so, and the opportunity was lost. As soon as she arrives in the cheerful parlour, and sits down at the well furnished table, the transition from the storm without to the happy scene within fills her with delight, till the vision of the frozen nose places itself before her, as an upbraiding to her conscience, and nothing else can she see. Who is there that has not reproached himself thus for losing some opportunity of serving others, and consoled himself, in like manner, by one of those promises for to-morrow, which are so easily made, though it is not on record that any one of them was ever redeemed?

This whole story unfolds to us some of the realities which are found in the living letter; and we are well persuaded that even the anfractuosities, as Dr. Johnson calls them, are not only according to truth, but were drawn from living nature; such, for example, as the misgivings of the eldest daughter just before her marriage with a man every way calculated to make her happy, while she insists upon it that she shall be miserable, and determines to separate, after the manner of him who would cure the headache by amputation;—and the case of Julia, for a time praising the looks of her *nonchalant* and hearty suitor, and persuading herself that she loved him, till she becomes conscious of those wants of the mind and spirit, which sometimes make themselves felt where they are not understood, and finds it necessary to her happiness to remove the graceful form in favor of the heart and soul. In reference to such connexions and separations, and the means of preventing needless alienation in those who have embarked for life together, the lessons given in this work, or rather thrown into it, are of exceeding value, and could only have come from a most thoughtful and wise observer. Nothing can be better described than the change in Julia's feelings. Before her sister's marriage, she could not bear that the service should be performed by one so horridly serious and ugly as Professor L——; but when her mind begins to open to a consciousness of its nature and destiny, the warm-hearted eloquence and virtue of the Pro-

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fessor, the high sentiments which he awakened, and the lessons of duty and spiritual life which he taught, make her impatient of the vapid epicureanism of her handsome lover; nor is her dissatisfaction lessened by his indecorous snore during the reading of a passage from Herder, which brings the color to her cheek and the tears into her eye. Convinced that she could never endure to be an oyster on the sand-bank of life, and that the oyster-eater was not much higher in the scale of being, she parts from her lover without breaking his heart, or spoiling his appetite, and becomes a proud and happy tenant of the humble dwelling of the Professor.

We cannot say that we greatly delight in the foreign family with which Cornet Charles allies himself, and of the episode of Elizabeth we have already expressed an unfavorable opinion. There is too broad a daylight in these works for such things to be seen to advantage; and the wonder is, how so perfectly natural a taste can have thought it well to introduce them. When the said Cornet, in his wild love-chase, is pursued by the frolicsome party into the store-room, frantic with grief and perplexity though he is, the sight of provisions makes him hungry, and Miss Bremer permits him to eat, where an ordinary romance-writer would sooner have died upon the spot. When Beata looks for the kind-hearted Madam H. in her bedroom, she finds her prayer-book open on the sofa, its pages wet with tears, while the proprietor thereof is in the kitchen, reproving the cook for neglecting to prepare the cutlets from the breast of lamb; this is, sad to say, in perfect accordance with truth and nature, and also with the spirit of one of Galt's characters, who, on a mourning occasion, remarked "If a' mankind were dead, so that there was but ae person left in the world, ye ken that man maun hae his dinner." Many such touches there are, which evidently came from real life; witness the tart, concerning which it pleased the Colonel to observe that, "after he had eaten a piece, it oppressed him a little. You never know what oppresses people; men have curious notions." The closing scene of the Provost's widow is excellent in its way, reminding us of the best part of "The Neighbours"; but the glory of the book is the solemn earnestness of the little Thickeys, when they have undertaken to dig through the solid globe, and are deterred, not

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by any misgivings as to the feasibility of the enterprise, but by the fear of falling through when the work is done. Surely, if the book were otherwise unworthy of the author of "The Neighbours," which we do not think is the case, except so far as it has less effort and pretension, this passage would be enough to redeem it.

The character of Helen in this work is one in which the author delights, and with reason; for no other writer, that we remember, has ventured to draw a sketch of those admirable persons, who, cut off by infirmity and plainness of person from sharing the enjoyments of others, instead of being soured by the privation, enter with the warmest interest into the joys and sorrows of others; commanding respect by that self-balanced repose of character which implies firmness and strength, and inspiring affection to a degree which none are fully conscious of, till their places know them no more. The choice of such characters, and the heart which the author throws into the portrait, show that she has that sense of moral beauty, where it is not set off by accidental advantages, which is one of the highest traits of intellectual elevation, and which gives her immense power to do good in a way which few others have travelled, and which few, perhaps, have ever known. We see something of it, indeed, in Scott's picture of Jeanie Deans, where the subject was not of his own finding, but was furnished to his hands; but even there, we think, most observing readers are conscious that the writer attached too much importance to those adventitious distinctions in which the guilty sister abounds, so that, whatever he may say of the inward happiness of the one, and the perpetual uneasiness of the other, — and he could not say more than was true, — the external condition eclipses the reality, and the lesson is not so deeply impressed as is desirable on the reader's mind and heart.

The Governess of the President's daughters holds as favorable a place for observation, as Beata in the H—— family; her warm sympathy with her charge gives her a true insight into their characters, and the means of drawing out the better elements of their natures; though her method does not harmonize entirely with the traditional rules of the President's lost and blessed wife, which, out of respect to her memory, he treats as the perfection of common sense, never to be swerved from, whether right or wrong. The President him-

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self is finely drawn, with his polish of manners and real kindness of heart, blended with unconscious epicureanism and a solemn tone of moralizing, curiously contrasted with real thoughtlessness and self-delusion. Real life must have furnished the original of the gracious person, who sat eating heartily at the table, and saying, at the same time, "How little does man require in order to make him happy!" The scene of the hair-cutting, and his wrath and distress at discovering the unusual manner in which she had sheared his locks, is another of those passages which seem like the daily journal of a household, not intended for publication. It is a masterly and characteristic argument, in which the Governess, while she resists his wishes on the subject of his daughter, unfolds to him her views respecting the formation of character, to which he has nothing to oppose save the maxims of the blessed Presidentess repeated in various forms of words, all showing that, while he thought it necessary to be deliberate and conscientious on the subject, he had never really thought any thing about the matter.

The great point of interest in this work is the transformation of Edla, from a sullen and discontented spirit into an affectionate daughter and cheerful member of the circle. It is not in all respects happily managed; but any defect in the detail is of little importance compared with the idea, which affords the key at once to nine tenths of the misery of life, and shows, too, where the remedy may be found. There are many minds with powers which have found no inducement to exertion, and hearts with affections not yet unfolded in light and love; and these elements of our nature, which were intended to spread the rich glow of happiness through it, become by their stagnation a burden and a curse to their possessor. If any means can be devised to put the slumbering mind into action, and to warm the chilled heart with the fervor of its own motions, the listless, unsocial, heavy-hearted being will be transformed into a messenger of sympathy and goodness, carrying sunshine wherever she goes. Edla is represented as inferior in personal appearance to her sisters, and, from the sense that she is not valued, unwilling to exert herself for others, and shrinking proudly back from their advances within the dark walls of her own heart. Her father looks on her as undutiful and thankless, not being able to sympathize with the feelings which he could not understand.

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And thus a consumption of the mind and heart was gaining fast upon her, spreading inward to the house of moral and spiritual life; a complaint, which, though it is not named in the books, is fearfully common. When physical disease affects the frame, it is plain to every eye; but no external sign betrays the hectic flush which indulgence has brought upon the mind; no blackness of the surface indicates the process of death within; and thus the human being knows not when his spirit is dead to the strongest claims and obligations; he is conscious of unhappiness only, and that he considers others responsible for, and believes it in their power to remove it. Here, then, is the great error; to deny the plant the nourishment and sunshine convenient to its nature, and yet wonder, that instead of blooming, its leaves should wither and fall;—ascribing to the elements or to the rough handling of others that which is owing only to neglect. The upas in the moral world is no fiction; there is such a plant in many a garden, near which nothing else can grow. Now the first thing is to set the mind in action, and the inducement which shall be presented to it must depend on its own nature. The author would not recommend Plato to every unhappy daughter; there are those to whom other studies would offer more attraction, and do more good. The only object is to lift up the intellectual nature from the low place in which it lies, that it may have light to see around it and within. This the author truly regards as indispensable, and all efforts without it are as useless as setting right the hands of a timepiece which does not go.

Count Alaric is a well drawn, though not particularly pleasing, character; high-minded, refined, and fastidious; impatient of the follies of others, not because he has none himself, but simply because his own are of a different description; and yet likely to be loved to excess by such a person as Adelaide, from her admiration of the oaken strength of his heart, contrasted with the gentle weakness of her own. Concerning Otto, the less that is said, indeed the less that he says, the better. But Adelaide is a beautiful picture of female loveliness; and we cannot but regard it as an evidence of the writer's truth to nature, that while the one, with all his excellence, is too rigid and exacting, and the other painfully sensible to every thing like coldness and alienation, she should have thought it possible for an affection to exist

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which should soften the one and give energy to the other, and thus make them entirely one. On the whole, "The President's Daughters" is the least pleasing of these works, though it is not deficient in passages of great interest, affords much practical instruction for the conduct of life, and would be enough to make the fortune of almost any other writer.

The most finished of these stories is that which has last reached us. We do not mean that it is more interesting than "The Neighbours," in which the story is told by one of the characters of the novel, and is beautifully colored by the peculiarities of the imaginary narrator. But as a work of art, consistent in all its parts, and with each naturally related to the whole; with characters gradually unfolding themselves through the circumstances into which they are thrown, and in such a manner as to illustrate the writer's favorite principle of the omnipotence of love; with the power to chain attention by the deep tragedy of real life, while the small daily circumstances, which are so little regarded, are made by their improvement or abuse to work out the happiness or desolation of the heart; with its life-like illustrations of the great truth of Christianity, that evil can never be subdued with evil, while it can always be overcome with good, — this unpretending story must be regarded as one of the best and happiest tributes which literature has ever paid to humanity. It deserves not only to be admired, but pondered and studied by all who would understand the true wisdom of life, and escape those cares and sorrows which men bring on themselves, and which are by far the heaviest that ever oppress the heart. Our countrywoman, Miss Sedgwick, has rendered the same service on a smaller scale, with her usual ability; but this work of Miss Bremer covers the whole ground, showing what may be made of life, and what a home should be; — not a place where the person is protected from the elements, a fire kindled in winter, and the daily table spread; but a place, rather, where the wants of the heart may find their best gratification in a sanctuary of kind affections, and the mind secure that contented repose which so many imagine, but comparatively few are fortunate enough to know.

The usual way in which the novel-writer exercises poetical justice is, to cause a golden shower to fall upon the favored ones of the story. The little Petrea, in her first attempt at romance, unconsciously caught the very spirit of

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the art, when she described the lovers as at length happily married and established, and having eight children in one year. Such prosperity is not common in real life ; and the manner in which the novel-reader always looks for external rewards of virtue shows the necessary effect of his indulgence to make him insensible to all unseen things. This author, on the contrary, shows that there is no need of smiting a rock in the wilderness to supply the thirst of the heart. So far as outward things have any concern with it, no spring-floods of good fortune are necessary for the purpose ; if the mind is kept in action, and the affections unchilled by selfishness, every day of life may be a high festival of gladness, because, when the power of enjoyment is kept in order, the means of enjoyment are never wanting. The great truth, that happiness depends on what we are, and not on what we have ; that when the spirit is kept in tune, the harmonies of nature and of life will always be listened to with delight ; that to be at peace with ourselves, with others, and with God, brings out those full organ-tones of glory and love on which the soul floats as on the ocean, upborne from all things unworthy, and brought continually nearer to the skies ; this truth, which cannot well be expressed in words, — our own are none of the clearest, — is here manifested in living action, by setting before us the daily life of an affectionate and united family, where all discordant elements are soon melted down into union, irregular desires and sympathies reclaimed from their wandering, and even traits of fixed character, which have taken their direction for years, are affected, like the glacier in the sunshine, by the irresistible power of love.

In the two heads of this family is beautifully shown the improving influence which two persons may exert on each other, when put into communication by mutual respect and love. The scene opens with a difference about a trifle, as the most serious differences of such persons are apt to be respecting trifles, because their tempers are unguarded. The Judge hastily proposes some improvement which his busy nature suggests, and which her acquiescent turn of mind is not prepared to welcome. She is too gentle, and, indeed, too indifferent to the matter, to oppose ; but she expresses her opinion in precisely the way most calculated to irritate a temper like his. With such elements of dis-

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cord, which, being within themselves, must be constantly present, nothing could prevent the result, at no distant time, of entire alienation, except a cultivation of that affection which each had pledged to the other, and which, like a winter fire, must be kept burning with care, or it will soon leave nothing but cold ashes. In many cases, these tragical consequences follow; the selfish coldness, where love might as well exist, gains upon each party, till the heavy chill of indifference prevails in every part of the dwelling, making it as desolate as the grave. But in the case before us, the wife studies out the strong excellences in the character of her husband, and learns to value and forgive; while he, in turn, is made more and more sensible of her gentle and generous loveliness, because her virtue is of a kind so different from his own. Meantime, each is unconsciously doing much to form the other; his impatient energy is daily softened into a graceful tenderness by an influence which she is not aware of exerting; and her mild spirit, which naturally inclined to sentimental dreaming, is nerved to power and self-reliance, which otherwise she could not have reached, by her deep sympathy with the man she loves. Thus the very peculiarities of character, which threatened the ruin of their peace and joy, are changed, by the influence of conscience and of love, into the means of improvement, and thus far of happiness; since it is ordained by the law which stands for ever, that goodness and happiness shall be one.

The same lesson is taught by the change in Leonora. Depressed, as she was, by ill health and the conscious want of beauty, she was fast sinking into a sullen misanthropy, when the self-denying affection of her sister Eva touched the spring of good feeling in her heart, and her whole destiny was changed from discontent and sorrow into light and love. The beauty of Eva, on the contrary, as often happens in real life, had nearly become the cause of her wretchedness, by bringing her heart into bondage to one of those worthless libertines who deceive others into affection of which they themselves are utterly unworthy. When her mind becomes diseased, in consequence of separation from her lover, it is the perpetual influence of domestic love which restores the tone to her heart, and enables her once more to exert her powers and affections, and enjoy the blessings of home. In every striking way, but easily, naturally, and

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with no appearance of art, is the lesson impressed, that every thing made of life yields when the heart is warm and tender, and that there is no power, human or divine, which approaches the resistlessness of love.

One of the happiest of the author's creations is Petrea, with her active and scheming mind, where every thing is in disorder, and her kind and generous heart, where nothing is ever wrong. Her large nose is the burden she is doomed to carry; but, though fully conscious of the misfortune, she is lifted above it by means of sympathy and affection. This same nose is a touch of nature; it is difficult to realize how heavy the sense of some slight peculiarity of appearance often sits upon the soul; it makes the sufferer, for such he is, feel as if all eyes were turned toward him; as if there could be no subject of thought or conversation except his unfortunate nose. No small superiority of mind is required to save the heart from the disease of jealousy; and the manner in which these fatal tendencies are resisted, and a wild and vagrant fancy tamed into eminent usefulness, is finely shown in this portrait, the original of which we have seen, though the painting was never attempted before.

Concerning Mrs. Gunilla and the Assessor, every reader will speak in high, but not unmeasured praise. The former, indeed, is perfect in her way, and her argument on the subject of the monads is perfectly satisfactory and convincing. The latter is, perhaps, more cynical than was necessary, though Mackenzie has drawn a character very like it in this respect, and the one in question appears like a sketch from nature. The Candidate is more open to exception; or perhaps we should say, that such a Candidate would be thought more extraordinary than welcome in most families, his good-nature being hardly a balance for his easy epicureanism, and his religion apparently nothing more than a native goodness of heart. Slenderly equipped, to all appearance, the Candidate is, with those religious feelings which are commonly thought desirable in that sacred profession, and we cannot think that when he relinquished it, and became a teacher, the hopes of Christianity grew dim.

This is not the place to discuss the religion of these works, which, if practically true, is fantastically expressed at times; but there is one thing to which familiarity must have made her insensible, but which is very offensive to the

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taste and feeling of her readers; we mean the allusion to solemn subjects in order to give point to a jest. If we were near enough to the author, we should assure her that the day of judgment is no laughing matter, nor is it well to surround so grave a subject with any ludicrous associations. The profaneness, too, which is found in such works as this, is perfectly astonishing in connexion with the moral purity, in other respects, of those from whose lips it proceeds. We are aware that there is much insensibility to this kind of transgression, though it implies a want of principle, like any other sin of indulgence. Some of those gentlemen, so called, who, in travelling through our country, vehemently berate it, because low people smoke and chew tobacco in the cars, will, in their very objurgations on the subject, offend all who are better than themselves, by their vile abuse of the sacred name; little aware that, if the choice should be made between spitting and profaneness, the former vice, odious as it certainly is, is by far the least criminal and disgusting of the two.

One thing will surprise the inhabitant of New England in reading these works, and that is, the constant reference to *drinking*; the Candidate takes his glass of Cogniac, as if it were part of his professional duty; and the closing festival of "The Home" is celebrated by the extraordinary solemnity of drinking punch from a bowl over which the mother of the family presides, and each of the party in desperate happiness flinging his glass behind him. Truly, if these things are so, the King of Sweden will have no sinecure in his office of President of the Temperance Society; it will require the power of a monarch and the nerve of an old soldier, to bring about the necessary reform.

It is needless to give extracts from books which, by this time, have been in the hands of all our readers. Nothing that we can say would add to the prevailing sense of their merit, and, if they were more open to objection than they are, no friend of humanity would wish to impair the prevailing enthusiasm, when their spirit is so unexceptionable, and their influence promises to be so happy. Not that we expect any great moral effect from the best fictitious writings; for, as we have shown, not to injure is nearly their highest praise. But if they can stand in the way of positively injurious novels, in which the market always abounds, some of

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those pernicious writers, who are not destitute of talent, may reconsider their ways, and be induced to choose a more excellent way to profit and fame. We take our leave of these works with the highest respect for the writer. The fireside is her field of fame; no one has ever equalled her descriptions of its blessings, and her skill in tracing out the sources from which they flow. Home is a word soon spoken; but there is no end to the variety of incident and condition which it embraces, of moral instruction which it may teach, or of mournful and affecting tragedy which can be seen in it by a prophet's eye. Since that high gift is bestowed on this author, may she use it with a sense of her responsibility, so that now, since her talent has made her equal to the highest, her conscientiousness and power of moral impression may set her above all other writers of the day.

ART. VI. — *The School and the Schoolmaster. A Manual for the Use of Teachers, Employers, Trustees, Inspectors, &c., of Common Schools.* In Two Parts. Part I. by ALONZO POTTER, D. D., of New York. Part II. by GEORGE B. EMERSON, A. M., of Massachusetts. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1842. 12mo. pp. 552.

THIS book owes its existence to the judicious liberality of Mr. James Wadsworth, of Geneseo, in the State of New York, a gentleman of ample fortune and enlightened benevolence, whom age has not made insensible to the claims of the young, and wealth has not steeled against the wants of the poor. He has directed a copy of it to be placed in each of the school districts, incorporated academies and county clerks' offices of the State of New York, as well as in the hands of the governors of the several States, and of the deputy superintendents of common schools in the several counties of the State of New York. More than eleven thousand copies have thus been distributed. An edition of thirty-five hundred copies has also been struck off in Boston, at the expense of Mr. Martin

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Brimmer, of that city, for distribution among the public schools and school committees of Massachusetts. We record these generous benefactions with peculiar pleasure. The gratuitous circulation of good books is one of the best means of employing superfluous wealth. It is a form of bounty which is twice blest; "blessing him that gives, and him that takes." It is accompanied by none of those perplexing doubts as to the ultimate good to be accomplished by the benefaction, which so often attend the giving of money. These gentlemen may have the unalloyed satisfaction of reflecting that every teacher, into whose hands this book falls, will be benefited thereby; will be aided, instructed, and encouraged; will labor with renewed zeal and ampler knowledge.

We receive this book with pleasure, not only on account of its own merits, but as a proof of the growing interest which the subject of education is awakening in New York and Massachusetts, two States which always have exerted, and always will exert, a great influence upon the whole country, and whose example is a very powerful one, both for good and for evil. We hail it as a proof that the education of the young is attracting, more and more, the attention of wise, thoughtful, and well-instructed men. In a country like ours, politics will ever constitute the engrossing subject of interest to its leading minds; and of this we have no right to complain, so long as it does not form the exclusive one. But the claims of education are so sacred, and those of literature so important, that we cannot view with composure the prospect of having them set aside or intrusted to inferior hands, and we greet with satisfaction the appearance of every superior mind that turns aside from the career which is more dazzling and exciting, and seeks its satisfaction in a more quiet, but not less useful sphere. We cannot forbear in this connexion to speak of the great impulse given to the cause of education by Mr. Horace Mann, the Secretary of the Board of Education in the State of Massachusetts. His valuable reports, his lectures and discourses, the journal conducted by him, and his personal influence, are all contributing to the production of results most striking in their extent, and most gratifying in their character. The effects of his labors are visible in a degree to convince the most skeptical, and to attract the attention

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of the most heedless. The fields are white with the harvest of his own sowing. Mr. Mann is now in Europe for the two-fold purpose of reëstablishing his health, and gaining new views and fresh impulses upon that subject to which his life is devoted; and every patriotic heart will follow him with good wishes, and the prayer that in both respects his visit may be a successful one.

The First Part of the work now before us is written by Dr. Potter, of Schenectady College. It is divided into two chapters. The first chapter treats of the nature and object of education in its most comprehensive sense, including intellectual, moral, æsthetical, and physical education; of various prevalent errors in regard to education, of the education needed by the American people, and of the importance of education, first, to the individual, and secondly, to society. The second chapter treats of the relation of common schools to other means of education, of their present condition, and of the means by which they may be improved. These subjects are all discussed with ability and knowledge. The style is weighty, scholarlike, and impressive, frequently rising into eloquence, and uniformly vigorous. The fruit and results of a very extensive course of reading are brought natually to bear upon the subject, in the way of allusion and illustration. The tone of sentiment is just and elevated, the highest motives being addressed, and that standard of thought and feeling held up for imitation, by observing which, individuals cannot fail to become wise and happy, and nations prosperous and great. The first chapter is chiefly valuable for the motives it suggests and the impulse it gives. No person can read it without feeling a renewed interest in the subject of education, and entertaining a vivid sense of what is yet to be done to elevate and extend it. The second chapter has a more direct and practical value, as it points out defects and suggests remedies, embodying the results of much careful observation and patient thought. We quote a few paragraphs from Dr. Potter's remarks on the cultivation of the taste.

"The state of our country, and the character of the age, call loudly *for a more elegant and humanizing culture.* In the habits of a people, few things have a more important influence, for good or evil, than the use they make of leisure. Some relief from labor men must have; something to vary the monotony of

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life, and restore the mind to a sense of its elasticity. If this relief be not afforded by innocent and improving recreations, it will be sought for in sensual indulgence. In our country it is peculiarly so. The ardor, with which men engage here in business, they carry to their pleasures; and, in the absence of higher sources of exhilaration, they rush to the gaming-table, and, above all, to the intoxicating cup. The contrast, in this respect, between our people, and those of countries in which the fine arts are generally cultivated, is most striking and instructive. Take Germany, for example. There, the people have access to ardent spirits as well as wine; moral restraints are not more powerful than with us; and yet, in many provinces, drunkenness is almost unknown. It will not be easy to find an explanation for this fact, except in the prevalence, throughout the same provinces, of a taste for music and other arts; a taste which has been developed by culture, and in which all the people, from the highest to the lowest, find an inexhaustible resource. Efforts to avert the progress of intemperance are doubtless most necessary and important, and they are eminently worthy of encouragement; but, to be permanently useful, they should be coupled with measures to supply, from higher and purer sources, the exhilaration which men, when at leisure, always require. If the mind of the reclaimed drunkard be left to brood over vacancy, we must not be surprised that he returns to his cups; nor must we wonder that so many, who are now forming habits of indulgence, decline surrendering their pleasures when they are offered no substitute. In order to effect a lasting change in the habits of the people, we must raise and purify their tastes. Hence the importance of libraries, of associations for mutual improvement, and of every institution which proposes the diffusion of knowledge.

"The fine arts, however, have one advantage which can hardly be claimed for books. As things now stand, each one reads such book as gratifies his own taste, or as may be thrown in his way by chance, or by the design of others. The consequence is, that the reading of many men only contributes to strengthen their lower propensities. This can hardly be the case with the fine arts. Their productions are more limited in their range, and are exposed to more general scrutiny. Among a people, too, who have such notions of decorum as prevail with us, these arts can hardly venture to appeal, openly and directly, to our worst passions.

"There is another benefit to be anticipated in our country from the cultivation of a taste for the arts, to which I will advert in this connexion. Foreign travellers have complained of the

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American people, that they rarely have leisure, and that, when they have, they know not how to enjoy it. There is some truth in the remark. We are eminently a working people. Part of this industry results, no doubt, from our condition, and from the powerful incitements to enterprise, afforded by a young and prosperous country. Part of it, however, seems to result from impatience of rest. Not a few of the rash adventures and ruinous speculations, by which we have distinguished ourselves of late, had their origin in a love of excitement, and in our aversion to being without employment. A partial remedy for this evil might be found by diffusing a taste for the elegant and ornamental arts. These arts would furnish that moderate and agreeable excitement which is so desirable in the intervals of labor. They would tranquillize, in some degree, the minds which have been agitated by business, and would dispose them to seek more frequent relief from its cares, and to plunge with less haste into new, hazardous, and anxious undertakings. They would teach us all, that there is a time for rest and refreshment as well as for exertion; and that the one may conduce as well as the other, not only to our enjoyment and dignity, but also to our permanent prosperity in business." —pp. 73–76.

The second part is written by Mr. George B. Emerson, of Boston, well known as the able and accomplished teacher of a school for young ladies, and whose valuable instructions, continued as they now have been for many years, are sensibly felt in the high intellectual cultivation and elevated tone of mind which, we flatter ourselves, characterize the female society of our city. This is a practical treatise on the duties, responsibilities, and compensations of the teacher; it treats of the mental, moral, and physical qualities necessary to make a good teacher, of the various branches of knowledge with which he must be familiar and which he must be prepared to teach, of the best methods by which that knowledge may be communicated to others, of rules for the discipline, management, and government of the school, and of the construction, &c., of the school-house. It is a very valuable contribution to the cause of education, containing, as it does, on every page, the results of the experience of more than twenty years spent in most successful instruction. To the young teacher it must prove of most essential service. It abounds with excellent hints and suggestions, not easily found anywhere else. The following extract will

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show the admirable tone in which it is written, and its earnest simplicity of style.

"The greatest defect in the American character, in reference to others, seems to be the want of respect for superiors. This leads to ill manners of every kind; for children ought rather to regard all as their superiors, and to be taught to respect them; and such, doubtless, is the spirit of the morality of the Gospel. Every teacher may do much to inculcate a right feeling in children towards their superiors, and a simple and modest habit of expressing it. There is no difficulty in the matter, except the proneness among teachers to consider it as something not belonging to them. But it is the duty of a teacher to do what he can for the benefit of his pupils in every respect, in manners as well as morals. They are intimately connected. Good manners are merely the outward expression of good feelings and good morals, and there must be some great defect in the latter when there is so much that is wrong in the former. The real defect at bottom is inordinate conceit and want of modesty. Much may be done towards correcting this by the example and instructions of a teacher who is himself modest. He should inculcate obedience to parents, and respect for the aged and for the stranger.

"Submission to the *authority* of *Law*. In no part of the world is this so important as in these United States. Ours is a government of laws. All our people should therefore be accustomed, from their earliest years, to submit to the authority of law; to submit, not by compulsion, but voluntarily. This is one strong reason why authority should be established, and laws strictly observed, in every school. In this respect, school *must be* a preparation for the society of the world. It should be the object of the instructer, in his system of government, to form the habit of obeying the law because it is just law, and because it is for the common good. Such reasoning as the following may be employed: You see that, if every boy in school be allowed to leave his seat, speak, or whisper, whenever he pleases, it will be impossible for any one to study. The purpose for which you came here will be defeated, and school will be of no use. Order and quiet must therefore prevail; and that they may, and that all may enjoy the great advantages which follow from them, each one must consent to give up a portion of his liberty. He will gain much more by it than he loses. He only gives up the privilege of making a noise when he ought to be quiet, and, in exchange, he gains the privilege of not being interrupted by every one of forty others when they please to interrupt him.

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"A more fundamental principle to be inculcated is *love of Truth*, and the habit of respecting it. Children should be taught, as early as possible, to feel how mean, base, loathsome, cowardly, and wicked a thing falsehood is, and how noble, generous, and glorious it is always to tell the truth. Nothing is so important to the future character of a child as that he should have the right feeling, and, built upon the feeling, and growing out of it, the right habit in regard to truth and falsehood. The first requisite is, that the teacher should himself have an ahhorrence of falsehood. This must be modified only by his compassion for the weakness of childhood, so that he may be able to pardon even a lie. Children are made liars by the examples set them from their earliest days. They are coaxed by falsehood, by what are called white lies, to get up and go to bed, to go to play and to give up their playthings, to give up food and to take medicine. They are even coaxed by falsehood into being good! They should never be deceived. No matter whether the thing in question be of small or of great consequence, they should never be deceived. A promise made to a child, like every other promise, should always be religiously kept. There is no such a thing as a white lie. Every deception is a lie, and, if practised upon a child, injures and tends to destroy his moral sense. Such a deception is a lie of the blackest hue.

"Another way in which children are made liars is by being allowed, and even encouraged, by the example of others, to use exaggeration, to speak in extravagant language. This should be checked whenever the occasion occurs, and the falseness and dangerous tendency of it pointed out. Persons of little conscientiousness will be likely to think such practices of slight consequence. But, in forming the conscience of a child, they are of very great; and the susceptible conscience of most children may be easily led so to regard them."— pp. 352 – 354.

There is one excellence common to both parts of this work, and not always found even in good books; and that is, the entirely self-forgetting spirit in which it is written. Dr. Potter and Mr. Emerson have, evidently, never thought of the literary success of their contributions. Their purpose has been to make a useful book; to help the great cause of education, and not to display their own attainments or abilities. This moral element gives it a peculiar value, and enhances all those merits of sound thought and good style which belong to it throughout.

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ART. VII. — 1. *Die Erdkunde im Verhältniss zur Natur und zur Geschichte des Menschen. 9ter Theil, 3tes Buch. West-Asien.* Von CARL RITTER. Berlin: 1840. pp. xx, 1048. (Geography in its relation to Nature and to the History of Man. Part IX. Book 3. Western Asia. By CARL RITTER.)

2. *A Residence of Eight Years in Persia among the Nestorian Christians; with Notices of the Muhammedans.* By Rev. JUSTIN PERKINS. *With a Map and 27 Plates.* Andover: Allen, Morrill, and Wardwell. 1843. 8vo. pp. xviii, 512.

WHEN the ten thousand Greeks, after the battle of Cunaxa and the death of the younger Cyrus, set out upon their retreat, which has been rendered so famous by the pen of Xenophon, they marched for several days northward through the plain that skirts the eastern bank of the Tigris. Having advanced some distance to the north of the site of ancient Nineveh, over against the modern Mosul, and being harassed by the constant attacks of the Persian cavalry, which followed them with restless vigor, the Greeks suddenly quitted the plain country, and turning eastward ascended the Karduchian mountains, among which they pursued their course northward towards the Euxine sea. Here they were secure from the further attacks of the Persian cavalry, and found themselves among tribes of independent mountaineers, — first the Karduchians, who manifested a hostile disposition, and then the Chaldæans and others, with whom they made a league.*

These same mountains, at the present day, constitute the almost inaccessible region of northern Kurdistân, lying between the plains of the Tigris on the west and those of Armenia on the east. They are inhabited chiefly by the rude and warlike Kurds (pronounced *Koords*), in whose independent and lawless character it is not difficult to recognize the same traits which of old distinguished the Karduchi and Chaldæans of Xenophon. These, and the close resemblance of the names, leave little room to doubt as to the

* Xenoph. *Anab.* lib. III. c. 4. Rennel's *Illustrations of the History of the Expedition of Cyrus,* Lond. 1816.

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identity of the modern Kurds with those ancient tribes. The Kurds are wild and fierce barbarians, given to war and plunder; they delight in horses, and are fearless, but unskilful, riders. There is little stretch of imagination requisite, to suppose that the prophet Habakkuk had the same national characteristics in view, when describing the ancient Chaldeans of Mesopotamia, who apparently derived their origin from the same mountains.

> "For lo, I raise up the Chaldeans,
> A bitter and hasty nation,
> Marching through the breadth of the earth
> To possess dwellings not their own.
> Fearful and terrible are they;
> Their statutes and decrees go forth only from themselves.
> Swifter than leopards are their horses,
> And fiercer than the evening wolves.
> Their horsemen prance proudly;
> Their horsemen come from far, they fly,
> As the eagle pounceth upon his prey.
> They come forth all for violence;
> The host of their faces is forward!
> They gather captives as the sand.
> And they scoff at kings,
> And princes are a scorn unto them.
> They laugh at every strong-hold,
> They cast up mounds and take it." — Hab. i. 6–10.

It is only within the few last years that these Kurdish mountains have been penetrated by the enterprise of modern travellers. It has been known, indeed, since the days of the indefatigable Niebuhr, that a portion of them is inhabited by a remnant of the ancient Nestorian branch of the great Syrian church; but the reputation of these Christians, surrounded as they are by warlike and blood-thirsty tribes, has been little better than that of their neighbours; and has aided to shut up the country from the approach of Europeans. It was the missionary spirit of the present age, that first sought out these secluded followers of the Christian name in their mountain fastnesses; and, in so doing, first enabled the eye of science to penetrate into the recesses of this land of deep valleys, rushing streams, and rugged mountains. This was the result of American enterprise. Dr. Grant first entered and passed through the country from west to east, in 1839;

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made a second visit to it in 1840; and in 1841 returned to take up his permanent abode among the Nestorians of that region as a missionary and physician. In 1840, also, the same region was visited by Mr. Ainsworth, the active agent of the Royal Geographical Society of London.*

From the reports of Dr. Grant and Mr. Ainsworth, it appears that the mountainous tract, in the centre of which the Nestorians dwell, is, on a rough estimate, nearly quadrangular, and about equidistant from the lakes of Van and Oroomiah on the north and east, and from the Tigris on the west. The highest mountains apparently are in the eastern part, and especially in the northeast; rising to the height of ten or eleven thousand feet above the sea; while the average elevation of the region of table-land around them is between six and seven thousand feet. In the same quarters are the sources of the larger and longer streams flowing to the Tigris; while those descending to the lake of Oroomiah on the east are smaller and shorter. To the Tigris run two main streams, cleaving the high mountain region to its base, and finding their way along the bottoms of the deep chasm thus formed. The chief of these is the Great Zâb (Zabatus of Xenophon); which, with its wide lateral valleys and streams, drains all that part of the country seen by Dr. Grant and Mr. Ainsworth. North of this, rising northwest of Jûlamerk, is the Khabûr, a stream of the same character, but with a shorter course, running southwest to the Tigris below Jezireh. The inquiries of Dr. Grant afford the first correct information as to this stream, which is wrongly laid down on all previous maps.†

The uplands of this region, it seems, when one leaves the valleys and ravines of the streams, consist of a species of table-land, on which much pasture grows in summer. The villages and permanent dwellings of the inhabitants are all in the valleys and near the streams, and are built of stone; but in summer they drive their flocks to the *Zozan*, or pastures above, and dwell there for a season in tents; not very unlike the peasants among the Alpine regions of Switzerland.

* See Dr. Grant's work, *The Nestorians*, New York, 1842. The Report of Mr. Ainsworth is found in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Vol. XI. P. I. p. 21. Lond. 1841.

† Another river Khabûr descends from the mountains in the north of Mesopotamia, and enters the Euphrates at Circesium. This latter is the *Chaboras* of the Greeks, and the *Chebar* and *Habor* of the Hebrews.

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The Nestorians of these fastnesses everywhere appear like other independent mountaineers, rude, fierce, and indomitable, yet kind-hearted and hospitable, with many peculiar virtues and customs arising out of their seclusion from the world and the pressure of external foes. No one, we think, who reads the reports of their manners, and customs, and character, can fail to be struck with their close resemblance to other Christian tribes in like circumstances; particularly the Maronites of Mount Lebanon, the Mainotes of Greece, and the Montenegrins of the Illyrian coast. Like the latter people, they have their own patriarch, to whom alone they owe allegiance, and who is both the spiritual and temporal head of the nation. And, like all these rude tribes, they have the custom of blood-revenge, which, when a person is slain, requires the next of kin to slay the murderer without mercy. The prevalence of this ancient custom among these wild tribes bearing the Christian name, and also among the Druzes of Lebanon, the Bedawîn of Mount Sinai and the deserts, as well as in other heathen nations, seems to be a manifestation of an instinctive law implanted by the Creator in the human breast, and made known also in his word; "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." In the absence of regular government and of all public penal justice, this law shows itself among rude nations written on the heart, and devolving for its execution upon those most interested in its maintenance.

But besides these independent Nestorians of the mountains, who thus acknowledge no authority even in temporal matters, save that of their own patriarch, and who bear among their neighbours the proud title of *Ashiret*, "the tributeless," a large body of the same race are found in the plains and region on the west of the mountains, in the vicinity of Mosul, where they are subject to the Turks. These, however, for the most part, more than a century ago gave in their adhesion to the Pope of Rome; and their patriarch, still residing at el-Kôsh, acknowledges his supremacy. The Pope bestowed upon them, in return, the venerable, but unmeaning, title of Chaldeans, which they now claim; although they were and are truly nothing more than papal Nestorians, or Nestorian Catholics. Niebuhr fell in with them; and gave to European scholars the first intimation that the Syriac

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was yet a living and spoken language. His account, however, was little heeded.*

On the other side of the mountains, too, the Nestorians have descended towards the east; and occupy, in part, the fertile plain which stretches between the mountain-barrier and the lake of Oroomiah. These have long been subject to the Persian government; and although they acknowledge the authority of the patriarch of the mountains in spiritual matters, yet they have little intercourse with him; inasmuch as prudential motives prevent him from entering the Persian territory, and them from often visiting the mountains. Their spirit of independence has long been broken; and they bear submissively, like other *rayahs*, the frequent caprice and cruelty of their Muhammedan masters.

Of the works named at the head of this article, the first is the latest volume of the great work of the celebrated Ritter, on *Comparative Geography*, or Geography in its relations to nature and to the history of man. The preparation of this work is one of those colossal enterprises, for which the period allotted to the days of one man is not sufficient. The excellent author, than whom no man living enjoys to a wider extent the respect and affection of his contemporaries, has devoted to it the best energies and years of a life already far advanced beyond the middle point; and the work is still remote from its completion, even in respect to the Old World. The first edition, published in 1817–18, comprised Africa and part of Asia, in two volumes. A second edition of the part on Africa, greatly enlarged, appeared in 1822, as an independent work; but has already been for many years out of print. Eastern Asia has also been completed in a second edition in five parts; and the volume before us is the third upon Western Asia. A fourth, understood to be nearly or quite ready, is yet to appear, comprising Syria and Asia Minor. The plan of the author then leads him to Europe; the greater part of which region he has himself visited in person, in reference to this very work, excepting only, indeed, the Spanish peninsula, Russia, and perhaps Poland.

It has long been matter of regret to the friends of Ritter's fame, that he should thus have expended his earliest and best

* *Reisebeschreibung*. II. p. 352. Comp. Hoffmann: *Gramm. Syr.* p. 34 *et seq.*

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energies upon just those portions of the world where the progress of modern discovery has been most extensive and rapid; so much so, indeed, as often to change, in the course of a few years, the whole character of the descriptive geography of large regions. Thus his Africa, having been last published in 1822, embraces none of the information brought to light by the more recent and highly important exploring expeditions; and, therefore, can be in no degree satisfactory to a person seeking to acquaint himself with the present state of knowledge, as to either the physical, or civil and moral features of that continent. The same is true to a certain extent, already, of the volumes on Asia; and will be more strikingly so ten years hence. The portals of this ancient cradle of our race, from the Bosphorus on the west, to China on the east, are with every year thrown open more and more widely; and its interior recesses, becoming more accessible, are already developing their unknown or long forgotten features to the scientific gaze of multitudes of travellers. It is this very profusion and prodigality of ever new materials, superseding his former labors or demanding their revision and enlargement, that has so long kept Ritter back from entering upon the description of Europe. There, at least, every thing has been thoroughly explored; no new regions, nor mountains, nor rivers, nor nations, remain to be discovered; and although empires and kingdoms may rise and fall, and the land-marks of nations be changed or annihilated, yet the great physical features of nature will remain as they now are known, and the characters of the races inhabiting the various regions are too fixed to permit any sudden moral revolution. A work on Europe on the plan of Ritter, carrying out his general principles and embodying the results of his own long continued personal observation, would possess a permanency of value to which the previous volumes can never attain; and would remain a store-house and standard for future generations. May his days be spared to complete it! *Serus in cœlum redeas!*

The volume before us comprises a synopsis of all the information extant, as to the regions inhabited by the Nestorians, up to the time of its publication in 1840. In the additions at the close, also, notice is taken of the letter of Dr. Grant, describing his own journey through the mountains, read before the London Geographical Society, in April of

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that same year. We subjoin here a brief view of the previous visits made, or attempted, to those regions, and of the sources of information hitherto possessed.

The earliest accounts of modern times date back not so far as the middle of the last century, and were gathered on the western side of the mountains. Those first given to the public were from the accurate Niebuhr, who was at Mosul in March, 1766, and collected information in respect to several of the districts in this unknown tract; the general correctness of which subsequent inquiry has only tended to confirm.* During the same *decennium*, Romish missionaries had established themselves among the Kurds on the western quarter, where they continued to labor for many years. Pater Leopold Soldini went thither in 1760, and died in 1779, at Zakhu, situated, according to Dr. Grant, on an island in the Khabûr, not far above its entrance into the Tigris. He was followed, in 1764, by Pater Maurizio Garzoni, who fixed himself at Amâdieh, near the river Zâb, where he remained for eighteen years, devoting himself to missionary labors among the Kurds, and to the study of their language; of which he prepared a grammar, afterwards published at Rome. The preface to this work contains information respecting the various Kurdish tribes, and also scanty notices of the mountain Christians, whom the good Pater describes as sunk in every species of vice and crime.†

The next accounts are from the present century, and within our own recollections. In 1820, the enterprising Mr. Rich, during his visit to southern Kurdistân and the region of Mosul, was able to collect valuable information respecting the mountains; and has given drawings of a Nestorian man and woman from that region, in their native costume. He received also from the lips of a Tartar courier, who had once passed through the mountains, an account of his route by way of Amâdieh and Jûlamerk to the Lake of Van, coinciding very nearly with that subsequently pursued by Dr. Grant. This enterprise of the Tartar was con-

* Niebuhr: *Reisebeschreibung*. Bd. II. p. 332.

† P. M. Garzoni: *Grammatica e Vocabulario della Lingua Kurda*. Roma, 1787. On the basis of this Grammar and a few manuscripts, Professors Roediger and Pott of Halle have published a series of articles on the Kurdish language, entitled *Kurdische Studien*, in the *Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, Bd. III. IV. See also Ritter's *Erdkunde*, IX. p. 656. The Kurdish language belongs to the Persian family, and has many dialects.

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sidered by the Orientals as one of very great hazard, and the man himself was not a little proud of having achieved it. He described the mountaineers as wilder than any tribes among the Kurds and Arabs ; and regarded it as a matter of wonder, that they should have suffered him to enter their land without being murdered, and still more to pass through it without being robbed.*

The subsequent accounts come to us from the eastern side of the mountains ; from which quarter the later attempts to penetrate the country have mostly been made. In 1829, Schulz, the intrepid Oriental traveller, who visited the east under the commission of the Paris Academy, was treacherously assassinated in the vicinity of Bash Kalleh, and the report of this murder, which rung through Europe, magnified still more the horrors of robbery and bloodshed already connected with the reputation of these mountains, and served to confirm the stories of their wild and inaccessible character. Having spent eight months at Tabriz, pursuing the study of the Turkish, Persian, and Kurdish languages, Schulz passed around the south side of the Lake of Oroomiah to that city, and, entering the mountains, reached Jûlamerk without hinderance ; though by what route is not known. He is reported also to have visited the Nestorian patriarch, then residing at Kochannes, a few hours north of Jûlamerk.† The principal Kurdish chief, whose capital is Jûlamerk, but whose frequent residence is at Bash Kalleh, received him hospitably, and gave him an escort to accompany him to that castle and so back to Persia. But whether Schulz was regarded as an agent of the Persian government sent to spy out the character and strength of the land, or as himself possessing wealth enough to excite the cupidity of the chieftain and his followers, the escort, it seems, received secret orders to put him to death. On the way he was allured into a nook of the mountains, under the pretext of pointing out to him antiquities, and there shot through the back, while his companions were cut down. His baggage had been permitted to proceed meantime to Bash Kal-

* C. J. Rich: *Narrative of a Residence in Kurdistân*, Vol. I. pp. 275 – 280. Lond. 1836. Ritter's *Erdkunde*, IX. pp. 641, 659 – 663.

† Smith and Dwight, II. 253. The patriarch now resides at Diz, a village about twenty miles east of Jûlamerk, in the Hakkury district, on the other side of the Zâb. Grant's *Nestorians*, p. 99. Perkins, p. 18.

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leh, where his servant and two Persian officers were in like manner despatched. Seven or eight persons in all were thus murdered. This bloody and cowardly deed took place in November, 1829.

Some Armenians, who were compelled to bury the bodies, gave the information to their priests living near the Persian frontier; and by them it was transmitted to Tabriz. The Persian crown-prince, Abbas Mirza, immediately sent a threatening message to the Khan of the Kurds; who caused the horses and a portion of the effects of the murdered party to be delivered up. Among these were the journal and some other papers of Schulz, extending, however, only to Oroomiah. These have since reached Paris, and are understood to be in the hands of Julius Mohl, the celebrated Orientalist, for publication. The facts respecting the death of Schulz were afterwards collected by Major Willock, then British resident at Tabriz, and first published in 1834.*

Dr. Grant passed near the place where Schulz was murdered, "in the valley of a small creek." An Armenian, the father of those who aided in the interment of the bodies, informed him that a small heap of stones marks the spot. In consequence of the requisition from Persia, the immediate agent in the murder was put to death by those who had instigated him to the deed. Had this man been alive, Dr. Grant supposes his own safety would have been doubtful. The desire of plunder was sometimes assigned as the motive of the murder; but intelligent Armenians and Nestorians related to Dr. Grant, that Schulz had just made a visit to the orpiment mines, and that the Kurds believed the yellow mineral to be gold, and that he would cause an army to come and take possession of their country. This impression was strengthened by the circumstance, that he was seen making scientific observations, measuring their castles, and writing down his notes.† The famous chieftain Nûrûlah Bey, who furnished the escort to Schulz, and treacherously ordered his death, was visited by Dr. Grant in his castle at Bash Kalleh; where, as we are happy to be in-

* In the Journal of the London Geographical Society, Vol. IV. pp. 134–137. Lond. 1834. Ritter's *Erdkunde*, IX. p. 649, *et seq.*

† Grant's *Nestorians*, pp. 123, 124.

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formed, the Doctor was able, by the power of medicine, and particularly by the force of an emetic, to convert him into a stanch friend and protector.*

In February, 1832, Col. Monteith, who was then occupied in exploring the adjacent portions of Persia, made an unsuccessful attempt to penetrate the mountains. He was everywhere met by the Kurds with repulses and treachery; and desisted from his enterprise only after being twice attacked by hostile parties. He was able, however, to collect valuable information as to the topography of the region and the character of its inhabitants, especially the Nestorians; and made the acquaintance of Mar Shimon, the predecessor of the present patriarch of that name, on a visit to Persia, where he was detained, and afterwards died. This information is embodied in the map and memoir of Col. Monteith, published by the Royal Geographical Society of London.†

In July, 1836, Col. Shiel, also, was desirous to pass by the direct route from Oroomiah to Mosul by way of Jûlamerk, and gathered information as to the country with that view. But the character of the mountaineers, "the free and brave Chaldeans"‡ of antiquity, was pictured to him in such terrific colors, and the difficulties of the route so magnified, that he was led to give up the attempt, and take the longer way through Van and Bitlis.§

But before this time, and also before the murder of Schulz, the Rev. Dr. Walsh, chaplain of the British embassy at Constantinople, had collected some accounts respecting the Nestorians, from a person he met at Pera, whom he calls the "Bishop of the Chaldeans," but of whom we learn nothing further. His information relates more to the modern Chaldeans; but includes also notices of the mountains, and of the Nestorians and their patriarch. These accounts were published; and incidentally have had an important bearing both upon our acquaintance with the

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* Grant's *Nestorians*, p. 109, *et seq.*

† Journal of the R. Geogr. Soc. of Lond. Vol. III. pp. 51–54. Lond. 1833. Map: Parts of Georgia, Armenia, Azerbijan, etc., from Trigonom. Surveys, 1814–1828; engraved at the expense of the R. Geogr. Soc. Lond. 1833. See Ritter's *Erdkunde*, IX. pp. 641, *et seq.*, 664, *et seq.*

‡ Xen. *Anab.* IV. 3. Οἱ Χαλδαῖοι ἐλεύθεροί τε καὶ ἄλκιμοι.

§ Lieut. Col Shiel: *Notes on a Journey from Tabriz through Kurdistân*, etc, in Journal of the R. Geogr. Soc. of Lond. Vol. VIII. p. 54. Lond. 1838.

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Nestorians, and upon the intellectual and moral prospects of that remarkable people.*

A slight paragraph, comprising the substance of Dr. Walsh's statements, went the rounds of the American newspapers; and thus met, as we have been informed, the eye of one of the secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, established at Boston. This led to further inquiry; and the notices of Dr. Walsh were obtained and reprinted.† The Board, at that time, were prosecuting inquiries throughout the greater part of Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece; and soon concluded to extend them farther east, to the Armenian and Georgian churches; to which were now to be added the Nestorians and modern Chaldeans. As their agent for these important researches, they selected the Rev. Eli Smith, who had been several years a missionary in the East, and has since become still more widely known by his residence and travels in the Holy Land; and also the Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, now the well-known missionary to the Armenians in Constantinople. The letter of instructions to these gentlemen was dated January 19th, 1830; and, after enumerating several of the main topics to which they were to direct their inquiries, it contained the following passage: "Another company of wandering shepherds will present themselves to your attention in Kurdistân, southward of Armenia. A hundred thousand of the Kurds are said to be Nestorians, subject to hereditary patriarchs. So large a body of nominal Christians deserve a visit to the residence of at least one of their spiritual heads. You will be the more inclined to such a visit, as it is in that part of Asia we are to look for the numerous and independent sect of Christians, called Chaldeans, of whom Dr. Walsh published an interesting account some years since. His account, as it was not founded on personal observation, needs such a confirmation as you may possibly be able to furnish." ‡

The results of the journey did not, indeed, confirm the anticipations on which the above paragraph was founded;

* Notices by Dr. Walsh in the *Literary Gazette*. Also in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, Genève, 1826. Literat. T. xxxi. pp. 395 - 400. Ritter's *Erdkunde*, IX. p. 666.

† In the *Missionary Herald* for 1826, p. 120.

‡ *Missionary Herald* for 1830, p. 75.

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but they did far greater service to the cause of truth, by bringing out the facts of the case ; and also to the Nestorian people themselves, by enabling the Board to act understandingly in their behalf, and take efficient measures for elevating them in the scale of intellectual, as well as moral, cultivation.

Messrs. Smith and Dwight left Constantinople in May, 1830 ; and travelled by land through Asia Minor, by way of Tokat, to Erzeroom, a distance of about seven hundred and eighty miles, which they then accomplished with a Tartar in twenty-three days, including a stop of two days at Tokat. *Now* a noble steamer takes the traveller in sixty hours across the Black Sea to Trebizond ; from which place to Erzeroom is a distance of about two hundred and twenty miles. This latter journey Smith and Dwight, on their return, accomplished in six days, and Mr. Perkins, with his family, in eight. They passed the summer and autumn in Armenia and Georgia, chiefly at the larger towns, as Tiflis and Shusha, visiting also Nakchevân, Erivan, and the great Armenian convent twelve miles from the latter city, near the northern base of Mount Ararat ; from which, indeed, Professor Parrot afterwards ascended that mountain.* Early in December, they repaired to Tabriz, where they passed the winter, partly in consequence of the illness of Mr. Smith ; and where the only information they could obtain as to the Nestorians was, that a considerable body of them were accessible in the provinces of Salmas and Oroomiah. They determined to visit them ; and for this purpose left Tabriz on the 4th of March, 1831.

The Lake of Oroomiah is surrounded by plains ; and these are shut in by lofty mountains, lying usually at some distance from the shore. On the western side, spurs from the Kurdish mountains run down in two places quite to the lake, forming promontories in it, and dividing the great plain into three ; composing the districts of Salmas on the north, Oroomiah in the middle, and Sûlduz on the south. The route of the travellers from Tabriz was around the northern end of the lake to Dilman, the capital of the district of Salmas. At Khosrova, a village about two miles distant, they first came in contact with the Chaldeans, or

* See *Reise zum Ararat, von Dr. Friederich Parrot*, Berlin, 1834.

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papal Nestorians; that village being the residence of the bishop of all those of this name on the east of the Kurdish mountains. An old man with a long Kurdish cap, green turban, and ragged sheepskin pelisse, came out to welcome them. It was the bishop of this wide diocese; but, being too poor himself to lodge them, he referred them to his priest for a room.

These two ecclesiastics, bishop and priest, living here not in dignity, but in squalid poverty and filth, furnish a striking example of the powerful means and influence which the Romish Church employs to spread her nets throughout the East, and lead captive unenlightened nations at her will. The bishop had been educated at Rome, and, having lived some time at Aleppo, Bagdad, and Mosul, spoke both Italian and Arabic with considerable fluency. The priest, too, though a native of the village, had been twelve years in the college of the Propaganda at Rome, and spoke Italian with ease. He had also sent two young men of the village to Rome for education; and these were now about to return. The whole population of the village, about one hundred and fifty families, were Chaldeans; and about one hundred other families were scattered through the district. In the adjacent province of Oroomiah, there were about two hundred families of the same sect. These were the whole of the Bishop's flock, on the east of the mountains.

But the good Bishop had, at that time, a "thorn in the flesh," in the shape of a rival or irregular bishop, who, at first, had crept into the fold without license from the Pope; had been, therefore, excommunicated; but, by lining well the pockets of the Pope's vicar at Bagdad, had obtained a favorable representation of his case at Rome; and was permitted to retain the rank of sub-bishop in this diocese. "And here he has been," said the Bishop, "for many, many years; and as often as I have said *white*, he has invariably said *black*."— There had, also, been another papal bishop in the region, by the name of Shevris, a native of Sert, without a diocese, whom Mr. Perkins describes as a Jesuit missionary. He, too, had resided twelve years in Rome, and had in some way become connected with the British and Foreign Bible Society, by which he was employed to translate the New Testament into the Kurdish language. But he wrought as a hireling, and his translation

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proved worthless. He is said to have died of the plague at Tabriz, in the year 1830. We have not at hand the means of verifying the fact; but we suppose this man to have been the same "bishop of the Chaldeans" from whom Dr. Walsh gathered his information as above related; and also the same by whom Mr. Leeves, the active agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in the East, sent Bibles, in 1824, from Constantinople, for distribution in Tabriz and the vicinity, and whom he commissioned to procure a Kurdish translation of the New Testament to be made. The Bishop preferred, it would seem, to undertake it himself, at Oroomiah, with the help of an intelligent Kurd, Molla Muhammed, of the Hakkary district; making the Arabic Gospels the basis of the new version. The translation of the Gospels, such as it is, was completed; but no Kurd has yet been found who could understand it. The Society is said to have a copy in London; and other copies were sent for examination to the German missionaries, Hörnle and others, at Shoosha, who had occupied themselves with the Kurdish people and language. Roediger and Pott, in preparing their "Kurdish Studies," were unable to get sight of the manuscript.*

After visiting the ancient town of Salmas, now only a large village two miles distant from Khosrova, Messrs. Smith and Dwight crossed the spur of the mountains running down to the lake, which separates the districts of Salmas and Oroomiah; and found themselves among the Nestorian villages in the northern part of the latter. They stopped at Jamalava, then the temporary abode of a bishop, whose proper residence was at the neighbouring village of Gavalan.† He was absent at the moment; but a priest received them hospitably, and gave them the choice of a room in his house, or a stable. They chose the latter; and it was soon filled with friendly Nestorians, eager to see and converse with them. They found here also an excellent interpreter, a native of Mardin, and nephew of the Bishop Shevris

* *Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society* for 1825, App. p. 62; *Id.* for 1827, p. xliv., App. pp. 58, 75; *Id.* for 1830, p. lx.; *Id.* for 1836, p. xlvii.; *Baseler Magazin*, 1836, No. III. p. 492; Roediger in *Zeitschr. für die Kunde des Morgenl.* III. p. 15; Smith and Dwight's *Researches*, II. p. 189; Perkins' *Residence*, etc., p. 350.

† Perkins' *Residence*, p. 172.

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above mentioned. He spoke Arabic fluently; the language of the Nestorians was his mother tongue; and all parties, too, were more or less acquainted with the Turkish. The bishop, who proved to be the son of the priest, soon returned and welcomed the strangers; and the two days spent by them at Jamalava more than realized the pleasure they had anticipated from visiting the Nestorians. "The friendliness, simplicity, and unreserved frankness of the bishop and his flock," says Mr. Smith, "and the amount of information he patiently allowed us to draw from him, by an almost uninterrupted series of questions, gave a deep interest to our intercourse." Our readers will hardly need to be told, that this bishop was no other than Mar Yohannan, who has recently visited the United States; where the same traits of "friendliness, simplicity, and unreserved frankness," mingled with not a little of Oriental shrewdness, were abundantly conspicuous.

The travellers proceeded to the villages of Ada and Ardishai, where they had intercourse with the bishops and Nestorians of those places, which served to confirm the information and favorable impression received at Jamalava. They were prevented from visiting Oroomiah itself by the prevalence of the plague in that town. And although extremely anxious to extend their journey into the heart of the Kurdish mountains, and visit in person the patriarch, Mar Shimon, then residing at Kochannes, they were reluctantly compelled to give up their purpose, in consequence of the universally alleged impracticability of entering the mountains, coupled with the temporary revolt of some of the adjacent Kurdish tribes, and the prevalence of the plague. The travellers, therefore, returned by another route to Tabriz; which they left again on the 12th of April for Constantinople, and arrived at Trebizond May 7th, 1831.

The printed report of the journey of Messrs. Smith and Dwight was drawn up by the former gentleman, partly at Malta and partly during his subsequent visit to the United States in 1832; and was published in January, 1833.*

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* *Researches of the Rev. E. Smith and Rev. H. G. O. Dwight in Armenia; including a Journey through Asia Minor, and into Georgia and Persia, with a Visit to the Nestorian Christians of Oroomiah and Salmas.* 2 Vols. Boston. 1833. — Also reprinted in London.

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The work contains a large amount of information in regard to the countries visited, and their inhabitants; and is well known to be one of the most accurate and trustworthy books of travels which have appeared in modern times. Nor has the information furnished by it been, as yet, superseded by the reports of other travellers; so that Ritter, writing in 1840, justly refers to it as affording the latest and best accounts of these interesting regions. Mr. Perkins, also, who has had the best of all opportunities to judge of the value and accuracy of the work, pronounces it to be "one of very rare merit, on the countries and subjects of which it treats." The work has now been out of print for some years; and we cannot but express our surprise, that the call of an enlightened community should not, as yet, have led the publishers to issue a second edition.

The important report of their agents, sustained by the personal representations of Mr. Smith, induced the Board to take measures for the speedy establishment of a mission among the Nestorians of the plain of Oroomiah. Mr. Smith was charged with preparing the details of the plan, and the selection of a missionary. His choice fell upon the Rev. Jonas Perkins, then a tutor in Amherst College; and, in September, 1833, Messrs. Smith and Perkins, with their wives, embarked together at Boston for Malta; the former to resume his labors in Syria, and the latter to proceed, by way of Constantinople and Trebizond, to Oroomiah.

The work, the title of which stands last at the head of this article, comprises the narrative and observations of Mr. Perkins, from the time of his embarkation at Boston, in 1833, during his residence of eight years in Persia, to his return, on a visit to the United States, in the spring of 1842. This is another contribution to the progress of literature and science from the pen of a missionary; and we cannot but consider it as one of great importance and utility. Every page displays evidence, that the delicate office of selecting a missionary for the very peculiar field of labor among the Nestorians was successfully executed; and the work exhibits the author as a man of a cultivated, well disciplined, and well balanced mind, and of great gentleness of temper, peculiarly adapted to win his way, and be the pioneer of literature and science to a people whose vernacular language was yet to be written down; and the herald of Gospel light

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and truth to a nation which had long sat in darkness and the shadow of death.

We cannot be expected here to enter into an extended notice of all the parts of such a volume, containing five hundred closely printed pages. Nor would we be understood to imply, that the work, excellent as it is, might not have been made better and more useful, had the author been placed in more favorable circumstances while preparing it for the press. Indeed, nothing could be more *un*favorable to such a purpose than writing sometimes "an hour at a public house, while waiting for a stage-coach; at other times, in the cabin of a steamer, among scores of passengers; and often revising the manuscript while travelling in railroad cars." He has thus been led to transcribe into the work large portions of his daily journal; where kindred facts lie scattered throughout many pages, instead of being brought together and arranged in classes, — a process which would have diminished the size of the book, but increased its value. Nor are we quite sure as to the importance of giving to the public, in 1843, the detailed journal of a voyage from Boston to Malta and Constantinople in 1833, ten years before. Neither Malta, nor Syra, nor Constantinople, nor the navigation of the Levant, is now what it was ten years ago. The noble steamers of England, and France, and Austria, and Turkey, now foam gallantly, and almost daily, in all directions through the Mediterranean and the Black Sea; and the Dardanelles and Bosphorus are, or soon will be, covered with them, almost like our own Hudson. This one cause has been sufficient to change the face of things, within the last ten years, along the coasts of the Levant; to say nothing of the other mighty influences which have been at work during the same interval.

But, notwithstanding all this, the book is written with such artlessness and truthfulness, that no one can hesitate a moment to yield full credence to its minutest statements. We doubt not but that the author carried this kindliness of temper and frankness with him from his own native hills; and yet we would not like to say how much of it he may have imbibed from the simple-hearted people among whom he has labored. At any rate, there has been, in the arrangements of Providence, a peculiar adaptation between the

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teacher and the taught. But we must confine ourselves to some general notices.*

After a residence of five months at Constantinople, Mr. Perkins proceeded, in May, 1834, to Trebizond, in an English schooner, performing the voyage in twelve days, instead of the sixty hours now occupied by the steamers. After leaving Erzeroom, he was induced, very unfortunately as it turned out, to leave the direct road to Tabriz, because of disturbances among the Kurds, and turn aside into that portion of Georgia which had recently been taken possession of by Russia. Here, from the moment he reached the frontier until he again left it on the other side, he and his estimable lady were subjected to a series of constant annoyances and oppression from Russian boors clothed with a little brief authority, — a malignant cruelty, indeed, to which we, although not unversed in the mysteries and annoyances of Austrian custom-houses and Asiatic quarantine and travel, have never known a parallel. Mr. Perkins justly remarks, that it is "the boorish deputies and subordinate officers, that are usually the agents of oppression in the Russian provinces"; and "that the bad character of the lower Russian officers, in the distant provinces of Georgia, is proverbial." We would add, that the same bad character is proverbial throughout the whole vast Russian empire; and it is a well-known fact, that all the menial officials connected with the revenue of that mighty power are, with forethought, so inadequately paid, as to make it their interest to defraud the government by receiving bribes from the traveller, the merchant, and the smuggler. To one *au fait* in these matters, it is obvious, from the whole of Mr. Perkins' statement, that the sole object of the harpies, into whose hands he thus fell, was, in the beginning at least, to extort money from him. Had

* We have a single verbal criticism to make. Mr. Perkins, in citing the words of a writer, sometimes introduces them by an inversion; e. g. "Says the Rev. S. L. Merrick, in a note to the author, 'My attention has of late been turned,'" etc. p. 5; "Says Dr. Robinson; 'The Chaldaic of Daniel and Ezra is hardly a fair standard,'" p. 13. According to our judgment, such inversions, at the beginning of a sentence in prose, are not in good taste, and are allowable only in poetry. The extracts would read better thus; "The Rev. S. L. Merrick says, in a note to the author," etc.; "The Chaldaic of Daniel and Ezra," says Dr. Robinson, "is hardly a fair standard," etc. We have ventured this criticism, because we perceive that this mode of writing is creeping into many of the religious journals and reports of the present day.

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he then been aware of this fact, and of the proper method of proceeding, a few *douceurs*, of far less amount than his detention and the sending back of his effects ultimately cost him, would doubtless have removed all difficulties, and have made his journey, as it ought to have been, one of six days among roses, instead of four weeks among thorns and thistles.*

But whatever difficulty and annoyance may have arisen to the travellers, from the malignant disappointment of Russian menials, these were more than counterbalanced, on their arrival at Tabriz, by the courtesy and efficient kindness of the British ambassador and his suite, first Sir John Campbell, then Mr. Ellis, and afterwards Sir John McNeill. Mr. Perkins brought to the ambassador letters of introduction; and, during the whole period of his residence in that country, the broad shield of British protection was kindly and effectually thrown over him and his associates in the mission, accompanied by constant acts of personal kindness and respect which do honor to both parties. The Russian embassy, too, was prompt to counteract the brutality of the subalterns on the Georgian frontier; and, during the absence of the British ambassador in consequence of the siege of Herat, the American missionaries enjoyed the official protection of Russia.

Tabriz continued to be the residence of Mr. Perkins from his arrival, in August, 1834, until the middle of November, 1835; and he has incorporated into his work a full account of that city and its inhabitants, with his observations upon the Persian character in general. On these topics our limits do not permit us to touch. In the month of October, 1834, he made a journey to Oroomiah, in order to acquire a general knowledge of the region and people among whom he was to take up his abode, and also to obtain, if possible, a teacher in the Nestorian language. He was accompanied on this journey by Mr. Haas, one of the German missionaries. Their route was the same as that of Messrs. Smith and Dwight to Khosrova; here the old Bishop was now

* Since writing the above, we perceive that Mr. Perkins states, in another place (pp. 157, 158), that he did make trial of pecuniary offers; but, he adds, "money, even, could procure for us neither favor, mercy, nor justice, in Georgia." There was, probably, some mistake in the time or mode of approach.

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dead, and only the priest and a monk remained. Thence they proceeded across the mountain to Gavalan, the village of the Bishop, Mar Yohannan, where he was now residing. They reached the village at four o'clock in the morning, when the inhabitants were yet in a profound sleep. But the Bishop, on being called, recollected Smith and Dwight with lively interest, and very cordially welcomed *their friend* to his country and dwelling. Indeed, before the first salutation of welcome had fairly dropped from his lips, with an animated tone he artlessly inquired, "How can you make books for us, in your country, when you do not know our language?" Thus was the missionary providentially conducted, in the outset, to the man above all others prepared to receive him and his message; and who, by his influence, his docility, and simple-hearted kindness, was so well fitted to smooth the path of the stranger, and procure for him a favorable introduction among his people.

In the course of the day spent at Gavalan, Mar Yohannan expressed a strong desire to learn the English language; and so well was Mr. Perkins pleased with his appearance, that he proposed to him to go to Tabriz and be his teacher in Syriac, where, too, he could acquire the English. The Bishop assented, and declared himself ready to set off the next morning. When, accordingly, in the morning, it was suggested to him to get his effects in readiness for a year's residence in the capital, his reply was: "I want nothing but my blanket and three books, and they are soon ready." And so it proved; for, thus equipped, he was mounted and ready to start before the rest of the party. They proceeded to Oroomiah; and made an excursion to the village of Geogtapa, further south, where they waited upon the patriarch Elias of el-Kûsh, then on a visit to this region.* His reception of the stranger gave him great importance in the eyes of

* *Mar Elias* is the hereditary name and title of the regular descendant of the ancient Nestorian patriarchs of Seleucia and Ctesiphon, now resident at el-Kûsh, north of Mosul. *Mar Shimon* is the hereditary name of the Nestorian patriarch residing in the mountains. The latter was originally a modern rival of the former; but, as the patriarch of el-Kûsh long since gave in his adhesion to the Pope, the Nestorians on the east of the mountains deserted him, and yield allegiance to Mar Shimon. The Elias mentioned above, however, had at this time rejected papacy, and was therefore received with great respect by his former flock. The patriarch of the Chaldeans is called *Mar Yoosuf*, and resides at Diarbekr. Smith and Dwight, Vol. II. pp. 187, 205, *et seq.*

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the people. The patriarch and Mr. Perkins conversed together *fluently* for three hours, through the medium of three interpreters; the former speaking Syriac, which was translated by Mar Yohannan into Turkish, and this again by their Armenian attendant into Armenian, which Mr. Haas rendered into English. From this village, too, the Bishop took with him a young priest, named Abraham, to be his assistant and *servant* at Tabriz, a young man of fine talents, who has proved one of the best and most efficient helpers of the mission. From Oroomiah they proceeded southward to Ardishai; and then, crossing the spur of the Kurdish mountains, entered the province of Sûlduz, and made their way back to Tabriz, around the southern end of the lake.

In the following June, the Bishop and priest returned home; and the latter immediately commenced teaching *English* in his native village, with good success! Late in August, Mr. Perkins went to Erzeroom to meet and welcome Dr. Grant and his wife, and Mr. Merrick, his future associates in the missionary work. About the middle of November, 1835, the families removed to the city of Oroomiah, which has ever since continued to be the seat of the mission. The remainder of the volume before us is occupied chiefly with extracts from the journal of Mr. Perkins from that time until June, 1841; when, in consequence of the feeble health of Mrs. Perkins, he was induced to undertake the long journey and voyage to their native land, accompanied by their first and steadfast friend, the Bishop, Mar Yohannan. We are happy to know that the influence of the voyage and of her native climate has restored the health of this excellent lady; while the presence and efforts of her husband at home, and the novel attractions of an Oriental bishop, have not been without their effect in exciting and deepening the interest felt in the situation and prospects of this remnant of an ancient people. Early in March of the present year (1843), Mr. Perkins and his lady, with the Bishop and other new associates, again embarked at Boston on their way back to the plains of Oroomiah.

We should be gratified to introduce here many anecdotes, illustrative of the progress of the mission and the character of the Nestorian people; but have room only for a few general remarks upon the country and some facts connected with the missionary labors. It must be borne in mind, that

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Mr. Perkins has had to do almost solely with the Nestorians of the plain, who are subjects of the Persian rule; while all that we know of the independent tribes of the mountains has come to us through the more restless enterprise of his colleague, Dr. Grant.

The lake of Oroomiah, the ancient Spautes, is about eighty miles in length from north to south, by about thirty in width. Its waters are shallow in those parts where the shores are low, being not more than six or eight feet in depth. According to Maj. Rawlinson, the greatest depth of water found in any part is four fathoms, while the average is about two fathoms; but the shores shelve so gradually that even this depth is rarely attained within two miles of the land.* It has no outlet; and is surrounded by plains, with lofty mountains rising at no great distance. In the lake are several mountain islands, lifting themselves from the quiet waters at some distance from the shore, and appearing in fine relief. One of them is several miles in extent and contains several villages. The elevation of the lake above the sea is given by Mr. Ainsworth at four thousand three hundred feet.† Its waters are excessively salt, and to the passing traveller exhibit the same qualities as those of the Dead Sea. Next to these, likewise, their specific gravity is greater than that of any known waters. Like the Dead Sea, too, the dull and sluggish waters of this lake are rarely otherwise than calm. No fish can live in them; yet the lake is frequented by water-fowl in great numbers, particularly the duck and flamingo, which seek their food among the decayed vegetable matter washed down into the lake. The flamingo, especially, is found here in such numbers, that the shore is sometimes seen for miles whitened with a continuous flock of them. They are often taken by placing snares made of hair in the shallow parts of the lake, near the shore.‡

The lake rises, every spring, from three to five or six feet, during the annual rains and melting of the snow on the mountains; and as these cease, and the heat of summer comes on, it gradually recedes to its former level. In most places, the shores are flat, and only a few feet higher than the water, so that by the rising of the lake they are exten-

* *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London*, Vol. x. 1840. p. 7.
† *Ibid.* Vol. xi. 1841. p. 60.
‡ Perkins, p. 7.

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sively overflowed; and salt marshes exist in many places. As the waters gradually subside, a thin coat of salt is everywhere left upon the ground. The inhabitants take advantage of this circumstance to obtain salt in large quantities. In the autumn small embankments, eight or ten inches high, are thrown up, each enclosing a few acres. These in the spring retain a sufficient quantity of water to deposite a layer of fine white salt, two or three inches thick, which is crystallized during evaporation under the summer's sun. These fields of salt extend sometimes for miles. The incrustation is broken up into pieces, and then shovelled together into heaps. It is carried to market on donkeys; or else is collected into larger heaps, like a small house, and covered over with mud, which soon hardens and shields it from the weather. Salt, of course, commands a price barely sufficient to cover the cost of transportation. The low land in the immediate vicinity of the lake is everywhere so impregnated with salt, that it produces no vegetation, except a weed which the natives collect and burn to obtain an alkali for making glass.* A person bathing in this lake finds a crystal coat of salt formed upon his body the moment he rises up; and, as in the heavy waters of the Dead Sea, he finds it next to impossible to sink.

The three great alluvial plains on the west of the lake, separated from each other by spurs of the Kurdish mountains running down as promontories to the shore, extend up between the mountains like bays; and their appearance suggests the inquiry whether they were not once covered with water. That which skirts the middle of the lake, the plain of Oroomiah, is about forty miles in length by twenty in breadth in its widest part. The mountains which sweep down to the lake at its extremities are imposing, and enclose it like a vast amphitheatre. This great plain, with the adjacent declivities of the mountains, is said to contain at least three hundred and thirty villages. It is abundantly watered by three large streams, each from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet wide, besides many smaller water-courses. The soil is described as exuberantly fertile, and all under high cultivation; that is, high considering the clumsy instruments and unthrifty habits of the inhabitants. The staple

* Perkins, pp. 393, 394.

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productions are wheat, rice, cotton, tobacco, and the vine, besides a great variety of other fruits. Ten or twelve species of grape are enumerated. They are eaten fresh in their season; and, being braided by their stems and suspended from the ceilings of the rooms, are kept fresh during the winter; as we, too, have seen them in the valleys of the French Alps. Vast quantities are also converted into syrup, the *Dibs* of modern Palestine; while still more, especially the inferior grapes and the gleanings, are made into wine and arrak. Cherries are abundant and excellent; they ripen usually before the middle of June. Out of a present of some very fine pears, Mr. Perkins measured the largest, and found it twelve inches in circumference. Melons, and especially musk-melons, are much cultivated, and form a favorite article of food; as does also the cucumber. Besides all these, there are apricots, peaches, apples, quinces, plums, nuts, and other fruits, of the finest flavor and in the most ample abundance.

The cultivation of the plain is necessarily carried on by irrigation; since rain seldom falls during the summer months. Water is taken from the streams by canals, and carried by minute subdivision to all the fields. The larger canals serve also to turn rude grist-mills. But this abundance of irrigation, and the frequent rice-fields and stagnant pools of water, together with the rapid growth and decay of vegetable matter, cannot but generate a vast amount of miasma; and thus serve to render unhealthy a climate naturally one of the finest in the world.

The city of Oroomiah lies about twelve miles from the lake, and two from the mountains, in the midst of this beautiful plain, on which the bounties of nature have been so profusely lavished. It contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, mostly Muhammedans. The view from elevations back of the city, Mr. Perkins describes as beautiful and imposing in the highest degree. Below him, the eye of the spectator rests upon gardens; then upon the city half buried in shrubbery; next it wanders over the vast plain studded with villages, verdant with thousands of orchards, hedges, and clumps of various trees, and waving with illimitable fields of golden grain; further still it takes in the bright mirror of the placid lake sparkling under the brilliancy of a Persian sky; and finally the blue mountains far in the dis-

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tance beyond the lake. Mr. Ainsworth, too, describes the district of Oroomiah as presenting "an extraordinary scene to a person accustomed to the treeless monotony of the plains of Mesopotamia; a more fertile region can scarcely be imagined. One vast extent of groves, orchards, vineyards, gardens, rice-grounds, and villages, sometimes with a village-common. It much resembles the best part of Lombardy, between Milan and the Lago Maggiore." *

Of the Nestorians who inhabit this region, only about six hundred reside in the city; but they are numerous in the villages. In some cases, a village is occupied by them exclusively; in others, they dwell among the Muhammedans. Their main occupation is the tillage of the soil; of which, however, they are not usually the proprietors. The land is mostly held by Muhammedan lords, to whom the Nestorians stand in the relation of serfs, and often suffer from their lawless oppression. The Nestorians, like their Muhammedan neighbours, are a fine-looking race, of good stature, fair complexion, and with features regular, manly, intelligent, and often handsome. The complexion of Mar Yohannan, who visited this country, is said by Mr. Perkins to be considerably darker than that of most Nestorians. They are generous, kind, hospitable, artless, for Asiatics; and also brave, restless under oppression, and independent in their feelings. The Nestorians of the mountains, too, along with all their wildness and ferocity of character, still possess the same kindness and generosity which distinguish those of the plain. Even there a hungry man will divide his last piece of bread with a stranger or an enemy. It is a pleasing trait, that the Nestorians of the plain, plentifully provided as they are with the means of subsistence, as a matter of calculation, lay in stores for their poorer countrymen of the mountains, who are often driven in winter in large numbers to seek the charity of their brethren in the plain. In their appearance and manners the two classes differ like antipodes. Those of the plain call the mountaineers *wild men*.

There is, of course, great difficulty in estimating the number of the Nestorian population; of which those in the plain constitute by far the smaller portion. Mr. Perkins gives the following estimate, which is probably as near the truth as

* *Journ. of the R. Geogr. Soc. Lond.* Vol. xi. 1841. pp. 61.

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any that can be made; namely, in the district of Tiaree, the largest and most populous of all among the mountains, fifty thousand; in all the other districts of the mountains, sixty thousand; in the province of Oroomiah, between thirty and forty thousand; in all, about one hundred and forty thousand. The Nestorian population of the plain is said to be rapidly increasing, by the permanent emigration going on from many of the mountain districts. Oppressed and overrun in those regions more and more by their Kurdish masters, they fly to their brethren in Oroomiah, as to a generous asylum.

Such are the feeble remains of one of the great branches of the ancient Syrian church; of that branch, indeed, which, in purity of doctrine, and activity of early missionary effort, may be said to have approached nearer to the characteristics of Protestantism, than any other of the ancient churches. To this day the language of their ritual is the ancient Syriac. In it they possess the Scriptures (in the ancient *Peshito* version), their other church books, and a few rare copies of some of the works of the Fathers, and of books of the Martyrs, commentaries, lexicons, etc. Few as these books are, their readers are hardly more numerous. According to Mr. Perkins, not more than one in two hundred of the people can read, and in general only the clergy; and even of these, the majority of the priests can only chant their devotions in the ancient Syriac, without knowing the meaning. Some even of the *bishops* in the mountains are still in this predicament. And yet the ancient Syriac is not only the language of their literature, but also of their correspondence; their own vernacular dialect having never been written. With their neighbours, the Muhammedans, they speak, not the Persian, but the Turkish; which here seems to be the general medium of communication among all the various tribes inhabiting this region, as Persians, Kurds, Armenians, Nestorians, Jews; while each again has its own vernacular tongue, distinct from all the rest.

Among this people, so interesting in the character of their historical associations, but now sunk so low in the depths of ignorance and spiritual death, Mr. Perkins and Dr. Grant, with their families, took up their abode in November, 1835. Their object was the moral renovation of the people; to kindle anew the light of life and truth in this remnant of an

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ancient church, which "had a name to live, but was dead." The way to this end lay through the intellect and heart; to win and purify the one, and cultivate the other. The missionaries learned their language; they endeavoured to gain the confidence of the clergy and the people; they opened schools for the instruction of adults and of children. They succeeded in their efforts, and not a breath of opposition has ever been raised against them by ecclesiastics or people. On the contrary, the former regard and treat them as brethren, and all look upon them as friends and benefactors. A new impulse has been given, and bright vistas of knowledge and delight are opening up to many minds before covered with darkness. The missionaries found their pupils docile, and exceedingly apt and quick to learn. We have already mentioned priest Abraham's English school; Mr. Perkins was astonished at the success and rapid progress of the scholars. In general, so deep was their ignorance, that the every-day lessons of our smallest children seemed to them the loftiest heights of science. Peter Parley's Geography was to them an unfathomable mine of wisdom, and led to the inquiry whether our worthy friend was not one of the *American saints;* they supposing that such boundless knowledge could be possessed by no mortal less than a saint. Some of the ecclesiastics ere long took up the study of Hebrew, and a class was soon formed under the direction of Mr. Perkins. The affinity of their own language to the Hebrew gave them here great facilities; and Mr. Perkins elsewhere remarks, that "their proficiency, with very little effort, was such as would do honor to an Andover lecture-room."

A first and most pressing necessity was, to reduce to writing the common vernacular dialect of the people. A few slight attempts to do this had already been made by the Chaldean priest at Khosrova; and these had been obtained and brought home by Messrs. Smith and Dwight, and served to prove to the learned world, that a dialect of the Syriac was still a living and spoken language.* This object was prosecuted by Mr. Perkins with judgment and sense.

* *Researches*, etc. II. p. 192. These tracts are now in the hands of Professor Roediger, of Halle, who has made good use of them; see *Zeitschr. für die Kunde des Morgenl.* II. p. 77, *et seq.*

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It was a matter of novelty and of great interest to the Nestorians to see their own tongue written down, and be able to read what they spoke, and just as they spoke it. The subsequent arrival of a press was to them a source of inexpressible delight, alike as a curiosity, and as holding out the pledge of a new era to these people. When the proof-sheet of the first tract in their language was brought and laid upon Mr. Perkins' table, — the first sheet, indeed, ever printed in that language and character, — his translators, the priests Abraham and Dunka, were struck with mute astonishment to see their language *in print*, and at length mutually exclaimed: "It is time to give glory to God, that our eyes are permitted to behold the beginning of printed books for our people!" Well might they thus, in the simplicity and sincerity of their hearts, give glory to God; for who can fully estimate the priceless boon?

This vernacular language of the Nestorians Mr. Perkins justly describes as "a modern dialect of the ancient Syriac, much barbarized by inversions, contractions, and abbreviations, and by the introduction of a great number of Persian, Kurdish, and Turkish words." Yet, though thus corrupted, "the body of the language comes directly from the vernacular ancient Syriac, as clearly as the modern Greek comes from the ancient." Such, too, is the testimony of the scholars of Europe, who have examined the translations and specimens sent home by Mr. Perkins. Yet in the face of all these facts and of almost an historical necessity, there are those who hold this modern language to be derived from the ancient Chaldee, rather than the Syriac. We have ourselves heard Mr. Rassam, the companion of Mr. Ainsworth, himself a Chaldean by birth, from the neighbourhood of Mosul, scout the idea of the language of his people being any other than a very corrupt progeny of the Biblical Chaldee; of which, by the way, he knew nothing; so corrupt, indeed, as not to be worth the trouble of making it a written language. Yet this is the same dialect with that of the Nestorians of Oroomiah; it is the language of a Christian population, themselves the remnant of an ancient church and people, among whom the ancient Syriac alone was the vernacular tongue. The position, indeed, is little other than absurd, that such a people should now be found speaking a dialect, not of the tongue of their ancestors, but of another

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ancient people, with whom they had no other connexion than is indicated by the affinity of the two ancient dialects, the Chaldee and the Syriac. The absurdity has arisen from the kindred folly of attempting to make the modern papal Chaldeans an offshoot of the ancient Chaldeans.

The results of the Nestorian mission, so happily begun and successfully prosecuted, are cheering. The number of missionaries at Oroomiah, including Mr. Perkins and those who recently embarked with him, is seven, with their families; besides a printer and two female assistants. Dr. Grant and two or three others are among the Nestorians of the mountains. The main station is at Oroomiah; but there are seven other places for stated preaching among the villages of the plain. The higher seminary connected with the mission has about fifty pupils, of whom eighteen are females. There are twenty free schools in as many different villages, all taught by native priests or deacons. These contain four hundred and seventy pupils, of whom forty are girls. The press arrived in November, 1840; and in the year 1841, sixteen hundred volumes were printed, and three thousand six hundred tracts; amounting in all to five hundred and ten thousand four hundred pages.*

We must break off here. But we cannot refrain from commending this volume of Mr. Perkins to the favorable notice of all our readers, as another trophy of the enterprise and talent of American Missionaries, not only in the cause of truth and the Gospel, to which they are devoted, but also in the kindred fields of literature and science.

ART. VIII. — *Classical Studies; Essays on Ancient Literature and Art. With the Biography and Correspondence of Eminent Philologists.* By BARNAS SEARS, President of Newton Theological Institution, B. B. EDWARDS, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary, and C. C. FELTON, Professor in Harvard University. Boston: Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln. 1843. 12mo. pp. 413.

THIS book brings back to us a pleasant vision of the life that "won our heart in our greener years;" a life of tranquil

* *Annual Report of the American Board*, Sept. 1842, p. 129.

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study ; the days and nights of the unambitious scholar who loves knowledge for its own sake, and not for its glory or its gain. It gives us a vivid image of what we never see even now without a half sigh of envy, — a professor's comfortable study, with its ample table irregularly strewn with books, its well worn easy-chair, and its walls lined with solid-looking volumes, in which a thin selvedge of text runs along the edge of a deep web of notes, written, for the most part, in bad Latin, and stuffed with all manner of unprofitable learning, and yet making very pleasant reading to an idle man, — a smooth piece of turf coming up to the windows to refresh the eye with its verdure, and a tree or two to fling their cool, green light into the room, and just enough of order and neatness to give indication of the watchful eye and tasteful hand of what our German friends call a "Professorin." It carries us back to those early days, when the master spirits of antiquity held despotic sway over the mind, and brooked no rival near the throne. The nightingales of Sophocles are again singing in our ears their thick-warbled notes, and the deep organ-tones of Homer again pass over the soul. We feel anew the unbought charm that breathes from the honeyed page of Herodotus, and, over the lifelesss body of the younger Cyrus, moralize upon the shrinking of ill-weaved ambition. We are under the hot sun of Italy with Virgil, while the air is vocal with the song of the cicada, cutting from the vine its superfluous leaves or twining garlands for some rustic Amaryllis. We are again imperfectly apprehending the courtly elegance, the perfect taste, the genial good sense of Horace, and the deep-freighted wisdom of Tacitus, and giving to every legend of Livy that implicit faith, which, at an earlier period, was accorded to the Children in the Wood, and Little Red-riding-hood.

These associations would alone be sufficient to make us look with favor upon this book, and turn all our critical gall into the milk of human kindness. From another circumstance, too, we are disposed to be kindly affectioned towards it ; and that is, the union of names upon the title-page. We have here the President of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Newton, a Professor in the Theological Seminary at Andover, and a Professor of Harvard University, men differing widely and conscientiously upon the most vital and important of subjects, and yet meeting harmoniously upon the com-

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mon ground of classical literature, and uniting their efforts to promote that diffusion of sound learning and correct taste, in which, as scholars and citizens, they have the same interest. It gives us pleasure to see men consenting to put aside the points on which they differ, and recognizing a bond of union in those upon which they agree. It is good for the mind, especially of the secluded scholar, to be brought into contact with those who have been trained under different influences, and look at common subjects of interest from another point of view. The effect is mutually freshening and invigorating. The growth of budding prejudices is thus checked, and air and light are let in upon learning, which solitude is apt to make mouldy. We feel strongly and deeply, in our country, upon theological questions, and strength and depth of conviction naturally beget intolerance, and intolerance infects the whole mind and warps the judgment upon indifferent subjects; and we are therefore particularly pleased to see the liberalizing influences of good learning, that it can thus create a unity of spirit and bind men together in the bond of peace. We hope that many more good books may be the result of this literary copartnership which puts into a common stock so great a variety of gifts and attainments.

The original contributions to this volume are comprised in the Introduction, apparently the work of more than one hand, but well and eloquently written throughout, with, perhaps, here and there a little overstatement; in a very unpretending and agreeable essay of a few pages on the schools of German philology, by Mr. President Sears, an interesting sketch of the school of philology in Holland by Professor Edwards, and about fifty pages of scholar-like and well prepared notes, which are neither long nor dry, and which tell the reader all that is necessary to illustrate the text, and no more.

The remainder of the volume is occupied by translations principally from the scholars of Germany, that wonderful country, which, in its indispensable books of reference, supplies the scholar of every other country with the very tools of his craft; where various and profound learning is as cheap and as common as a talent for public speaking in our word-deluged country; where a man first reads all the books in the world, and then writes a whole library full of his own; and where you can always find some one or more persons, who,

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upon every possible subject, know more than anybody else in any other country. And with what a bound, comparatively speaking, has the mind of Germany risen to this pride of place and this commanding influence! Forty or fifty years ago, our notions of Germany were those of a strange country, where every thing that was not coarse was mawkish; where they ate sour-krout and grew sentimental over their bread and butter; where bearded men embraced each other, and shed maudlin tears by moonlight; where they spoke a crabbed dialect, about as much studied in other countries as Persian or Arabic; and whose literature was a strange combination of fantastic horrors and mawkish sentimentality, fitly represented by Schiller's "Robbers," Göthe's "Sorrows of Werter," and Kotzebue's "Stranger."

These translations are miscellaneous in their character, and of various merit. There are four papers by the venerable Frederic Jacobs, one of the most learned and elegant scholars of Germany, and who is held in the highest honor in that country for his various and profound attainments and his amiable character. There are, an inaugural discourse on the study of classical antiquity, translated by Professor Edwards, and discourses on the wealth of the Greeks in works of plastic art, on the superiority of the Greek language in the use of its dialects, and on the education of the moral sentiment among the ancient Greeks, all of which are translated by Professor Felton. These are all the productions of a ripe and accomplished scholar, and an independent thinker, whose stores of learning are controlled and adorned by good sense and good taste, and whose views are expressed with manliness and without arrogance. The reader will hesitate to yield his assent to all his opinions, especially on the subject of the moral education of the Greeks, but the tone and spirit with which they are propounded will certainly meet with his respect. Though less marked by national peculiarities than most of his countrymen, with fewer strong individual traits and more of that quiet finish and thorough-bred quality of mind which seems almost the exclusive heritage of the scholars of England, he is still a thorough German, and his discourses swarm with passages which could never, by any possibility, be mistaken for the growth of any other soil. It is not easy to state distinctly what these peculiarities are, or to explain all the causes from which they flow; but they are

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of that kind which we should expect to meet with in a body of writers and scholars, living for the most part in small academic communities, conversant only with books and bookish men, seldom taking part in active life or associating with men of the world, and writing in a rich and flexible, but lawless, language, with no acknowledged standards of composition, fettered by no strict rules, and where every man is allowed to write as he pleases and make a style for himself. Among the most obvious and prominent of them are an exuberance of diction and hardihood in the use of figurative language; a certain simplicity of statement, showing a want of perception of the ludicrous; a sort of unconsciousness that some things are to be taken for granted, and an unwillingness to leave any thing unsaid; a notion that the merit of a sentence is that of a trunk, the more you can pack into it, the better; and a kind of dreamy indistinctness of thought and vague cloudiness of expression, showing a tone of mind not entirely healthy, or a want of manly training in the exercise of composition. Some of these peculiarities may be illustrated by two or three paragraphs from the writings of Jacobs, in each of which, however, the candid reader will see merit, and acknowledge the stamp of a superior mind. The following observations on the influence of religion upon art are from his discourse upon plastic art among the Greeks.

"But that the outward life, which as has been shown before, excited the art of the ancients in such various ways, was unfolded in modern times after a fashion less favorable to art, is partly to be ascribed to other causes, but chiefly to the change of religion. Here we can only touch upon the most essential points. The plastic sense of the Greeks was converted by Christianity into a mystical one. While the Greek heathen deified the inner life of nature, and made this life, reverenced as divine, visible to the senses as well as to the soul, by a new creation, — in the Christian world, the contemplation of the Divine Being retired to the soul, and all earthly appearance paled in the glory with which the new religion encompassed the only God of heaven and earth. By this new and more profound revelation, earth and life seemed to change their shape; the former was converted into a vale of trial and sorrow; the enjoyment of the present was lost in the effort to become worthy of future and real life, or in the longing for death; and, absorbed in the contemplation of the unfathomable, the spirit shunned, as far as possible, all that could enchain it to the life of form. It was no more the

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destiny of man to enjoy his existence on earth, but, mindful of the better, though forfeited country, to mourn over the earthly fetters that detained him in the prison-house of the flesh. Now, therefore, form, even in its perfected beauty, seemed only as a wall of separation from the recognition of the infinitely perfect, to a reunion with which, as to the object of unceasing longing, the overthrow of these earthly barriers led. The infinite beauty of a world which transcended all conception could only come forth from the annihilation of the finite form. The flowers of Paradise could only blossom from the ashes of the grave; the liberated champion could only travel to his proper country through the triumphal arch of the tomb. Under the influences of a religion so spiritual, — and how mightily this influence worked in early times is known, — plastic art, limited to austere forms, could thrive no more. Music, as the most spiritual interpreter of the ineffable, and, as it seemed, the least enchained by earthly fetters, soared away beyond all the arts; but poetry moulded itself anew, and, swallowed up in the infinity of mysticism, strove to utter, in new tones, the boundless longing after perfect holiness, the never-satiated astonishment at the incomprehensible, the profound scorn of the earthly the ecstasy of devotion, and the compunction of remorse. Here was no place left for creative art, had the weakness of human nature been able to follow the steep and narrow path to the eternal, which the piety of the inspired fathers of the primitive church traced out before him. Meantime, human sentiment even here asserted its claims, and the love for the Divine Author of the religion came somewhat in aid of the natural wish of men to cheat desire by the image of the desired object. But, in order to build itself up in this new-formed world, it must needs submit itself to new laws. To aim exclusively at beauty, like the Grecian sculptor, would have been profane. The first object Christian art had to aspire after was instruction and significance; and, as painting can attain this end more easily and perfectly than plastic art, and as, besides, it works with more spiritual means, it soon became the favorite companion of Christianity, when Christianity gradually embodied itself in outward forms." — pp. 93 – 95.

From the discourse on the moral education of the Greeks we copy a few paragraphs.

"If morality is the inward health of man, and health consists in the harmonious accord of all his powers, so that even his baser part, the chaos of his impulses and desires, obeys the free principle of his higher nature, not merely with a slavish fear, but, pervaded by this principle, itself assumes the character of free-

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dom; it is manifest that such a harmony cannot be the result of force and compulsion. Morality is inward beauty; but beauty is the flower of freedom. Severe law makes the useful slave, but the moral man should be the very image of freedom. True, indeed, above the warring elements of manifold powers, impulses, and inclinations, which primarily toss and billow in the soul, hovers the imperial will, as an austere Nemesis, with her measure of right, or as inexorable Justice, to check the wild uproar, and to enforce the majesty of law. Certainly, this power, certainly, the god in man, must enjoin reverence upon the lower nature, and fright it back within its banks, when it breaks through the barriers; but he who restores the lost equipoise is not, therefore, its author and creator. As, according to a profound opinion of the ancient sages, the stormy rage of the yeasty elements, and their wild discord, were dissolved and reduced to order by the power of love, so, too, is it the magic of beauty in the human soul, which curbs its passions with gentle rein; it is the breath of love, that unites like to like, and reconciles the jarring elements; that unfolds the hidden germ of the inner man, until it blossoms, and works the miracle of a harmony, by which unruly accident is pervaded with the law of necessity, and necessity itself is transfigured to the shape of freedom.

"Hence it has long been acknowledged, that human nature, in order to be trained to morality, requires a mediator, who shall reconcile the severity of unbending law with the wantonness of wildly stirring impulses; purify and exalt them; soften by love the former, without abasement of its majesty; and it has been acknowledged, too, that this mediator is no other than the idea of beauty and sublimity, in which the divine nature, as the source and origin of the moral law, reveals itself in the earthly. This is the sun of the heaven within us, around which the elements of our being gather in regular and freely moving dance; pervaded by whose beams, every impulse is transfigured, and, when the time for action is at hand, comes forth, like the son of Tydeus, with glory blazing round it, kindling admiration and emulous delight.

"Hence it follows, as the first demand upon an education which is to form the morals, that it set up in the soul, and inspire with life, the idea of the beautiful and the great, along with imperative law. That the stream of unbridled caprice, and of the selfish despotism of the passions, may retire within safe banks, and that blind impulse may freely fall in with the order of a legislating government of the intellect, unshackled force must be encountered by the idea, which, because it comes down from God, is mightier than every earthly influence; as law, im-

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perative; but, as beauty, and veiled under the ethereal disguise of an image recognizable by the senses, kindly chiming in with the inclinations of the heart. For, in man's inward economy, none of the priceless powers of his nature should be lost; each should keep the place in which it can work with the best and most salutary effect; and, inasmuch as they all tend towards his god-like part, his inmost being should be moulded to a whole, of the purest, holiest, and most enchanting harmony." — pp. 321–323.

We have been pleased and instructed with a valuable paper translated, or rather compiled, by Mr. President Sears, from Ferdinand G. Hand, a writer, of whom, we are ashamed to say, we had never before heard. It is learned and instructive, and marked by that assured tone of superior knowledge, which would show, even to an ignorant man, that the writer was thorough master of his subject. It is written in a simple and business-like style, and is in every respect a most excellent essay. With the exception of a few flowery and highly wrought pages, not entirely to our taste, translated by Professor Edwards, from a discourse by the celebrated Bishop Tegnér, the Swedish poet, who was, at one period of his life, a professor of Greek, the remaining pages of the volume are occupied by a selection from the philological correspondence of some of the leading scholars of Germany and Holland, Ruhnken, Ernesti, Heyne, Wolf, Wyttenbach, Böttiger, Jacobs, Passow, and others. The letters are translated by Mr. President Sears, about one half of them from the Latin, and the remainder, with two or three exceptions, from the German. The correspondence is characteristic, and generally interesting, though we confess that we began to grow a little — a very little — weary, before we had read it completely through. The letters give a curious picture of the manner of life of these laborious and secluded scholars, and make unconscious revelations of the effects produced by it upon their own minds and characters, of the quiet self-esteem insensibly generated by the habit of being always surrounded by admiring scholars, of the irascibility which comes from being seldom contradicted, of the almost ludicrous importance given to their own studies and occupations, and the consequence assumed by disputes about accents, metres, particles, or enclitics. But this is the weak side of learning; its "peccant humors," as Lord Bacon would call them. Its better aspect

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may be seen in that life-long and untiring industry which distinguishes these scholars, their respectability of character, the patience with which they bear the pressure of poverty and the heart-sickness of deferred hope, their enthusiastic love of letters, and their equal readiness to teach and to learn. As specimens of intellectual power and vigor of thought, we confess that these letters do not seem quite commensurate with the high tone of eulogium bestowed upon their writers. From portions of this correspondence, as well as from the essay of Professor Edwards, the reader may learn to correct some of the debasing and ludicrous associations with which the names of Holland and Dutchmen are probably linked in his mind; names, to the common apprehension, redolent only of cheese, gin, herring, and tobacco smoke. This is owing partly to the uncouth language of that country, which nobody studies, but upon compulsion; and partly, so far as we are concerned, to the wit and humor of our gifted countryman, Diedrich Knickerbocker, over whose amusing pictures of Dutch life and manners we have never laughed without some compunctious visitings of conscience, and without feeling our ears slightly pulled by the hand of Truth. The world seems to overlook the fact, that the history of Holland is ennobled by the highest virtues of peace and war, by valor, by enterprise, by the most heroic endurance of adverse fortune, and by wisdom in success; — that her annals are thickly studded with great names, among which, especially, that of the illustrious William the Taciturn shines with a lustre second only to that of Washington; — that she is rich, too, in intellectual wealth, was at one time the first country in Europe in literary rank, and that she has never been without a band of scholars, not merely patient, plodding, and laborious, but accomplished and elegant.

The translations in this volume are evidently faithful and conscientious transcripts of the originals. Each sentence having passed through the careful examination of three excellent German scholars, it is hardly possible that there should be any mistake or inaccuracy. Their purpose has been to make their versions as literal as possible, consistently with the English idiom, and not to sacrifice the peculiar flavor of the original to mere smoothness of style. Consequently, there are occasionally sentences which strike upon the ear somewhat baldly, but every one, who has ever

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attempted to translate from German prose, must choose between this, and a very loose paraphrase, and, in our opinion, the choice which has been made is the true one.

We conclude our notice with copying three or four paragraphs of the Introduction, in which the cause of classical learning is advocated with eloquence, beauty, and feeling.

"Amidst the din of practical interests, the rivalries of commerce, and the great enterprises of the age, classical studies are gaining ground in public estimation. It must always be so with the advance of civilization. We must, however, confess with shame, that in American legislative assemblies, where we naturally look to find the highest courtesy of manners and the graces of literature, little proof of advancing culture, of any kind, is given. Scenes of brutality, to the disgrace and sorrow of the nation, are often enacted in the Congress of the United States, that seem to show that the night of barbarism is settling over the land. Many of the speeches delivered there exhibit a coarseness and vulgarity of sentiment, a disregard or ignorance of the proprieties of speech, an utter insensibility to the elegances of letters, and to the humanizing influences of the arts, which must be bitterly deplored. When a work of art was lately received in Washington, — a work on which the great American sculptor had lavished all the resources of his genius, and spent several years in the flower of his life, — it was assailed by an honorable member, in a strain of ribaldry, which a gentleman cannot even quote.

"But the prospects of American education and refinement are more encouraging, if we turn from public to private life. It is a much more common thing for young men to continue their classical studies beyond the time of the college education, than it has been in former days. The orators and dramatists of Greece and Rome are frequently made the companions of the writers on law and divinity, though classical pursuits are sometimes represented as on the decline all over the world. Modern literature, throbbing with present life; impassioned poetry, which the strong and exciting character of the age kindles into fiery expression, take hold of all hearts, stir up all minds, and leave but little time for the severer pursuits of the classical scholar. But this is a wrong view of the subject, at least in the extent to which it is sometimes carried. The excitements of modern literature lend additional ardor to classical studies. The young blood of modern literature has put new life into the literature of the dead languages. That exquisitely beautiful poem, Goethe's 'Iphigenia at Tauris,' has inseparably connected the

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name of the great German with him whom Aristotle calls the most tragic of poets, and who was Milton's most cherished bard. The comparison between the German and the Greek gives a fresh charm to the works of both. This point is admirably illustrated in Hermann's eloquent preface to his edition of the 'Iphigenia Taurica' of Euripides. That most delicate and harmonious tragic drama, the 'Ion' of Mr. Talfourd, — whose composition shed a delight and a charm over many years of intense professional labor, — has led many a scholar back to the beautiful antique, from which the title and the general subject were taken; and the applause, with which this masterly reproduction of the classical spirit and almost the antique form was welcomed a few years ago, was a pleasant indication of the still existing love of antique beauty. The majestic simplicity of Milton's 'Samson Agonistes,' and its Dorian choruses, forcibly bring to mind the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, and suggest very instructive comparisons between the lofty characters of the two poets. And who does not feel that he can better understand, and more profoundly appreciate, the glorious, but terrible, imagination of the poet of 'Agamemnon,' when he has once been moved and agitated by the awful power of 'Macbeth'; when the myriad-minded poet of England, in whom the genius of man took its sublimest flight, has once entered into and taken possession of his soul?

"But the Greek and Roman classics stand at the beginning and at the source of European culture. Nothing can displace them. Homer is the fountain-head of all European poetry and art. There he stands, venerable with nearly thirty centuries, touching his heroic harp to strains of unsurpassed, nay, unapproachable, excellence and grandeur. All the features of a great heroic age, — the chivalry of the classical world, — from which European civilization dates, and political and domestic order take their rise, — stand forth in living reality, in his immortal pictures. There he stands, radiant with the beams of the early Grecian morning, as 'jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top.' Who is to drive him from his station there? And how, then, is Homer to pass from the memory and the hearts of men? Impossible. It is not a question to be decided by a few petty and short-sighted utilitarian views. Homer's reign is firmly established over the literary world, and, if any nation should ever become so barbarous as to banish him from their schools, the penalty and disgrace would be their own. The language of Homer, as a picturesque, melodious, and enchanting instrument of thought, has never been surpassed.

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"Now these great ancients have been, time out of mind, the teachers of the civilized world. They form a common bond, which unites the cultivated minds of all nations and ages together. He who cuts himself off from the classics, excludes himself from a world of delightful associations with the best minds. He fails to become a member of the great society of scholars; he is an alien from the great community of letters. He may be a learned man; he may have all the treasures of science at his command; he may speak the modern languages with facility; but if he have not imbued his mind with at least a tincture of classical taste, he will inevitably feel that a great defect exists in his intellectual culture." — pp. iv – vii.

ART. IX. — 1. *Case of the Somers Mutiny. Defence of Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, Commander of the U. S. Brig Somers, before the Court-Martial held at the Navy-Yard, Brookline.* New York: Tribune Office, 160 Nassau Street. 1843. 8vo. pp. 30.

2. *History of the Mutiny at Spithead and the Nore, with an Inquiry into its Origin and Treatment; and Suggestions for the Prevention of future Discontent in the Royal Navy.* [Family Library, No. LXXX]. London: Printed for Thomas Tegg, 73 Cheapside, 1842.

THE highest crime known to the law is treason; it is higher than other crimes, because it draws in its train the perpetration of all others. It is an endeavour to overturn the government of the country. To accomplish its end, it unlooses the bands of social order, it subverts the authority of law, and inflames the worst passions of men. It is wise, therefore, for nations to guard against this crime, by jealous laws and stern punishments. In earlier times, the allegiance of the subject was confirmed by a sort of political sacrament. Our master poet has finely expressed the sentiment of his age, when he makes Richard the Second say,

> "Not all the water in the rough rude sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king."

To his sovereign every subject vowed "truth and faith to

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bear of life and limb and terrene honor, and not to know or hear of any ill intended him without defending him therefrom." The terrible penalty affixed to a violation of this oath was a token of the enormity of the offence, and a warning against its commission. And though in our day the heads of traitors are no longer suffered to bleach at Temple Bar, nor are the four quarters of their bodies nailed over the gates of cities, still the crime of treason continues to be hateful in the eyes of the law.

On the sea and in the narrow confines of a ship, the crime of mutiny corresponds in enormity, as in its general character, with treason. It is an endeavour to overturn the government of the ship, which is a portion of the floating sovereignty of the country. Its success involves the lives of the officers, and desecrates the flag which all are sworn to guard. Murder and piracy follow in its train. The ship, which sailed with the commission of the Government in search of undiscovered lands, in the hope of extending our knowledge of the face of the globe and of enlarging the domains of science, or, perhaps, in pursuit of the public enemies, is suddenly arrested in its course, not by any external arm, and the hopes and expectations hanging upon her voyage are blasted. It is well for the honor of navigation that its annals are blotted by so few instances of this crime.

Could we summon Christopher Columbus from his tomb, by the side of the grand altar of the cathedral of Havana, where his remains have at last been allowed to repose, he might disclose to us, how, for a moment, even his magnanimous soul quailed before the mutinous voices of his crew, calling upon him to abandon the voyage, which, in its successful termination, gave to the kingdoms of Castile and Arragon a new world. We read of the anxious nights which he passed, while the seamen gathered together in the retired parts of the ship, at first in little knots of two and three, which gradually increased and became formidable, plotting the overthrow of the authority of the Admiral. And, even after the flights of small birds were seen, and the fresh green herbage floated by, the mutiny seems to have prevailed, threatening disastrous results, till that eventful night when the cry of "Land" from the *Pinta* announced the great discovery on which the intrepid navigator had staked the fortunes of his voyage.

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A brief sketch of the most remarkable mutinies which disfigure the history of the British navy will prepare us for the consideration of the melancholy event of the *Somers*, which has occupied for so long a time so much of the public mind. From this survey we shall learn how swiftly the passions of men sweep them into crime, and how overwhelming the sudden and unexpected mutiny may become, as without any warning the hot lava descends the mountain side, carrying with it destruction and death. It may teach us further, that the commander cannot be too wakeful in his care to preserve his ship, and that his duty to the flag under which he sails, and to the crew that remain loyal, may impose upon him stern necessities which would not arise in the peaceful course of an ordinary voyage. We will add, that, while we are far from referring to the experience of the past with absolute and exclusive confidence, as a guide for our conduct, still we cannot hesitate to draw from it most valuable lessons.

We begin with the mutiny of the *Bounty*, an incident which is connected in various ways with circumstances abounding in interest, in romance, and in instruction. This ship had been fitted out under the direction of the British Government, for the purpose of introducing the bread-fruit tree from the islands of the Pacific Ocean to the West Indies. Through the recommendation of the amiable Sir Joseph Banks, it was placed under the command of Lieutenant Bligh, who had been with Captain Cook. Her burden was about two hundred and fifteen tons, and her muster consisted of one lieutenant, who was commanding officer, one master, three warrant officers, one surgeon, two master's mates, two midshipmen, and thirty-four petty officers and seamen, making, in all, fifty-four, to whom were added two skilful and careful men, who were to have the management of the plants. On the 23d of December, 1787, the ship sailed from Spithead, and arrived at Otaheite on the 26th of October, of the next year. There she remained till the 4th of April, 1789, receiving the plants which were the object of her voyage, while her crew were lapped in indulgence, afforded by the warm climate and the gentle natives. On the 27th of April, she was between the islands of Tofoa and Kotoo. Thus far, the voyage had been one of uninterrupted prosperity.

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"A very different scene," says Bligh, in his spirited journal, "was now to be experienced. A conspiracy had been formed which was to render all our past labor productive only of extreme misery and distress. *The means had been concerted and prepared with so much secrecy and circumspection, that no one circumstance appeared to occasion the smallest suspicion of the impending calamity*, the result of an act of piracy the most consummate and atrocious that was probably ever committed. . . . . On leaving the deck, I gave directions for the course to be steered during the night. The master had the first watch, the gunner the middle watch, and Mr. Christian the morning watch. This was the turn of duty for the night. Just before sun-rising on Tuesday, the 28th, *while I was yet asleep*, Mr. Christian, officer of the watch, Charles Churchill, ship's corporal, John Mills, gunner's mate, and Thomas Beckett, seaman, came into my cabin, and, seizing me, tied my hands with a cord behind my back, threatening me with instant death if I spoke or made the least noise. I called, however, as loud as I could, in the hopes of assistance; but they had already secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing sentinels at their doors."

With his hands tied, and the chief mutineer pointing a bayonet at his breast, Captain Bligh was hurried into the launch of the ship, in company with eighteen of his officers and crew. The mutiny assumed such instant strength, that all his efforts and exhortations were ineffectual to regain the control of the ship, and he was at length cast adrift on the open sea. "The secrecy of this mutiny," says Bligh, in another part of his journal, "is beyond all conception. Thirteen of the party, who were with me, had always lived forward among the seamen; yet neither they, nor the messmates of Christian, Stewart, Heyward, and Young, [officers who remained with the mutinous crew,] *had ever observed any circumstance that made them in the least suspect what was going on.* To such a close-planned act of villany, my mind being entirely free from any suspicion, it is not wonderful that I fell a sacrifice."

It appears from the minutes of the court-martial, which was afterwards held in England on some of the offenders, that the mutiny was not strictly the result of a conspiracy. The whole affair was planned and executed between the hours of four and eight o'clock on the morning of the 28th of April, when Christian had the watch on deck. Sore with wrongs fancied or real, which he had received from his

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commander, he had formed the idea of quitting the ship. Being called from a half-hour's disturbed sleep, in order to take charge of the deck, finding the two mates of the watch asleep, his youthful brain warm with the remembrance of the harshness of his commander, who was now sleeping unconscious of danger, the ship far away from her home, on untried seas, amid islands filled with allurements to the seaman, and now completely in his power, — with a sudden impulse he darted down the fore-hatchway, got possession of the keys of the arm-chest, and made the hazardous experiment of arming such of the men as he thought he could trust, and in a few hours overturned the supreme authority of the ship, to become a pirate.

It would be beside our purpose to follow the interesting story of the fates of the two different parties, — the commander and his companions, in their small open boat at the mercy of the waves, with starvation staring ghastly in their faces, for the space of forty-one days, during which they sailed a distance of 3618 nautical miles ; or the more unfortunate mutineers, with the ample comforts of a spacious ship, over which they had complete control, yet condemned to renounce the delights of country and home, and to be wanderers and fugitives on the face of the earth, with the brand of piracy on their foreheads.*

But the perilous voyage in the open boat furnishes an incident illustrative of the character of mutineers. It seems that, among this small number, bound together by close companionship in danger, the spirit of discord appeared, only to be arrested by the most energetic conduct of the commander. At one moment, it was on the point of de-

* The history of the miraculous navigation of Captain Bligh in the open boat is given in his "Journal." The principal parts of this are reproduced in an interesting little book on the *Eventful History of the Mutiny of the Bounty*, first published in the London Family Library, and afterwards, with omissions and modifications, "to render it more acceptable to the American public," in Harper's Family Library. In this volume, the reader may follow the fate of the mutineers, torn by intestine feuds, thinned by desertion, finally establishing themselves on one of Pitcairn's Islands, off the common track of ships in those seas, and there founding a little colony, in which, after deeds of violence and bloodshed, piety and sound morals seem, at last, to have found a home. The discovery of the descendants of these mutineers, after a lapse of time which had almost effaced the memory of the crime of their fathers, is one of the most interesting incidents in the history of navigation. It attracted the attention of Byron, who borrowed from it some of the topics of "The Island."

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veloping itself in open and successful mutiny. The Journal of Captain Bligh describes it as follows:

"The carpenter (Purcell) began to be insolent to a high degree, and at last told me, with a mutinous aspect, he was as good a man as I was. I did not just now see where this was to end; I, therefore, determined to strike a final blow at it, and either to preserve my command, or die in the attempt; and, taking hold of a cutlass, I ordered the rascal to take hold of another and defend himself, when he called out, that I was going to kill him, and began to make concessions. I was now only assisted by Mr. Nelson; and the master (Fryer) very deliberately called out to the boatswain, to put me under an arrest, and was stirring up a greater disturbance, when I declared, if he interfered when I was in the execution of my duty to preserve order and regularity, and that in consequence any tumult arose, *I would certainly put him to death the first person.* This had a proper effect on this man, and he now assured me, that, on the contrary, I might rely on him to support my orders and directions for the future. This is the outline of a tumult that lasted about a quarter of an hour."

It appears, from the language employed by the commander, that he would not have hesitated to resort to the most summary means to sustain the command of his little boat.

But the extent to which the power of mutiny may go was more fully seen in the terrible troubles of the English fleet at Spithead, and afterwards at the Nore. Perhaps no event during the reign of George the Third seemed, for a while, more to endanger the empire, or threw the people into a deeper consternation. The wooden walls of England appeared to rock to their foundation, and the defences against the public enemy to be overturned. The King remained firm, but anxious; while Parliament was in a state of fearful suspense, as if some great calamity impended over the land. These mutinies had a not unnatural origin in the shameful nature of the provisions which were supplied to the navy, in the injustice of impressment, in the hardships of the service, and the inadequate compensation which it received. The evil spirit first made itself manifest in the renowned Channel Fleet, under the command of Lord Howe, which was then fresh from the memorable victory of the 1st of June, 1794, and was composed of the largest, best-

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manned, and what were deemed the finest, ships in the British navy, — fit bulwarks to the coasts of England against invasion. The seamen, by anonymous letters and round-robins, made their grievances known to Lord Howe, whom they called their "father"; but his Lordship, accustomed to the stern laws of war, seemed to look with indifference, if not contempt, on these informal expressions of discontent. At length, on the 15th of April, when the signal was made for the fleet to weigh anchor, the *Queen Charlotte*, the flag-ship, notorious for the laxity of discipline and the turbulence of the crew, manned her fore-shrouds and gave three cheers, an example which was immediately followed by the rest of the fleet. A deputation of four seamen from each ship assembled on board the *Queen Charlotte*, to determine the steps most suitable to the emergency, and to preside over the mutiny. A captain from among themselves was appointed on the forecastle of each ship to keep watch, and to assert the power of the committee. The marines were disarmed, and the magazines seized. The officers were not allowed to go on shore, but were detained on board. Indeed, the admiral retained command of the fleet, with one restriction only, — that he should not put to sea until the seamen were satisfied.

After a correspondence between the Lords of the Admiralty and the delegates of the seamen, their demands were conceded. They next resolved to hold their authority until the King's pardon was granted. Proclamation of pardon was then made to the fleet. A bill was hurried through Parliament, passing through all its stages in a single night, providing for the increase of the seamen's pay; and Lord Howe was charged with extraordinary powers by the King to compose the alarming troubles. By the influence of his great name, by gentleness, and, more than all, by admitting, to a certain extent, the justice of their claims, the seamen were won back to duty; and, on the 17th of May, with renewed alacrity and good feeling, this powerful fleet put to sea in search of the enemies of their country.

While the mutiny at Spithead was dying away, a flame broke out in the fleet of the Nore, which was destined to rage with a wilder and more ungovernable fury. It found its first vent on board the flag-ship, the *Sandwich*. On the signal being given to prepare for sailing, the crew ascended

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the rigging and gave three cheers, in token that they threw off the yoke of obedience to their officers, and declared themselves, for the time being, their own masters. They then held a council together, and appointed delegates for the government of the ship. The example of the *Sandwich* was followed throughout the fleet, and the authority of the officers completely overthrown. A manifesto, setting forth their grievances, was signed by the delegates of twenty ships of war; and this powerful armament, to which were soon added other ships from the North sea, was put in an attitude of defence, being moored in two lines of battle. A committee of delegates occupied the Admiral's cabin in the flag-ship; their table was covered with a union jack; a can of beer was placed on it; the members sat with their hats on, and ordered such captains as were summoned before them to be uncovered.

These extraordinary proceedings were sudden and unexpected. The author of the "Naval History of Great Britain,"* who was a lieutenant on board one of the ships that joined in the mutiny, and officer of the watch when it broke out, says:

"On board the Agamemnon *little suspicion was entertained of an intention to mutiny*, till the people had dined, when they were called by the boatswain's mate; but none appearing, *a petty officer came and gave information, that the ship's company had retreated to the fore part of the lower deck, and refused to come up.* The captain, being acquainted with this, desired the officer of the watch to accompany him down to speak to them. They went forward on the lower deck, and found the men had made a barricade of hammocks from one side of the ship to the other, just before the fore-hatchway, and had left an embrasure on each side, through which they had pointed two twenty-four pounders. These they had loaded, and threatened to fire in case of resistance on the part of the officers."

The organization on board the fleet was perfect. Rules

* *The Naval History of Great Britain from the Year 1789 to 1822, by Edward Pelham Brenton, Esq., Captain in the Royal Navy*, Vol. II. p. 423. "A composition," says the author of *The History of the Mutiny at Spithead and the Nore*, (p. 223,) "of neither weight nor value, and the gossiping nature of which only acquires an interest, in the particular case of the mutiny, from the fact of its author's having been a prisoner in the fleet at the time." The historian of the mutiny is the friend of the seamen, and writes almost with the spirit of a mutineer.

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and orders were issued by the delegates, for the government of the fleet. The general superintendence and command were in the hands of Richard Parker, a supernumerary of the *Sandwich*, who had been impressed at ——, and who was sometimes styled Admiral of the fleet, and at other times President. In the mean time, the Government took the most energetic steps. A proclamation was issued, offering pardon to all who should return to their duty. The coast was put in a state of defence. Sheerness was evacuated by its inhabitants, in order to afford accommodation for the garrison; troops poured in from all sides; a chain was thrown across the mouth of the harbour to close the entrance to the Medway; on Mr. Sheridan's suggestion, all the buoys and beacons were removed from the three channels leading to the Thames, so as to deprive the fleet of the customary guides in navigation; red-hot balls were ready to be used at a moment's notice; and the mutineers were publicly and officially branded as pirates and rebels.

The rebellious seamen now resorted to extreme measures. They put the mouth of the Thames, the avenue to the great commercial mart of the world, under blockade. The trade of the empire seemed to be in their hands; the argosies of India, and the heavy-laden merchantmen from every land, a forest of masts, were held spell-bound by their authority. A panic seized the nation; the three *per cent.* consols fell to, and remained at, forty-five and a half. Various fears occupied the public mind. The first was, lest the fleet should be surrendered into the hands of the French or the Dutch; the second, lest an attack should be directed against the arsenals and forts that lined the Thames and the Medway; the last, and perhaps the most urgent, lest the enemy's fleet should put to sea, calculating upon the disaffection of the seamen, and meet with no resistance. But the bad luck which waits on rebellion speedily ensued. Distrust and apprehension of consequences began to work a way towards reconciliation and submission. Several of the ships, braving the fire of the whole fleet, escaped, not without considerable damage, from the unholy confederacy. The signal for sailing was made by Parker, but not obeyed. No hand moved to weigh anchor or unfurl the sails. The fleet remained stationary, and this formidable mutiny, which seemed for a while to darken the whole land, gradually crumbled in

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pieces. Ship after ship floated into the harbour, to receive the King's pardon. A reward was offered for the apprehension of Parker. On the morning of June 14th, the white flag, the sign of unconditional submission, replaced the red colors of rebellion, in nearly all the ships. A court-martial was speedily constituted, under whose decrees Parker, and many of his associates, suffered at the yard-arm. On the 11th of October of this year, Admiral Duncan led into action the lately mutinous fleet of the North Sea, and the victory of Camperdown entitled the seamen again to the gratitude of the country.

But the spirit of mutiny did not keep close by the shores of England. It crossed the sea, and entered the fleet occupied in the blockade of Cadiz, under the energetic command of Lord St. Vincent. It was fortunate for the British arms, that the double contest, with the public enemies without and the seamen within, fell to a commander of his intrepid character and great resources. One of the earliest and most melancholy manifestations of insubordination took place in the *Kingfisher*, commanded by Captain John Maitland. The crew refused to weigh anchor. The captain immediately singled out one of the ringleaders, and ordered him to be seized up for punishment; but when this had been done, one of the petty officers went deliberately to the grating and cut the cords to release the prisoner. On this, Maitland drew his dirk, and laid the offender dead, or mortally wounded, on the deck. He also severely wounded two other men. He was well supported by his officers, and the mutiny was instantly quelled. He demanded a court-martial on himself for having put the man to death. It was granted, and he was acquitted; but admonished to be more temperate in future.*

Other executions followed; and the temper of the Admiral, as well as the magnitude of the emergency, may be estimated by his order to Sir William Parker, which we quote at length.

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* It is said, that Lord St. Vincent did not participate in the feeling which dictated the admonition, and that he invited the members of the court-martial to dinner, and after the cloth was removed, gave as a toast, "Maitland's cure." This circumstance is given on the authority of his biographer (Brenton's *Life of St. Vincent*, Vol. I. 359); but it has been doubted, (London Quarterly Review, Vol. LXII. p. 439,) and, for the sake of humanity and decency, we trust that it does not darken the name of that great Admiral.

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[SECRET.]

"Sir, — It being necessary to take every precaution against any attempt to defeat or delay the carrying of the sentence of the court-martial into execution on board the *Defence* this morning, I have ordered all the launches in the fleet fitted with carronades to have them mounted, and to hold them in readiness at a moment's warning; and should any resistance be made to carrying the sentence of the law into execution, (of which immediate notice will be given to you,) it is my directions that you assume the command of them, taking the captains of your division in their barges to your assistance, and *that you fire into that part of his Majesty's ship* Defence *where the persons resisting or opposing obedience to lawful commands may dispose of themselves, and continue your fire until they submit.*"

"ST. VINCENT.

"To Sir William Parker, bar't."

From these convulsions overmastering fleets, we pass to an outrage of a different character, which stands out as a conspicuous instance of the suddenness with which the force of mutiny may subdue a ship, and also of the retribution which is sure to fall upon the miserable offenders from the unsleeping power of the law. The *Hermione*, a frigate of the British navy, was cruising, on the evening of the 21st of September, 1797, off the west end of Porto Rico. Her commander, Captain Pigott, was a rough officer, whose orders seemed to be inspired by the worst spirit of the forecastle, unchastened by the refinement of the quarter-deck, or the humanity which is the highest grace alike of the sailor and soldier. Some of the men were reefing the top-sails, when he called out that he would flog the last man off the mizzen-topsail-yard. The poor sailors understood the character of their commander, and felt that this was not an empty threat, although the chance of punishment would naturally fall on the outermost, and consequently the most exposed to danger. Each resolved to escape the threatened punishment, and two of them, who, from their position outside, could not reach the rigging, made a spring to get over their comrades. They missed their hold, fell on the quarter-deck, and were killed. This being represented to the captain, he is said to have made answer, "Throw the lubbers overboard."*

* This incident is given on the authority of Brenton's *Naval History*, Vol. II. p. 436. The other volume from which we draw the account of

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In little more than twenty-four hours after this event, the mutiny broke out. Double-headed shot were thrown about the ship, and other disorderly acts committed. The first lieutenant went below to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. He was knocked down with a tomahawk, his throat cut, and his body thrown overboard. The captain had already retired to sleep, unconscious of danger. His fate we give in the words of a witness in court. "Hearing a noise upon deck, he immediately ran out of his cabin, when, being badly and repeatedly wounded, he was at length obliged to return. He had reached his cabin and was sitting on a couch, faint with the loss of blood, when four men entered with bayonets fixed. Crawley headed them. Captain Pigott, weak as he was, held out his dirk, and kept them off. They seemed for a moment appalled by the sight of their commander, when Crawley exclaimed, 'What! four against one, and yet afraid? Here goes, then,' and buried his bayonet in the body of Captain Pigott. *He was followed by the others, who with their bayonets thrust him through the port, and he was heard to speak as he went astern.*" The second lieutenant was now dragged across the deck, stretching out his hands and crying, "Mercy! mercy!" After receiving many wounds, he was drawn up the ladder by the hair of his head, to be thrown overboard. It was then that his own servant rushed upon him with a hatchet in his hand, crying out, "Let me have a cut at him"; on saying which he dreadfully wounded his own master. The lieutenant of marines, though sick in his cabin, was taken and thrown overboard. The other officers, nine in number, were cut to pieces.

"Confusion now had made his master-piece!"

The flag of St. George descended from the mast-head; and the mutineers took possession of the ship, which they conducted to the Spanish port of La Guaira, and surrendered to the government, Spain being at that time at war with England.

But the doom of the pirate is inevitable. He is pursued,

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this mutiny, says nothing with regard to the words used by the captain. *Annual Register*, Vol. XL. p. 4; Vol. XLII. p. 27. Such inhuman conduct is stranger than the fictitious, and apparently improbable scenes, by which Smollett has held the naval service up to detestation in "Roderick Random."

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as if by the inexorable Fate of the ancients. There is no recess of the ocean, no pathway on the waters, where he can find shelter. The arm of modern civilization is more searching even than that of Rome, in the days of her greatest power, when the unfortunate victim sought in vain, on the distant shores of the Caspian, or, far away from the sun, in Britain, to hide himself from the vengeance of the Emperor. The law of the civilized world treats the pirate as the common enemy of men. It fastens on him a wolf's head, and he is hunted to the uttermost parts of the sea. One by one, or in small numbers together, the crew of the *Hermione* fell into the hands of the government of their country, and were brought to trial. Some were executed at Portsmouth; others in the ports of St. Domingo; and the remains of many for a long time swung from gibbets on the sandy keys at the entrance of Port Royal harbour, in the island of Jamaica. No long period elapsed, before the frigate, which had been the scene of this appalling outrage, by a remarkable act of naval hardihood, was cut out of the harbour of Porto Cavallo, where she was lying under the shelter of two hundred pieces of cannon mounted on the batteries, and again restored to the British navy under the name of the *Retribution.** Afterwards, at Portsmouth, some of her former crew, convicted of piracy, suffered death at her yard-arm.

The melancholy history of the *Hermione* does not close the catalogue of these misfortunes in the British navy. The fate of the *Lady Jane Shore*, a transport ship, in 1798, is another illustration of the suddenness with which the doom of blood may descend upon the unfortunate officers of a ship. When four days from Rio de Janeiro, a part of the crew rose in the night on the second mate, who was on watch. He found resistance to so many armed men to be in vain, and submitted in order to save his own life. The mutineers then entered the cabin of the chief mate, and murdered him in the most savage manner, cutting off his head. They proceeded to the round-house, where the captain was, and demanded admission, which he refused, and, on their further persisting, fired a pistol at them through the door. They instantly broke the door in pieces and murdered him, it is said, with every circumstance of cruelty. Eleven persons

* *Annual Register*, Vol. XLII. p. 69.

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were put into the long-boat, with a compass, and turned adrift; but they arrived safe at Rio de Janeiro.* Of the subsequent fate of these mutineers, we do not find any trace. We cannot doubt, however, that they suffered the judgment of law for their crime.

The reader, who has followed us thus far, will have supped full of horrors; and we have not the heart, if the materials were within our reach, to add to the disagreeable banquet. We do not doubt that many more instances might be produced, which would throw light on the origin and character of mutinies. Thus we find in a periodical publication of high authority,† under the chronicle of intelligence for the year 1800, this brief note: "With great concern we have to notice a mutiny on board his Majesty's ship *Danaë*, which has been carried into Brest by the villains who obtained possession of her." Here was another national ship wrested from Government by the parricidal hands of its own sons. The melancholy fate of the officers we are left to imagine. Were they butchered and thrown into the sea? were they turned adrift in a small boat with a scanty supply of food? or were they confined as prisoners in the ship, which, under a commission from their sovereign, they had once commanded, and, as prisoners, delivered to the enemies of their country?

The instincts of our nature cannot fail to be aroused by the recital of such catastrophes. We feel for the unhappy sufferers, suddenly overcome by a cruel fate, which they could not foresee, and which they were impotent to control. We would offer them our sympathy; but they have, perhaps, passed where that cannot follow. It is, therefore, in accordance with the feelings of humanity, that, by the law and usage of the nations of the earth, mutiny is held in the greatest abhorrence. The laws of Solon stamped all who participated in it as *infamous*. By the laws of the modern world it is punished with death. The articles of war of the United States‡ expressly declare: "If any

* *Annual Register*, Vol. XL. p. 60.

† *Ibid.*, Vol. XLII. p. 6.

‡ Act of Congress, 23d of April, 1800, § 1, article 13th. By the act of 19th of May, 1832, certain commissioners were authorized to revise and enlarge the rules and regulations of the naval service, with the view "to adapt them to the present and future exigencies of this important arm of national defence." We are not aware that any report has been made by the

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person in the navy shall make, or attempt to make, any mutinous assembly, he shall, on conviction thereof by a court-martial, suffer death." This provision was borrowed, almost in its very words, from the articles of war established by the British Parliament as long ago as 1749. No discretion is left with the court-martial. There is but one punishment, and that is death.

In the course of our survey, we have already found at least one instance in which the officer did not await the tardy results of a court-martial, but took upon himself the responsibility of inflicting, without any resort to legal process, the doom appointed by the law. The case of Lord Camelford, which we shall now present, recognizes the right of the officer to act for himself in such an emergency, even where the circumstances were by no means of a very pressing character. The following account is taken from the Annual Register for 1798.

"Lieutenant Peterson, of his Majesty's ship *Perdrix*, has been lately shot by Lord Camelford. The circumstances of this new catastrophe in our annals of naval transactions are as follows: Lord Camelford has the rank of master and commander, and has the command of his Majesty's sloop of war, the *Favourite*. The *Favourite* and *Perdrix* were lying in English Harbour, on Saturday, the 15th of January, at which time Captain Fahie, of the *Perdrix*, was absent in St. Kitts. Mr. Peterson was first lieutenant of the *Perdrix*. Lord Camelford, as being commanding officer at that time in English Harbour, ordered Lieutenant Peterson to row guard in the harbour for that night. This order Lieutenant Peterson refused to obey, Captain Fahie being Lord Camelford's senior officer, and his Lordship having, therefore, in his opinion, no right to give the order. Both ships were hauled alongside the dock-yard, repairing, and the companies of each ship collected round the party in the dock-yard, where the altercation began. Many words passed between the lieutenant and his Lordship, but still Mr. Peterson refused to obey. About twelve

commissioners, so that our navy is still governed by the old articles of 1800. These are copied in many most important respects, often even in the language, from the British articles of 1749. The rigor of the latter, which is not invariably preserved in ours, has excited the warmest indignation in a British writer; and complaint is made that these articles, though framed as far back as 1749, remain unaltered to this day. (*History of the Mutiny at Spithead and the Nore*, p. 305.) We trust that the delay of our commissioners will not justify such complaints in the naval service of the United States.

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of the crew of the *Perdrix* came to the spot armed, in a few minutes afterwards; and Lord Camelford brought six of his marines to the place, armed also. Mr. Peterson now drew up his men in a line, and he stood at their head with his sword by his side; Lord Camelford also drew up his six men in a line fronting the *Perdrix's* people, and distant about four yards. His Lordship then quitted the place for about two minutes, and returned with a pistol in his hand, which he had borrowed of an officer of the yard. Mr. Peterson was standing at the head of his men, as before, with his sword drawn, the point of it resting on the ground; in this position Lord Camelford went up to him with his pistol in his hand, and said, 'Do you still persist in refusing to obey my orders?' To which the lieutenant answered, 'Yes, I do refuse.' On which Lord Camelford immediately clapped the pistol to his right breast, and fired. Mr. Peterson fell on his back immediately, and never spoke a word more, or moved, as the ball went entirely through his body. His corpse was then carried into the capstan-house, where Lord Camelford attended, and examined the body. The armed part of the crews of the two ships quietly went aboard their own ships; and Lord Camelford gave himself up as a prisoner to Captain Matson of the *Beaver*, sloop of war, in which ship he was carried up to the admiral, in Fort Royal Bay, and there tried and acquitted. His Lordship gave in a very admirably written defence, containing eighteen pages, very closely written."—Vol. XL. pp. 10, 11.

The court-martial was assembled on board the ship *Invincible*, in Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, the 20th of January, 1798, and held by adjournment every day afterwards, Sunday excepted, until the 25th. From the length of time occupied, so unusual in the despatch of English court-martials, it would seem that the case received a proper share of attention. The court was composed of five officers of the rank of captain. In their sentence they say, that,

"Having heard the whole of the evidence adduced on the occasion, and what the prisoner had to offer in his defence, and maturely and deliberately weighed and considered the same, and *being fully sensible of the necessity of prompt measures in cases of mutiny*, they are unanimously of opinion, that the very extraordinary and manifest disobedience of Lieutenant Peterson, both before and at the instant of his death, to the lawful orders of Lord Camelford, the senior officer at English Harbour at that time, and the violent measures taken by Lieutenant Peterson to resist the same, by arming the *Perdrix's* ship's company, were

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acts of mutiny highly injurious to his Majesty's service. The court do, therefore, unanimously adjudge that the Right Honorable Lord Camelford be honorably acquitted, and *he is hereby unanimously and honorably acquitted accordingly.*"*

In the early history of our own navy, we find an instance of an emergency which did not brook the law's delay. It occurred on board of the ship of that brave commander, who was first distinguished in the naval service of his country, and at a later period as its representative at a foreign court, and to whose memory the funeral gun and the flag at half-mast have only recently rendered the last naval honors. We give the narrative of this transaction from an authentic source.†

"While the *Essex* was lying at the Marquesas Islands, recruiting and refreshing her crew from one of the long and arduous cruises in the Pacific, Commodore Porter was informed, through

* It is to the credit of the author of the *Naval History of England*, (Vol. II. pp. 439, 440,) that he was not blinded by the rank of the offender in this case, as the court-martial seems to have been. The necessity of prompt measures, in the case of mutiny, is the ground-work of the sentence. This cannot be exaggerated. But was the conduct of the noble commander free from the imputation of malice and passion? Were the circumstances, on this occasion, of the pressing and overruling character to justify him in anticipating the course of the law? Did there *appear* to be any imminent danger to himself or his crew, or the honor of his flag? This instance of summary punishment, on grounds apparently insufficient, does not stand alone in the annals of the British navy. It is said, that a commander, whose services were of sufficient dignity to be rewarded with a peerage, took away the life of a man in the following manner. His crew had come aft upon the quarter-deck to complain of the badness of the wine, which at this time was served out on board the fleet, when rum, which the sailors much preferred, was not procurable. After the first or second complaint, the officer hailed another ship in the same fleet, to know if any complaint had been made of their wine, which had been served out at the same time? The answer was, No. On the following day, one of the crew appeared on the quarter-deck to repeat the complaint. *The commander drew his sword and ran the complainant through the body!* He had suddenly found that he was guilty of the crime of mutiny. We do not wonder at the bitterness with which the writer on whose authority we give this outrage (*History of the Mutiny at Spithead and the Nore*, p. 152) alludes to such a violation of law and of humanity. With such precedents in their service, it is not difficult to infer the sense of the British navy, the navy of the largest experience the world has ever seen, with regard to the manner in which the authority of the officers of a ship should be upheld against the slightest approach to mutiny. Like tyranny, "it should be snuffed in the coming breeze."

† It is from the Appendix to the lively volume entitled "*A Gallop among American Scenery, or Sketches of American Scenes and Military Adventure*, by Augustus E. Silliman." From knowledge within our reach we place implicit confidence in the accuracy of the above narrative.

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a servant of one of the officers, that a mutiny had been planned, and was on the eve of consummation; that it was the intention of the mutineers to rise upon the officers, — take possession of the ship, — and, after having remained as long as they found agreeable at the island, to hoist the black flag and 'cruise on their own account.' — Having satisfied himself of the truth of the information, Commodore Porter ascended to the quarter-deck, and ordered all the crew to be summoned aft. Waiting till the last man had come from below, he informed them that he understood that a mutiny was on foot, and that he had summoned them for the purpose of inquiring into its truth. — 'Those men who are in favor of standing by the ship and her officers,' said the commodore, 'will go over to the starboard side, — those who are against them will remain where they are.' The crew, to a man, moved over to the starboard side. The ship was still as the grave. Fixing his eyes on them steadily and sternly for a few moments, the commodore said, — 'Robert White, — step out." The man obeyed, standing pale and agitated — guilt stamped on every lineament of his countenance — in front of his comrades. The commodore looked at him a moment, — then, seizing a cutlass from the nearest rack, said in a suppressed voice, but in tones so deep that they rung like a knell upon the ears of the guilty among the crew, — 'Villain! — you are the ringleader of this mutiny, — jump overboard!' The man dropped on his knees, imploring for mercy, — saying that he could not swim. 'Then drown, you scoundrel!' said the commodore, springing towards him to cut him down, — 'overboard instantly!' — and the man jumped over the side of the ship. He then turned to the trembling crew, and addressed them with much feeling, — the tears standing upon his bronzed cheek as he spoke. He asked them what he had done, that his ship should be disgraced by a mutiny. He asked whether he had ever dishonored the flag, — whether he had ever treated them with other than kindness, — whether they had ever been wanting for any thing to their comfort, that discipline and the rules of the service would allow — and which it was in his power to give. At the close of his address, he said, — 'Men! — before I came on deck, I laid a train to the magazine! — and I would have blown all on board into eternity, before my ship should have been disgraced by a successful mutiny, — I never would have survived the dishonor of my ship! — Go to your duty.' The men were much affected by the commodore's address, and immediately returned to their duty, showing every sign of contrition. They were a good crew, but had been seduced by the allurements of the islands, and the plausible representations of a villain. That

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they did their duty to their flag, it is only necessary to say, that the same crew fought the ship afterwards against the *Phebe* and *Cherub*, in the harbour of Valparaiso, where, though the American flag descended, — it descended in a blaze of glory which will long shine on the pages of history. But mark the sequel of this mutiny, — and let those, who, *in the calm security of their firesides*, are so severe upon the course of conduct pursued by officers in such critical situations, see how much innocent blood would have been saved, if White had been cut down instantly, or hung at the yard-arm. As he went overboard, he succeeded in reaching a canoe floating at a little distance, and paddled ashore. Some few months afterwards, when Lieutenant Gamble of the Marines was at the islands, in charge of one of the large prizes, short-handed and in distress, this same White, at the head of a party of natives, attacked the ship, killed two of the officers and a number of the men, and it was with great difficulty that she was prevented from falling into their hands. The blood of those innocent men, and the lives of two meritorious officers, would have been spared, if the wretch had been put to instant death, — as was the commodore's intention."

pp. 261 – 264.

We join with this earnest writer in urging all who, in the calm security of their firesides, are disposed to judge ungenerously the conduct of officers placed in circumstances of such emergency, to consider well the consequences of a failure to sustain the command of the ship, and the probable effect of energetic action in securing it in the hands where it rightly belongs. The cases which we have now brought together cannot fail to leave a strong impression on the mind. They teach at least one lesson, which the faithful commander should not forget, except on peril of the highest misfortune. It is, that the outbreak of mutiny may be sudden, unexpected, and overwhelming, even among a crew that has given no previous sign of disaffection. Perhaps we may go further, and draw from them a rule of conduct, which shall vindicate the exercise of the most summary authority in subduing this spirit of evil. The small vapor, hardly perceptible as it first issued from the little box drawn up by the net of the poor fisherman in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," by degrees rose in the air, and swelled in magnitude as it rose, till it assumed the form of a genie of gigantic proportions, no longer to be restrained within the narrow limits from which it had escaped. Such is the spirit of mutiny;

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and woe to the unfortunate commander, who, in a moment of irresolution, or through fear of exercising a power corresponding to the stern necessities of the occasion, allows the small vapor to swell till it stalks like a giant over the ship !

For the present, we leave all the considerations suggested by this historical examination, and hasten to the immediate subject before us. The affair of the Somers will stand out conspicuously in the naval history of the country, as well for the singular atrocity of the conception of the mutiny, as from the character of its chief instigator, and the summary and painful way in which it was suppressed. The annals of the world do not afford a more impressive scene than that of the young commander of a small ship, away from his country, at sea, in the exercise of what he believed to be a solemn duty, ordering the execution, at the yard-arm, of a brother officer,* the son of a distinguished Minister of State. At the risk of repeating a more than thrice-told tale, we proceed at once to give a narrative of this event, which we shall make as brief as possible, endeavouring simply to present the facts that are essential to enable us to determine the responsibility of Commander Mackenzie for an act, in many respects, without precedent in naval history.

The *Somers*, a brig of war of the United States, sailed from New York on the 12th of September, 1842, under the command of Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, an officer, who, though not yet arrived at the honors of seniority, had partaken in the toils of the sea, in the service of his country, for nearly thirty years. To a distinguished name in his profession, he joined honors obtained in other fields of exertion ; and the fame of the successful author enhanced the well-deserved reputation of the officer. The brig was small, of two hundred and sixty-six tons by measurement, though so sharply built that she carried only one hundred and twenty ; a very swift sailer, with raking masts, and pierced for fourteen guns, though mounting only ten. Her crew consisted of one hundred and twenty men, of whom twelve were officers, nine ordinary seamen, six lands-

* The language of Livy on a memorable occasion is not inappropriate. *Conspectius eo, quod pœnæ capiendæ ministerium illi imposuit, et qui spectator erat amovendus, eum ipsum fortuna exactorem supplicii dedit.* Lib. II. 5. We intend to apply these words to the unhappy situation of the commander.

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men, and the remainder, apprentice boys, between the ages of thirteen and eighteen years. They had nearly all been detached from the receiving ship *North Carolina*, lying at the port of New York, on board of which was the naval school. Holding the rank of midshipman, among the officers was Philip Spencer, son of Mr. Spencer, at that time Secretary of War, and a conspicuous member of the cabinet of President Tyler. It appears, that, before sailing, Commander Mackenzie had heard of previous misconduct on the part of Spencer, which inclined him to look unfavorably upon his character, and to desire his removal from the Somers. On the Brazilian station he had wantonly insulted an English midshipman, in a freak of drunkenness, and been otherwise involved in difficulties, on account of which he was dismissed from the squadron, and incurred the severe censure of the Navy Department. It is said, that, at this time, only the interference of friends and his own promises of amendment saved him from the action of a court-martial, and expulsion from the service. "The circumstance," says Commander Mackenzie, "of his connexion with a high and distinguished officer of the Government, by enhancing, if possible, his baseness, increased my desire to get rid of him. On this point I beg that I may not be misunderstood. I revere authority, and, in this republican country, I regard its exercise as an evidence of genius, intelligence, and virtue. But I have no respect for the base son of an honored father." Subsequent events developed too clearly the wisdom and discretion of the commander, in desiring Spencer's removal. This, however, did not take place, and the brig sailed with seven in the steerage, which was fitted to accommodate only five persons. Her destination was the coast of Africa, where she was to convey despatches to the sloop of war *Vandalia*, and to join that vessel in protecting our commerce from molestation in that quarter.

On her outward passage, as far as Madeira, the usual regularity and order prevailed. The crew appeared to be under good discipline; the rules of the service were rigidly enforced; its exercises, such as firing at targets, and manœuvring the guns, were strictly attended to, and the brig was in as good and effective a condition as could have been expected, seeing that the crew was made up,

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to so great an extent, of young apprentices. Spencer did his duty, and was treated by the commander, like the other midshipmen. Perhaps, the commander says, he had reproved Spencer somewhat less than the others, for slight deviations from the line of duty, because he had little hope of essentially serving one who had proved to be so decidedly his own enemy. It was observed, that he was in the habit of associating very little with the other officers, but was continually intimate with the crew. He was in the habit of joking with them. He seemed to shun with care the company of his superiors, while he courted that of the older boys, and the ordinary seamen of the vessel, giving them occasionally money, and endeavouring to amuse them and attach them to himself. He drew from the purser a large quantity of tobacco and cigars, far more than any other officer, which he distributed among the apprentices and seamen, whose favor he seemed desirous to secure. On the day before leaving New York, he gave money to Small, an ordinary seaman; on the passage out, he gave money to Cromwell, the boatswain's mate, — at one time fifteen dollars; and he also corrupted the ward-room steward, and induced him, at different times, to steal brandy, which he drank himself, and distributed among his favorites of the crew.

After the *Somers* stopped at Madeira, on her passage to the coast of Africa, a change seemed to take place in the conduct of the crew, and the influence of Spencer appeared to be gaining an ascendency. In conversation he often betrayed his desire to have command of a vessel of his own. At the same time, his intimacy with Cromwell, Small, and others of the crew, was observed to increase. His manner towards his messmates became more reserved; but among the crew he was loud and blasphemous in his abuse of the commander, declaring that it would give him real pleasure to roll that officer overboard from the round-top. This, however, was not known at the time to the commander, in intercourse with whom Spencer was servile to the last degree. Space will not allow us to point out all the germs of the conspiracy which was meditated, and we come at once to its final discovery.

With the purser's steward, James W. Wales, the commander once had a trifling difficulty, which probably led

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Spencer to believe that this person could be drawn over to his designs. The attempt to do this resulted in the discovery of the plot. The brig had left Cape Palmas on the eleventh of November, for the United States, intending to stop at St. Thomas, in order to take in a fresh supply of provisions and other necessaries. On the night of the twenty-fifth of November, between six and eight o'clock in the evening, Wales states that he was standing forward by the bitts, when Spencer came up, and, after a few remarks about the weather, requested him to get on top of the booms, as he had something very important to communicate. Wales accordingly, contrary to a regulations of the ship, mounted the booms with him, and, after taking an oath of the most solemn secrecy, which, to his astonishment, was prescribed by Spencer with great seriousness, he obtained from the latter a full account of his plans. According to this account, Spencer was then leagued with about twenty of the brig's company to take the brig, murder all her officers, and enter upon a career of piracy. The plan and stations of the men were arranged in a paper concealed in his cravat. He requested Wales to feel of his neck-handkerchief, who says that there was a rumpling which showed that there was paper in the back part of it. The affray was to be commenced some night when Spencer had the mid-watch. Several of his men would engage in a fight on the forecastle. He was to order them up to the mast, and, under pretence of settling the difficulty, to call Mr. Rogers, the officer of the deck, whom they were to seize, as soon as he came to the gangway, and throw overboard. They would then have the brig in their own possession. The keys of the arm-chest, he said, he could lay his hands on at any moment. This was to be opened and the arms distributed. He was next to station his men at the hatches to prevent any one from coming upon deck, and then to proceed to the cabin and murder the commander with the least noise possible. He was then, with some of his men, to penetrate to the ward-room, and there murder the officers. The officers of the ward-room, he said, had no arms, except the first lieutenant, who had an old cutlass, which he should take care to secure, before the affray commenced. This accomplished, he said he should go on deck, and cause the two after-guns to be slued round, so as to command the vessel from a raking

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position. He would then cause all the crew to be called up, and select from them such as would suit his purposes. The remainder, particularly the small boys, he should cause to be thrown overboard, as useless consumers of biscuit. This done, the brig was to proceed to Cape San Antonio, or to the Isle of Pines, and there take on board one who was familiar with their intended business, and who was ready and willing to join them. Then was to commence the career of piracy. Spencer seems to have dwelt with complacency upon the course to be pursued, and the pleasures to be enjoyed. Prizes were to be captured; and after taking from them whatever would be of use, all on board were to be murdered, except the women reserved for a more brutal purpose, and the ships scuttled, so that no tale of their fate should reach the shore.

It seems, that at this relation Wales was too much astonished to make any reply. Spencer then called up Small, the seaman with whom he had been intimate through the voyage. He addressed him in Spanish; but Wales could not tell, as he did not understand the language, what they were talking about. Small looked surprised, however, at what was told to him. Spencer then remarked in English, "O, you need not be under any apprehension or fear on his account, as I have sounded him pretty well, and find him one of us." Small seemed pleased, and remarked that he "was very glad to hear it." He was then called away about his duty. Before going, Spencer remarked, that he should have the mid-watch that night, and wished to have some further conversation relative to their plans. He desired Small, in the mean time, "to see *that* foretopman," without naming him. Spencer then made overtures to Wales, and offered, if he would join in the conspiracy, to give him the post of *third* officer in command. He then asked Wales what he thought of the project; to which the latter replied, thinking it prudent to dissemble in order to gain further information, that he was favorably disposed to it. Spencer remarked, that they would have another interview on the next day, when he would exhibit the plan which he had drawn up. He followed Wales to the gangway, saying, that if he lisped a syllable of what had been communicated to him, he should be murdered, either by Spencer himself, or by other persons engaged in the plot; that, go where he might, his life would not be worth a straw.

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Wales promised secrecy ; but resolved at once to communicate to his commander all that he had heard. He found himself so closely watched by Small and Spencer, that he was foiled in his attempts that night ; but, the next morning, he succeeded in imparting it to the purser, Hieskell, who related it to Lieutenant Gansevoort, by whom it was communicated to the commander. The latter received the communication with great coolness, and expressed doubts of its truth. In his official despatch, he says, that the whole affair seemed to him so monstrous, that he treated it with ridicule. His impression was, that Spencer had been amusing himself and Wales with some mere story of piracy and murder. He directed the lieutenant, however, to keep a careful watch upon Spencer, and to report every thing that appeared suspicious in his movements. At a later period of the day, the lieutenant, who had been an anxious observer of what passed, urged upon the commander the necessity of taking some active measures. The latter still replied, that he wished to do nothing hastily ; that they would keep a sharp look-out, and, when the drum beat for evening quarters, decide what course it was best to pursue.

We cannot fail to notice the judgment and coolness evinced by the commander, on receiving this astounding information. To one familiar, as he was, with naval history, the incidents of former mutinies could not have been unknown ; and he must have seen, in the project of Spencer, many features corresponding with the melancholy events which have already occupied so much of our attention. He could not have forgotten the fate of the officers of the *Bounty*, whose power was overthrown by one man, in the twilight of the morning ; and that of the officers of the *Hermione*, butchered and thrown overboard, and the captain murdered in his cabin.

On the drum beating to quarters, in the presence of all the officers on the quarter-deck, the commander directed the lieutenant to arrest Spencer and place him in irons, ordering, further, that he should be put to instant death, if he was detected in speaking to, or holding communication with, any of the crew. Spencer was searched ; but nothing was found upon him except a few scraps of paper. On searching his locker, however, a razor-case was found, and, inside of it, a piece of white paper, on which were written what ap-

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peared to be strange characters, but which proved to be Greek, of which language Spencer had some knowledge.* This paper was read by Midshipman Rogers, and converted into English characters as follows.

"*Certain* — P. Spencer, Andrews, McKinley, Wales.

"*Doubtful* — Wilson,* McKie,* Warner,* Green,* Gedney,* Wilzer, Sullivan, Godfrey, Gallia,* Howard.

"To be kept, *nolens volens* — Sibble, Strumner, Scott, Van Brunt, Smith, Whitmore, Gazeley, Blackman, Waltham, Rodman, Clark, Nevers, Selzer, Corning, Richardson, the Doctor, Guevan.

"Those marked doubtful, with a cross opposite their names, will probably join before the plot is carried into execution. The remainder marked doubtful will probably join when the thing is done; if not, they must be forced.

"Any not marked down who may wish to join after the thing is done, we will pick the best out and dispose of the rest.

"*Wheel* — McKie.

"*Arm-chest* — McKinley.

"*Cabin* — Spencer, Small, Wilson.

"*Ward-room* — Spencer.

"*Steerage* — Spencer, Small, Wilson."

Small, as has been already seen, was an accomplice of Spencer. Various circumstances, which have been grouped together with great force in the defence of Commander Mackenzie before the court-martial, directed the suspicions of the officers towards Cromwell. Both of these persons were accordingly placed under arrest, on the 28th of November. The anxieties of the officers continued to increase. The crew gathered, from time to time, in knots. Spencer was observed endeavouring to hold intelligence with some of them. On the 30th of November, four others, McKie, McKinley, Wilson, and Green, were placed under arrest.

* Descending from the gravity of the text, we may be permitted to express our astonishment, that, among the various attempts of a malevolent press to throw odium and ridicule upon Commander Mackenzie, no allusion has been made to the paper in Greek characters, which was, in part, the foundation of the proceedings against Roderick Random on shipboard. "What you are pleased," says he, "to call ciphers are no other than Greek characters, in which, for my amusement, I kept a diary of every thing remarkable that has occurred to my observation, since the beginning of the voyage, till the day on which I was put in irons." "A very likely story!" cried Mackshane; "*what occasion was there for using Greek characters, if you were not afraid of discovering what you had wrote?*"

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The prisoners, now amounting to seven, were all confined on the quarter-deck. Owing to the contracted dimensions of the brig, there was no other place on board, which was more secure against an attempt at a rescue. But here it was difficult to prevent them from communicating with each other, and they interfered essentially with the management of the vessel. At the time they were confined, it was the evident intention of the commander to take them to the United States, to be delivered up to the justice of their country. To effect this desired object, he was considered by the Court of Inquiry to have tried every measure that a brave, prudent, and skilful officer could adopt. But, during the confinement of the prisoners, sullenness, discontent, inattention to duty, disobedience to orders, often — as seamen know, and naval records establish — the precursors of open acts of violence, were manifested by the crew.

Feeling the necessity of immediate action, and desiring all the counsel the officers of the vessel could give him, in the very responsible situation in which he was placed, the commander, on the 30th of November, addressed to his officers a letter, in which he called upon them to take into deliberate and dispassionate consideration the present condition of the vessel, and the contingencies of every nature throughout the remainder of the cruise, and to furnish him their united counsel, as to the course proper to be pursued. Immediately on the receipt of this letter, they assembled in the ward-room, and commenced the examination of witnesses. These were duly sworn, and their testimony written down, and subscribed by each witness, after it had been read over to him. The officers passed the whole day in the performance of this duty, without interruption and without food. The commander remained in charge of the deck, with the three young midshipmen on constant duty. On the morning of Thursday, the 1st of December, the officers again assembled in the cabin, and, after a further consultation, addressed the commander the following letter, expressing their unanimous opinion, that the safety of the brig required the immediate execution of Spencer, Cromwell, and Small.

"U. S. Brig Somers, December 1, 1842.

"Sir: In answer to your letter of yesterday, requesting our counsel as to the best course to be pursued with the prisoners,

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Acting Midshipman Philip Spencer, Boatswain's Mate Samuel Cromwell, and Seaman Elisha Small, we would state, that the evidence which has come to our knowledge is of such a nature, that, after as dispassionate and deliberate a consideration of the case as the exigency of the time would admit, we have come to a cool, decided, and unanimous opinion, that they have been guilty of a full and determined intention to commit a mutiny on board of this vessel of a most atrocious nature, and that the revelation of the circumstances having made it necessary to confine others with them, the uncertainty as to what extent they are leagued with others still at large, the impossibility of guarding against the contingencies which 'a day or an hour may bring forth,' we are convinced that it would be impossible to carry them to the United States, and that the safety of the public property, the lives of ourselves, and of those committed to our charge, requires that (giving them a sufficient time to prepare) they should be put to death, in a manner best calculated, as an example, to make a beneficial impression upon the disaffected. This opinion we give, bearing in mind our duty to our God, our country, and to the service.

"We are, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

"Guert Gansevoort, Lieutenant.
"R. W. Leecock, Passed Assistant Surgeon.
"H. M. Hieskell, Purser.
"M. C. Perry, Acting Master.
"Henry Rogers, Midshipman.
"Egbert Thompson, Midshipman.
"Charles W. Hays, Midshipman."

And now we advance to the conclusion of this melancholy affair. The commander concurred in the opinion of his officers. The three chief mutineers were the only persons capable of navigating the vessel, and their execution would leave the rest without knowledge or confidence. By their execution, the very eye of the mutiny would be put out, and the monster left dispirited to grope in darkness.

We will not dwell on the painful scene which ensued. The three prisoners were executed on the 1st of December, 1842, in latitude 17° 34′, and longitude 41° 34′. At the time of the execution, the brig was, by the log, five hundred and twenty-five miles distant from St. Thomas, at which place she arrived on the 5th of December.

Previous to their death, Spencer and Small both confessed their guilt, in the presence of the officers and crew, and acknowledged that their punishment was just. Spencer added, that he had attempted a mutiny on board the two

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national vessels in which he had last sailed, and that his piratical propensity was a sort of mania.*

On his arrival at New York, Commander Mackenzie asked for a Court of Inquiry on his conduct. This court was composed of three officers, than whom none are more distinguished in our naval service; Commodore Stewart as president, Commodore Dallas, and Commodore Jones. With these the Hon. Ogden Hoffman was associated as Judge Advocate; and it is not too much to say, that his character and peculiar fitness for the post added to the consideration to which the court was entitled. They were authorized to inquire into all the facts touching the alleged mutiny on board the *Somers*, and the conduct of Commander Mackenzie in ordering the execution of Spencer, Cromwell, and Small, and to report to the Department their opinion as to the right and propriety of those proceedings. During nineteen days, they faithfully and laboriously examined every officer, seaman, and apprentice, belonging to the *Somers*, with the exception of ten of the crew who were in confinement. Their unanimous opinion was as follows.

"That a mutiny had been organized on board the United States brig *Somers*, to murder the officers and take possession of the brig.

"That Midshipman Philip Spencer, Boatswain's Mate Samuel Cromwell, and Seaman Elisha Small, were concerned in, and guilty of, such mutiny.

"That, had not the execution taken place, an attempt would have taken place to release the prisoners, murder the officers, and take command of the brig.

"That such attempt, had it been made in the night, or during a squall, would, in the judgment of the Court, from the number

* Just before his execution, Spencer requested that he might be shot. In refusing this wish, the commander was justified by the usage of the navy. An officer of eminent rank in the navy is sentenced to be shot; but an inferior officer, or seaman, is hanged at the yard-arm. Whereas, in the army, a soldier is shot for a military offence, unless in the case of spies. The reason assigned for this distinction would hardly be recognized as valid in the navy. It is, that death by being shot is less ignominious than hanging, and more befitting a man who is continually exposing his life for his country. See *Delafons on Naval Courts-Martial*, p. 271. But do not the sailor and officer in the navy equally expose their lives for their country? A more reasonable cause of the difference would seem to arise from the inherent difficulty of carrying a sentence by shooting into execution on board a ship at sea, and the facility for the other mode of execution afforded by the ropes and yards.

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and character of the crew, the small size of the brig, and the daily decreasing physical strength of the officers, occasioned by almost constant watching and broken slumbers, have been successful.

"That Commander Mackenzie, under these circumstances, was not bound to risk the safety of his vessel, and jeopard the lives of the young officers and the loyal of his crew, in order to secure to the guilty the forms of trial; and that the immediate execution of the prisoners was demanded by duty and justified by necessity.

"The Court are further of opinion, that throughout all these painful occurrences, so well calculated to disturb the judgment and try the energy of the bravest and most experienced officer, the conduct of Commander Mackenzie and his officers was prudent, calm, and firm, and that he and they honorably performed their duty to the service and their country."

Before the communication of this opinion to the Secretary of the Navy, he caused the commander of the *Somers* to be arrested on a charge of murder. There were three specifications, all of which were but variations of one and the same charge, that the execution was directed and carried into effect without justifiable cause. A Court-martial was convened, at the navy-yard in Brooklyn, for the trial. It consisted of the following officers; Commodore John Downes, president; Commodore George C. Read; Captains William C. Bolton, Daniel Turner, John D. Sloat, Joseph Smith, George W. Storer, Isaac McKeever, Benjamin Page, John Gwinn, Thomas W. Wyman; Commanders Henry W. Ogden, Irvine Shubrick. The Judge Advocate was William H. Norris, of Baltimore.

They commenced their sessions on the 2d of February, 1843. After the Judge Advocate had concluded the reading of the charges and specifications, Commander Mackenzie rose and said, "Spencer, Cromwell, and Small were put to death by my order; but to the charges and specifications I plead not guilty." He was allowed counsel; and Mr. Griffin, Mr. Duer, and Mr. Sedgwick acted in this capacity. The Court was occupied in the hearing of this cause for upwards of forty days; a longer period, we are disposed to believe, than was ever before consumed by any such proceeding in naval annals.* By their final report,

* The momentous trial of Admiral Byng commenced the 28th of December, 1756, and continued till January 27th, 1757.

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Commander Mackenzie was *honorably acquitted* of all the charges and specifications preferred against him by the Secretary of the Navy ; and their judgment has since been *confirmed* by the President of the United States.*

And now we close this rapid sketch of the course of events in this important affair. After the prompt and decided opinion of the Court of Inquiry, the honorable acquittal by the Court-martial, and the confirmation thereof by the President, it may seem superfluous for us to undertake to add another word, even by way of explanation. The country has spoken through its constituted organs, and their justice cannot be rejudged. But the hardihood of public opinion, and the voice of slander, disregard the formal judgments of courts ; and there are not a few, who, with audacious hands, would venture to lift these " anchors " of the law.† It is to be regretted, that it did not fall within the province of the Judge Advocate before the Court of Inquiry, or that he did not deem it proper, to state what he understood to be the rule of law, by which the responsibility of Commander Mackenzie was to be determined. Such an enunciation might have gone further towards tranquillizing the public mind than a formal judgment, of which it may be said, perhaps, that it sometimes silences without convincing the understanding.

The reports, which we have been able to see, of the proceedings before the Court-martial, are so imperfect, partly from the secrecy of their deliberations, that we cannot judge with confidence of the nature of the counsel, which the Judge Advocate, on this occasion, in his character of legal adviser, deemed it his duty to give to the court. So far, however, as we may venture to judge of what we know so imperfectly, it appears to us unworthy of the magnitude of the occasion, and unjust towards Commander Mackenzie. Some of the questions started, and the spirit in which the trial was conducted, seem to show a greater aptness for the niceties of *Nisi Prius*, than for the comprehension of the generous

* The language used by the President in the *confirmation*, particularly when taken in connexion with a statement in the official journal at Washington, is supposed to be peculiar and novel. We have not time to enter upon an inquiry into this point. See *Law Reporter* for May, 1843, p. 47.

† *Judicia enim anchoræ legum sunt, ut leges reipublicæ.* Bacon *de Aug. Scient.*, Lib. VIII. c. iii. Aph. 73.

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principles and modes of proceeding, which should govern a cause of this character. It may be added, that the Judge Advocate did not seem at his ease in the performance of his duties. It was his misfortune, that, being invited to take charge of a prosecution, the conduct of which was to draw the observation of the nation, and to become a precedent hereafter, he did not enjoy a national reputation, so as to receive in advance the confidence of the people. It appears from the certificates, which he felt obliged to publish,* that his friends commend him for "a professional reputation standing as high as that of any other man of his *age* in the State," and as well known for honor and integrity of character in Maryland. It is doubtful, if, in other States, however it might be in his native commonwealth, his ears would be greeted by the "οὗτος ἐκεῖνος," which was so sweet to Demosthenes. It was, perhaps, a fault in the Secretary of the Navy, from whom the appointment of Judge Advocate proceeded, that he did not select, for the eminent duties of this trial, some person whose character, experience, and learning were calculated to inspire the confidence of the whole country.

There is another circumstance connected with these proceedings which ought not to be passed over in silence. We allude to it with extreme reluctance, unwilling to touch any of those chords, never to be touched in wantonness and indifference, which tremble in a parent's breast. The language of the defence seems to suggest,† what has been asserted by the press, that an influence had been exerted against Commander Mackenzie by the distinguished father of one of the offenders. It appears further, that Mr. Butler and Mr. O'Connor, eminent members of the bar, expressly requested to be allowed to appear before the court, in behalf of the relatives of this offender, to take part in the proceedings, to examine and cross-examine the witnesses produced, and to offer suggestions to the court; and that Mr. Butler gave the Judge Advocate "two papers of questions for witnesses." It further appears, from the state-

* Certificates to vouch a professional reputation, as if it were a medicine, are so distasteful in their nature, and so contrary to the usage of the bar, that we were not sorry to be obliged to descend for them to the columns of the *New York Herald*, where they seem to have first seen the light.

† p. 21.

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ment of the Judge Advocate under oath, that Mr. Spencer, the Secretary of War, wrote an opinion on the course to be adopted at a certain stage of the trial; though it is added, that it was not read to the Judge Advocate till the occasion to which it applied had gone by; and further, that the Judge Advocate received from Mr. Spencer "through the hands of Mr. Morris, *three questions he wished put to a witness.*" It would seem, therefore, that the suggestion in the defence was not entirely without foundation. Far be from our country and our age that ferocious virtue of ancient Rome, which taught one father to preside at the execution of his two sons condemned for treason,* and another, by his unaided voice, to order the instant death of a brave and generous child, who, contrary to the mandate of the dictator, had joined in single and successful combat with one of the chiefs of the enemy.† Still, we cannot but think, that the conduct of Mr. Spencer would have been more in harmony with that reserve, in which the inmost feelings of our nature find shelter, if he had abstained from all interference with the proceedings. It is impossible to measure the influence which his temper and conduct have had on the public mind; and it may not be an undue assumption to attribute, in some part, to these causes the disagreeable imputations to which Commander Mackenzie has been exposed.

The commander was aided in his defence by counsel, to whose fame we can contribute nothing by what we might say in their praise. Perhaps, we should not say too much, if we suggested, with deference to their great learning and their perfect knowledge of the cause, that they do not appear to have occupied, to the full extent, the grounds of law on which the defence naturally rested. They commence with the position, that, "in judging of the necessity of the execution, it is of vital importance to ascertain preliminarily, whether a mutinous conspiracy in fact existed on board the *Somers*, and whether the persons executed were parties to that conspiracy." This proposition is divisible into two parts; *first*, as to the existence of the mutiny; *secondly*, as to the guilt of the persons executed. In certain aspects of the case, we can conceive it not unimportant to be able to establish both parts of this proposition; but it seems to us, that this is not essential to a complete justification

* Livy, II. 5. † *Ib.* VIII. 7.

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of Commander Mackenzie. If we are right, the learned counsel, with the gallantry of another profession, threw away a shield to which their client was entitled.

We venture with diffidence upon the discussion of a question which has opened the field for such animated debate.* It is acknowledged that Commander Mackenzie has taken the lives of three men without the customary forms of law. Does the law contain, within itself, any principle, which, under the circumstances of the case, will justify this apparent violation of it? Our answer is, that it clearly does.

We assume the existence of a mutiny, or mutinous conspiracy, on board the *Somers*, as established by evidence beyond a doubt. Laying aside, for the present, all question as to who were the partakers in this guilt, or as to the necessity of their execution, we begin by inquiring, What were the duties imposed upon the commander by this event? Of course, to suppress the mutiny, protect the lives of his officers and crew, and save the ship which had been committed to his charge. But the law does not impose extraordinary duties, without conferring at the same time, coextensive powers, or means for the performance of the duties. It does not enjoin upon its servants arduous exertions, without, from its ample armory, intrusting them with weapons adequate to the difficult purpose. These will differ much from the powers to be exercised on ordinary occasions. We will not undertake to decide the question, whether a national ship, on the high seas, in time of peace, and in the absence of mutiny or disturbance, is under the rule of the municipal law or of the martial law. But, however this may be in ordinary circumstances, we cannot doubt that, by the mutiny on board the *Somers*, this ship was placed, for the time being, in a state of war. It was as if the enemy were at the gates, or rather already within the walls, of the city. "*Dimicatum est enim non magis cum hostibus, quam, quæ dimicatio major atque periculosior est,*

* Several questions connected with this case have been started by an ingenious writer in the *Law Reporter* (No. for May 1843), reputed to be a late distinguished law-officer of one of the States. He seems, however, not disposed to undertake to resolve the doubts he raises. He could hardly have borne in mind the saying of Lord Bacon, not more conspicuous in philosophy than in law, whenever he directed to the latter his great powers, that we should "open the law on doubts, not open doubts on the law."

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cum proditione ac perfidiâ sociorum." * Amid the sound of arms, the ordinary municipal law, which might before have controlled the duties and responsibilities of officers, became silent.† *Martial law prevailed.* By the course of events, the commander was invested with a duty not unlike that of the dictator,‡ *to see that the ship received no detriment.* The law, that laid on his shoulders the burden of these transcendent powers, required in his case, as in many other instances where it imposes duties, only their honest and conscientious exercise to the best of his abilities. In the flagrant proof of the existence of the mutiny, and the melancholy circumstances by which he was surrounded, he might read legibly, as in a warrant of the law, the customary *formula* of that instrument — "*for which these shall be your warrant*" — and proceed, without fear of the future, to the execution of a citizen.

It is a principle of the common law, — and probably a principle of universal law, for it has its foundations in natural equity, — that a person having judicial authority will be protected by the law in all cases where he has exercised it honestly and conscientiously, even though grievous error may have occurred. This principle is to be found in the earliest records of our jurisprudence, and is upheld by an unbroken series of decisions. The reason of it has been succinctly stated by a distinguished judge of our country.§ "Judicial exercise of power," he said, "is imposed upon the courts. They *must decide and act according to their judgment;* and,

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* Livy, I. 28.

† "I can conceive of cases," says Lord Mansfield, "in time of war, in which a governor would be justified, though he acted very arbitrarily, in which he could not be justified in time of peace. Suppose during a siege, or upon an invasion of Minorca, the governor should judge it proper to send an hundred of the inhabitants out of the island from motives of real and genuine expediency: or suppose upon a general suspicion he should take people up as spies; upon proper circumstances laid before the court, it would be very fit to see whether he had acted as the governor of a garrison ought, according to the circumstances of the case." *Mostyn* v. *Fabrigas*, Cowper's Reports, I. 174.

‡ It is said that the first cause of creating a dictator, was the fear of a domestic sedition. Liv. II. 18, 29. III 20. Cic. de Leg. III. 3.

§ Mr. Chief Justice (afterwards Chancellor) Kent, in the case of *Yates* v. *Lansing*, Johnson's Reports, Vol. V. p. 291. This point is discussed by Mr. Wirt, in the defence of Judge Peck on his impeachment; a forensic effort to which we cannot allude without expressing our admiration of its ability, its learning, and its eloquence. See Peck's Trial, p. 492.

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therefore, the law will protect them." The rule was expressed another time in more technical language.* "Therefore, by the law of England," said Lord Mansfield, "if an action be brought against a judge of record for an act done by him in his judicial capacity, he may plead that he did it as a judge of record, and that will be a complete justification."

Analogous to this in principle, is the justification of the commander of the Somers. The character cast upon him was at once *judicial* and *executive*. He was to judge and to execute. The judicial authority does not depend on the ermine or robe. It may be muffled even under a military cloak.

The vivid language of Mr. Erskine in one of his greatest efforts† is pertinent to our purpose, though applied by him to proceedings by impeachment.

"I say that the extraordinary jurisdiction by impeachment ought never to be assumed to expose error, or to scourge misfortune; but to hold up a terrible example to corruption and wilful abuse of authority by extra legal pains. If public men are always punished with due severity, when the source of their misconduct appears to have been selfishly corrupt and criminal, the public can never suffer when their errors are treated with gentleness. From such protection to the magistrate, no man can think lightly of the charge of magistracy itself, when he sees, by the language of the saving judgment, that the only title to it is *an honest and zealous intention.* If at this moment, or, indeed, in any other in the whole course of our history, the people of England were to call upon every man, in this impeaching House of Commons, who had given his voice on public questions, or *acted in authority, civil or military*, to answer for the issues of our councils and *our wars*, and if *honest single intentions* for the public service were refused as answers to impeachments, we should have many relations to mourn for, and many friends to deplore. For my own part, I feel, I hope for my country, as much as any man that inhabits it; but I would rather see it fall, and be buried in its ruins, than lend my voice to wound any minister, or other responsible person, however unfortunate, *who had fairly followed the light of his understanding and the dictates of his conscience for their preservation.* Gentlemen, this

* *Mostyn* v. *Fabrigas*, Cowper's Reports, Vol. I. p. 172.

† Speech on the trial of the printer, John Stockdale, for a libel. Erskine's Speeches, Vol. I. p. 374.

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is no theory of mine; it is the language of the English law, and the protection which it affords to every man in office, from the highest to the lowest trust of government. God forbid that a magistrate should suffer from an *error in judgment, if his purpose was honestly to discharge his trust.*"

Without intending to apply the language of Mr. Erskine, or the analogy derived from the immunity of the judicial character, rigidly to the matter before us, we are prepared to assert, that the legality of the means employed by Commander Mackenzie in suppressing the mutiny may be judged by the answer to the simple question, whether, under the circumstances of the case, he acted honestly, to the best of his judgment, and without any corrupt motive, or wilful thought. But, in giving this effect to the motives of the commander, we assume that the mutiny had acquired such foothold as to cause reasonable and well-grounded apprehensions for the safety of the ship. In other words, there must have been an *apparent necessity* for a resort to *extraordinary* means to arrest the mutiny. There must have appeared to be no other alternative, equally consistent with the safety of all. In characterizing this necessity as *apparent*, rather than real, we adopt the distinction which lies at the foundation of the right of self-defence.* The consideration of this distinction will throw additional light on the rule by which the responsibility of Commander Mackenzie is to be judged.

But what is the right of *self-defence*? It is a right founded in the law of nature. It springs from the character of man. It is one of the essential elements bound up in his being. It had its origin in the instincts of humanity, and is ratified by the calm judgments of reason. It is older than books, for it was born when the pulsations of the heart began. It is broader than civilization or law, for it is com-

* Not distantly connected with this is the question, When, if ever, one person would be justified, in case of shipwreck or other great calamity, in taking the life of his companion in order to save his own. The recent interesting case of the *William Brown*, where the mate threw a number of persons into the sea, is an illustration of this point. A short time after the precipitate act, a sail came in sight, though at the time of the act it seemed unreasonable to expect such happy succour. It would appear, therefore, that the company in the boat did not act under the promptings of a certain, inevitable, and overwhelming necessity; but only of an *apparent* necessity. On some future occasion we hope to be able to consider at length the case of the *William Brown*.

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mon to the whole human family. The language of the great Roman orator and lawyer is as true now as when it was employed in the defence of Milo.* "*Est igitur hæc, judices, non scripta, sed nata, lex: quam non didicimus, accepimus, legimus, verum ex naturâ ipsâ arripuimus, hausimus, expressimus; ad quam non docti, sed facti, non instituti, sed imbuti sumus; ut, si vita nostra in aliquas insidias, si in vim, si in tela aut latronum aut inimicorum, incidisset, omnis honesta ratio esset expediendæ salutis. Silent enim leges inter arma.*"

A right so important, which, in its exercise, may override the ordinary municipal law, can only be employed under circumstances of a peculiar character. It is like the sword, suspended in the temple in ancient times, which could only be taken down on a great emergency. The law, which sanctions this right, limits and guards its exercise. It is not on every occasion of anxiety, or fear of imagined danger, or impending harm, that a person will be justified in taking the life of a citizen. But the law, while careful to restrain the right within its natural limits, recognizes its force on every just and proper occasion. What, then, is a just and proper occasion for its exercise? We answer, Whenever a person of ordinary firmness and courage, has *reasonable grounds* to believe his life in danger; or, according to another form of expression, whenever it *appears* that he can save his own life only by the sacrifice of that of another. It is not necessary that the danger should in *reality* be imminent; it is sufficient, if there are reasonable grounds to believe that there is a design to destroy life, although it should afterwards appear that no such design existed.†

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* *Pro Milone.* § 4.

† We are unwilling that a distinction, so important to our purpose, should be left merely on the assertion of the text. The language of Blackstone on this point lacks precision. (Blackstone's Com. Vol. IV. pp. 180, 184.) An *apparent* cause for firing was treated by Mr. Justice Trowbridge as a valid justification of the British soldiers, for killing certain persons March 5, 1770. (See Chandler's Crim. Trials, pp. 406, 411.) The distinction was accurately expressed by Mr. Justice (afterwards Chief Justice) Parker as follows; "When from the nature of the attack there is reasonable ground to believe that there is a design to take his life or commit any felony upon his person, the killing the assailant will be excusable homicide, *although it should afterwards appear that no felony was intended.* To illustrate this principle, take the following case. A., in the peaceful pursuit of his affairs, sees B. rushing rapidly towards him, with an outstretched arm, and a pistol in his hand, and using violent menaces against his life as he advances. Having approached

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This is the rule of municipal law, derived from numerous authorities, and applied to cases between citizens on the land. It was recognized in our country as long ago as the trial of the soldiers for what has been called the Boston Massacre; and was accurately defined by the court, after learned and acute discussion at the bar, in the trial of Selfridge for the killing of Austin. There are many reasons, why the rule might receive a more enlarged and vigorous application in the case of the soldier, than in that of the citizen. We will, however, only allude to one. As the soldier is bound to maintain his *post* and his *arms*, it would seem that, in the defence of these, he would be justified in resorting to the same extreme measures by which he might protect his life.

Applying this rule to the circumstances of the Somers, it will be needful to the legal justification of the Commander only to establish the existence, at the time of the execution, of an *apparent* danger to the ship, or to the lives of his officers and crew. It should be such a danger as seemed to him, in the exercise of his best judgment, to threaten fatal results, unless arrested by instant and extraordinary exertions. We repeat, that, in strictness of law, it is not requisite for him to go further than this. And we present this view of the case, not because we believe that the necessity, under which he acted, was not at once real and *apparent*, but because we are anxious to define what seem to be the proper legal grounds of defence. In this view, the question to be asked is not, whether, looking at the circumstances of the case from the vantage-ground of the present time, it was in reality possible

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near enough, in the same attitude, A., who has a club in his hand, strikes B. over the head before, or at the instant the pistol is discharged, and of the wound B. dies. It turns out that the pistol was loaded with *powder only*, and that the real design of B. was only to *terrify* A. Will any reasonable man say, that A is more criminal than he would have been if there had been a bullet in the pistol? Those who hold such doctrine must require, that a man so attacked, must, before he strike the assailant, stop and ascertain how the pistol is loaded." (Trial of Selfridge, p. 160.) The Scotch law corresponds with this. It is to be found in Mr. Alison's admirable work on the *Criminal Law of Scotland*, and it is a source of no little pleasure to meet the author of the history of the French Revolution in another department of intellectual labor. The right of self-defence, he says, arises "where there is personal violence of such a kind as may *reasonably seem* to endanger life," p. 20; "where an officer has reason to conclude that his life shall *come* to be in hazard," p. 29; "in case of *reasonable necessity*," p. 38.

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to carry the prisoners to St. Thomas, or to the United States; but, whether, *at the time of the execution*, it did not *appear* impossible to do it, without imminent danger to the ship and all on board.

And this leads us to an important consideration. In determining the existence of this *apparent* necessity, we are to banish from our minds all knowledge or impressions derived from recent results or evidence; we are to carry ourselves back to the morning of December 1st, 1842, and to the actual point of time when the execution took place; we are to put ourselves in the position of the commander; to scan the countenances of the crew; to note the signs of disaffection; to breathe the atmosphere of distrust. We are, with him, to examine the narrow accommodations afforded by the brig, and to consider the difficulty of preventing communication between the prisoners and the crew; and, finally, with him we are to listen to the unanimous recommendation of his officers, that Spencer, Cromwell, and Small should be put to death.

As it is not in our power to place ourselves actually in this situation, it is important that we should employ the means, which, after personal observation, are best calculated to give us an accurate impression of the appearance of things at the time of the execution. In the first place, we are to consider the size of the *Somers*; and here the opinion of Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., who so happily unites in his own person the apparently incompatible experience of the seaman and the lawyer, is entitled to the highest consideration:

"I must say no one ought to form an opinion upon the issues of this conspiracy without first seeing the *Somers*. You would hardly believe your eyes, if you were to see, as the scene of this conspiracy, a little brig, with low bulwarks, a single narrow deck, flush fore and aft, and nothing to mark the officers' quarters, but a long trunk-house, or *companion*, raised a few feet from the deck, to let light and air in from below, such as you may have seen in our smaller packets, which ply along the seaboard. You feel as though half a dozen resolute conspirators could have swept the decks, and thrown overboard all who opposed them before aid could come from below. And in coming on deck, (which seemed to me more fearful than any thing else in the officers' condition) the officers would have to come up the

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steps, and through the small companion scuttles, at which a couple of men could easily have cut them down, or shot them as they appeared ..... In short, no one, at all acquainted with nautical matters, can see the *Somers* without being made feelingly aware of the defenceless situation of those few officers."

Having the appearance of the *Somers* in our mind, we are prepared to listen to the evidence with regard to the mutiny of which she was the scene. The persons on whom we naturally rely for testimony as to the condition of things on board a ship, are the officers. There can be no reason why those of the *Somers* should be disqualified from being witnesses. Examine them; they all concur in expressing their belief, entertained not only at the time of the execution, but down to this day, in the actual existence of a formidable mutiny, in the guilt of Spencer, Cromwell, and Small, and in the necessity of their execution as a means of securing the command of the ship to the lawful authorities. They describe the appearance of the crew; they repeatedly speak of the "indescribable something," the disobedience to orders, the sullenness, which were tokens of the mutinous disposition. It is trifling with human testimony to say, that the ship was not at least in *apparent* danger, when all the officers join in testifying to its existence. On the testimony of these men, we leave this part of the subject. It would be impossible, without unreasonably drawing upon the patience of the reader, to sift the various circumstances attending the mutiny, and estimate their weight and importance as evidence of danger to the ship. And we are less disposed to do it, because we should be obliged to repeat something of what we have already presented in our narrative of the mutiny. The field, moreover, has been so fully occupied by the counsel of the commander, as to leave scarcely so much as a straw for the gleaner.

In estimating the danger to which the ship was exposed, we must not close our eyes upon the light derived from the history of past mutinies. At this stage of our remarks, we can do no more than invite attention to the illustration to be derived from this source. With such warnings as we have already introduced into our pages, no Commander can properly hesitate to adopt the most prompt and energetic measures. He must be mindful, that the mutiny, swift as an armed man, may spring upon the unsuspecting officers,

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and that, while he hesitates for a moment, the irrevocable blow will be struck. Above all things, he will make great exertions, and incur burdensome responsibilities, rather than allow the flag intrusted to his guardianship to be displaced by the black bunting of the pirate. It is a duty, than which none lies nearer the heart of a faithful commander, to preserve his ship sacred for his country, that no flag may float from its mast-head but the ensign of the Republic, that its sleeping thunder may never be awakened except in the cause of Right.

Looking, then, at the circumstances of this case, by the best lights within our reach, we cannot hesitate to express our conviction of the necessity, at once real and apparent, under which the commander acted. And this brings us to the distinct question, whether it is incumbent on him to proceed further in his justification, and establish the *actual* guilt of each one of the three persons executed. It seems to us, most clearly, that this is not essential to his justification in any point of view; certainly it is not requisite to his legal justification. The utmost that can be required of him is to establish the *apparent* guilt of these persons. But even this is not imperative. And here we conclude, as we began, this portion of the argument, by saying that it is sufficient, if it be shown that the Commander, in taking the steps that he did towards the suppression of the mutiny, acted in good faith, even supposing subsequent knowledge may have made it evident that he erred in judgment. In this respect, his situation differs materially from that of the citizen, who takes the life of another in self-defence. He is summoned by necessity to take extraordinary steps for the safety of the ship. The law that has invested him with such sudden and indefinite powers to meet a peculiar emergency, considers properly all the circumstances of the occasion. It does not expect from him on the deck of a man-of-war, and in the midst of the ocean, the protracted deliberations of a court of justice, nor a nice balancing of suspicions and evidence. It further considers wisely the infirmity of human nature, and its liability to error. But over all errors of judgment, under such circumstances of necessity, it throws its ample shield. Whatever the commander does, we repeat again, *in such an emergency, in good faith, and in the conscientious discharge of his duty,*

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believing it to be necessary to the safety of his ship, or of the lives of those on board, receives the protection of the law.

It is on this ground, that the many instances, in the history of the world, of extraordinary military punishment, under peculiar circumstances, may be justified; as by the suspicions under which parties have fallen, or by the impossibility of discovering the real offender, and the necessity of making an example. Thus, it has not unfrequently happened, that the leader of a forlorn hope, or other officer in the heady current of battle, has, with his own arm, struck down the soldier who seemed to shrink from his post. In all these cases, the justification is found in the conscientious discharge of duty, under the apparent necessities of the occasion.*

In our examination of this matter thus far, we have, for the most part, followed a course of argument different from that so ably occupied by the counsel of Commander Mackenzie. We have forborne all inquiry into the guilt of Spencer, Cromwell, and Small, believing that it is irrelevant to the determination of the merits of the defence. If we are right in this view, it may be justly regretted, that, in the protracted proceedings of the Court-martial, so much time was consumed on this question. The effect of this was, to widen the field of inquiry beyond the requirements of law.

We should do wrong, however, to close our remarks without one glance at a matter, which has been deemed by many so important. It is with regard to the *actual* participation of Cromwell in the mutiny, that the chief question has been raised. The concurring opinion of the officers at the time, marking him as one of the leaders, indeed as the *dux facti*, establishes at least *apparent* guilt, though it may not be manifested by facts susceptible of narration or evidence. In a matter like this, we are bound to adopt the convictions of those who were on the spot, and saw with their own eyes, and heard with their own ears, all that passed. It would be impossible to add to the admirable

* The practice of *decimation* in the Roman armies was sustained by the same apparent necessity. "*Statuerunt enim ita majores nostri, ut si a multis esset flagitium rei militaris admissum, sortitione in quosdam animadverteretur; ut metus videlicet ad omnes, pœna ad paucos perveniret.* Cicero pro Cluentio, 46. In Tacitus, we find that it did not even consider the *actual* guilt of the party. "*At quidam insontes peribunt. Nam et ex fuso exercitu, cum decimus quisque fusti feritur, etiam strenui sortiuntur.*" Annal. XIV. 44.

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force, with which all the circumstances in the various testimony bearing on this point have been presented by the counsel of the Commander. And it must be difficult for any one, after reading their argument, to entertain a doubt of the actual guilt of Cromwell. There is no opportunity for hesitation with regard to the guilt of the other two, as both confessed it previous to their execution. The earlier years of Spencer's short life seem to have afforded gloomy prognostications of his destiny. When a student at Schenectady College, where he was probably imbued with some of that knowledge which he afterwards employed in his Greek ciphers, his favorite reading was in books of piracy. His imagination was smitten by the stories of the heroes of crime. He talked of them among his companions. A longing grew in his breast to figure as a great criminal. We have understood, from an authentic source, that, while on board the *Potomac*, he detailed piratical projects similar to those which were afterwards arrested by the promptness and energy of Commander Mackenzie on board the *Somers*. He had gone so far as to determine the dress which he should adopt as the captain of a pirate ship. Upon the memory of the unfortunate dead we would not cast an unnecessary weight of reproach; but the character of Spencer enters as an essential ingredient into the case of the *Somers*. Of him it may be said, that he seemed

> "Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
> The multiplying villanies of nature
> Did swarm upon him."

The judgment of the Court-martial, by which Commander Mackenzie was honorably acquitted of the charges and specifications against him, stands on the immovable foundations of law. But we should not convey our strong convictions of its justice, if we did not add our opinion, that it cannot fail to be ratified by every unprejudiced mind.* Through the confusion and obscurity, which prejudice and ardent discussion have thrown over this subject, this judgment will appear, like the country's flag revealed in the smoke of battle. Does any one in his heart believe, that

* We cannot doubt, what we have understood, that the opinion of officers of the British navy on this question is in accordance with that of the

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the conduct of the Commander was not justified by the circumstances in which he was placed? Who would have asked him, with the history of former mutinies in his memory, to brave the dangers of delay for yet another hour? Let such person, if such there be, picture to himself the possible fate of the Commander, before the sun had gone down on the first day of his irresolution. The officers, weary with watching, are sprung upon by the crew fresh from undisturbed repose. Perhaps they are thrown into the sea, which closes over their uncoffined bodies. Perhaps, in an open boat, with a few biscuits and a single jar of water, they are set adrift, and at last, through various vicissitudes, worn with suffering, with nothing left to sustain them but hope, arrive in their country, to tell their melancholy story. Meanwhile, the swiftest ship of the navy, from its armament and its build apt at once for attack and escape, has fallen into the hands of a pirate. Like a baleful meteor, it shoots over the troubled ocean, with unwonted fears perplexing the navigation of the world. It arrests the commerce of the country, floating on every sea; it fastens upon one of those stately ships, those "pageants of the sea," laden with costly merchandise; and the gentle vessel, gay with the presence of the beautiful and cherished of the land, bearing to foreign shores wives in the fresh morning of a husband's love, and maidens the light and joy of happy household hearths; or homeward bound with long-expected travellers, who have garnered up the rich harvest of learning, and science, and art among the ancient scenes of Europe, becomes the pirate's prey. When these tidings reach home, where shall the Commander of the *Somers* hide his head? To him the country will call for the ship once intrusted to his charge, with stronger feeling than was implied even in those words of anguish wrung from the Roman emperor, — "Varus, restore my legions."

Honor, then, to the commander for the courage and promp-

Court-martial. We should not allude to this circumstance, except to counteract an impression, that has been carefully circulated to the contrary. An English article has been printed in our papers, on the mutiny of the *Somers*, as from the "United Service *Journal*," whereas it was from the "United Service *Gazette*," a paper of an inferior character. It was probably attributed to the *Journal* for the malicious purpose of giving it authority and currency.

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titude he displayed, and the service he has rendered to his country! He has done more than gain a battle, and deserves more than the homage of admiration and gratitude with which we greet the victor returning from successful war. We thank him, and the country thanks him, that he did not hesitate; that, just and firm of purpose, with a soul full of tenderness, he did not allow the sacred regard for human life, nor the wicked machinations of conspiracy, nor the fear of evil tongues at home to shake his solid mind. But is there nothing to excite regret in all that he has done? We wish we could bring our remarks to an end without alluding to a paper, which, in justice to the subject, cannot be passed over in silence. The most important document, illustrative of the mutiny, is the official communication of the Commander to the government. It is said that this was prepared in great haste, and under the pressure of anxiety and care. We doubt if ever a good cause, towards which the hearts of the people inclined with instinctive admiration, received greater detriment from any single document or circumstance, than that of Commander Mackenzie from his official narrative. Few have read it without being pained by some things in the dreary recital of what he addressed to the prisoners previous to their execution, and especially by the recommendation of his officers for promotion. We revere the austere firmness, which executed justice alike upon the educated son of a Minister of State, and the humble untaught sailor; but we shrink from the excess of professional spirit, which seems for a moment to have forgotten the milder feelings of the man, and which asked promotion at the hands of the government for those whose courage aided in the just but melancholy act. It was not with triumph that he should have presented himself before his country; rather with humility and sadness, for he had taken the life of a citizen. At the thought of the fate of that young man, the heir to distinguished talents in two generations, and bearing the commission of his country, the feelings of gratulation, even in the overthrow of the plottings of a pirate, and the rescue of a national ship, ought not to find utterance; the lustre of success is obscured by the sacrifice;

"The pomp is darkened and the day o'ercast."

It was not in a communication calculated to inflame the pru-

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rient taste of the people, that this dread offering to necessity and law should have been announced ; but in words few and significant, and expressive of the grief of him by whose orders it had been done ; for he who has slain a man, however justly, is not to be envied.* But we should fail in justice to this paper, if we did not record our admiration of the frankness and loyalty to truth, companion virtues to the courage that saved the *Somers*, evinced, even in those passages which we could most wish to blot, by the minute relation of circumstances which are little favorable to the writer.

On other occasions Commander Mackenzie, by not undistinguished services, has won an enviable fame. He has, by more than a single trial, proved himself brave, disinterested, and humane. In our navy, an officer of his lofty character and unaffected singleness of heart must find many opportunities for honorable and useful service. And when he again descends upon the sea, we shall doubtless hear, as we have heard before, of the affectionate attachment which he inspires among his brother officers, and of the auspicious influences which he exerts over those under his command. Let us add, in conclusion, that to us Commander Mackenzie is an entire stranger. We have long honored him for his contributions to the literature of the country, and none the less, because, while following the profession of arms, he has found time to cultivate the arts of Peace. It is a source of no little satisfaction, that one who wears the laurel with such gentle mien should know so well how to employ the sword.

* The Commander says well in his despatch, that it was the most melancholy act which an officer of the navy had ever been called to perform. To reconcile him to the recollections of such a tragedy, he will lean upon what is firmer than fame, the consciousness of duty done. Plato, in his Gorgias, the dialogue which Cicero read so diligently at Athens, and by which he was taught chiefly to admire its great author, puts in the mouth of Socrates words of striking application to the situation of the Commander.

"*Socrates.* We should not envy those who are not to be envied, nor the wretched, but pity them. *Polus.* What of that? do you think this is the case with the men I am speaking of? *S.* Yes; for how can it be otherwise? *P.* Whoever, therefore, slays whom he may have seen fit to slay seems to you, does he, to be wretched and pitiable? *S.* No, indeed, not to me; nor yet to be envied. *P.* Did you not a moment since say he was wretched? *S.* He who has slain a man unjustly — yes, my friend, and to be pitied besides; but *he who has done it justly, is not to be envied.*"

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Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *History of Beverly, Civil and Ecclesiastical, from its Settlement in* 1630 *to* 1842. By Edwin M. Stone. Boston: James Munroe and Company. 1843. 12mo. pp. 324.

The love of our native town is a sentiment by itself. It cannot be dignified by the name of patriotism, neither is it exactly the love of home, but a connecting link between them. Although we cannot shut our eyes to the ever-flowing tide of Yankee emigration, we think the instinct in question nowhere manifests itself more strongly than in New England. Many whom the spirit of enterprise and an ardent imagination have led to "new homes" on a richer soil, or to a wider sphere for the exercise of talent, in cities, or what are termed *growing* places, have been known to cherish for years the purpose of returning to their native village, and the hope of possessing, as the resting-place of their old age, the "play-place of their early years." To few, perhaps, ever happens a combination of circumstances which puts them at liberty to gratify this wish; so strongly do the ties and associations formed later in life bind them to the soil into which they have been transplanted. But these voluntary exiles, and even their descendants, regard the old spot with a sort of romantic interest, and read, with a pleasure and curiosity not to be wearied by minute details, such a history of "the place of ancient memories" as this, which Mr. Stone has furnished, of the good old town of Beverly.

But we think the History of Beverly will be acceptable to a larger class of readers than town-histories ordinarily find. Mr. Stone has been indefatigable in his search for information of various kinds, and has judiciously woven his materials into a narrative of a readable form, enlivened occasionally with anecdotes and entertaining facts. Among the best things in the book are the short biographies of eminent men, some of whom ought not to be considered the property of a particular town, as they were widely useful and influential, and will long be remembered with love and respect in the community at large.

The improvement of the people in their taste for church architecture and sacred music, and in the decorum of their behaviour during divine service, makes an amusing chapter. There is certainly a great change for the better since the days when the spirits of prankful urchins were hardly kept in awe by the terror of the tithing-man. We do, indeed, occasionally

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see sleepy hearers in our warm houses and cushioned pews; but the presence of an officer, watching every involuntary nod and drooping eyelid, and dealing punishment upon offenders, would excite any thing but sober attention.

One omission we noticed with surprise. In a town more remarkable for the sober good sense and unostentatious manners of its inhabitants, than for their taste in the fine arts, the discovery of an undoubted genius is a remarkable event, and deserving of record. Miss Quiner of Beverly, with proper patronage and advantages, would take no mean rank among American artists. Without instruction or cultivation of any sort, her talent for modelling in clay has already attracted much notice.

The engravings, we understand, are, some or all of them, from drawings by an untaught artist in Upper Beverly. They are an ornament to the book, though the views of the town are taken from points which do not present it under a familiar aspect, and the likeness is not immediately recognized.

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2. — 1. *A Muck Manual, for Farmers.* By Samuel L. Dana. Second Edition with Additions. Lowell: Bixby & Whitney. 1843. 32mo. pp. 232.

2. *An Essay on Calcareous Manures.* By Edmund Ruffin. Third Edition. Petersburg: Printed for the Author. 1842. 8vo. pp. 316.

Great improvements have been made of late years in the application of science to the arts, and for other useful purposes, and in no department have the beneficial results of such an application been more manifest than in that of agriculture. People are willing to undergo the labor of making themselves acquainted with new views and facts promulgated by scientific men, and to incur the expense of reducing them to experiment, when the advantages from a successful trial will be tangible, and the results immediate. Hence comes the eagerness with which Dr. Liebig's recent publications have been received in this country, as evinced by the rapid sale of large editions. Not all the persons who buy them are capable of judging of their scientific merits, nor is it necessary that they should be. A practical test is at hand, which any one can apply. A trial soon determines the worth of the reputed discovery, or novel application of principles formerly known, and if the expected results follow, it matters not if the reasoning be unsound, and the *data*, which

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form the premises, be hastily put together and insufficient. The inquirer may have hit upon the truth by accident.

It is a good proof, therefore, of the value of such works, that the sale of them is continued and extensive. Tried by this rule, the two publications before us must possess considerable merit. Dr. Dana's Manual has passed to a second edition, and the Trustees of the "Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture" have purchased one hundred copies of it for immediate distribution. Mr. Ruffin's Essay, an octavo of three hundred closely printed pages, has reached the third edition. These facts afford a strong presumption in favor of the two books; for they are purchased, of course, only by practical men, who have found it to their advantage to apply the principles contained in them to the details of agriculture. "In the few years," says Mr. Ruffin, "which have passed since the issue of the preceding edition, it is believed that the use of marl and lime in lower Virginia has been extended over thrice as much land as had been previously thus improved; and the previous clear income of the farmers thus fertilizing their lands has been already increased" — to an amount that we dare not mention, lest we should be suspected of practising on the credulity of our readers. Dr. Dana expresses his "obligations to the editors of the different agricultural newspapers for the favorable opinion they have, as far as the author knows, universally expressed of this volume."

If our readers think that the merits of these treatises are here tried by a new and rather unsafe criterion, we can only plead in excuse our inability to judge of them in any other way. We frankly confess our ignorance of the rather unsavory subject which these writers discuss, and we feel no desire to have any nearer acquaintance with it. But what then? Dr. Dana intimates that he knows very little about farming, and that his "agricultural reading has been very limited"; and Mr. Ruffin says, that he has "but small pretensions to the character of a good farmer." Now, if authors may write books upon subjects of which they know little, reviewers, who know less, may surely be permitted to notice their publications. The farmers are the only persons whose opinion on the subject is worth having, and, as they seem to have expressed a favorable judgment, no great courage is required to enable any one to indorse their recommendation.

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3. — *The Social Compact, exemplified in the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; with Remarks on the Theories of Divine Right of Hobbes and of Filmer, and the Counter Theories of Sidney, Locke, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, concerning the Origin and Nature of Government.* A Lecture, delivered before the Franklin Lyceum, at Providence, R. I., November 25, 1842. By John Quincy Adams. Providence: Knowles & Vose, Printers. 1842. 8vo. pp. 32.

The people of the United States have a stronger relish for the discussion of political principles, and the exercise of political rights, than any other nation on the face of the globe. The interest which they feel in the elections is kept alive by two most powerful stimulants, — the consciousness of power, and the knowledge that their own pecuniary affairs and civil privileges will be deeply affected by the result of the vote. The electoral body is very numerous, it is true, and the importance of an individual vote seems to be diminished, when we consider how small a fraction it forms of the result. But one effect of our peculiar institutions is to keep parties very equally balanced in the country, and the consequence is, that every person puts a higher value upon his own suffrage in proportion to the smallness of the majority by which the question is ultimately decided. It not unfrequently happens, that an important election is determined by a single vote, and then every individual who acted with the majority is prone to believe that the decision rested on him alone. His vanity is flattered by this belief, and no wonder that he engages with great zeal in the canvass and preliminary discussions.

Unluckily, political measures and principles are considered and debated only when the time has actually come to adopt or reject them, and, consequently, they are weighed under circumstances very unfavorable to a dispassionate judgment. They are discussed in the heat of the contest, when the feelings are already enlisted in the strife of parties. It is not strange, then, that people often manifest great inconsistency in their political conduct, and find themselves engaged at different times in defending opinions which are dissimilar, and even opposite to each other, without the consciousness of having at all changed their position. It is doing a good work, therefore, to induce them at times to look at these questions theoretically, and in the abstract, before a bias is given to the judgment by the public agitation of them at the polls and in the halls of legislation. Most persons

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have a prejudice against merely speculative considerations in politics; but they express their impatience only when such views are brought forward at the time of action and decision, and in order to convince them of the extravagant and incongruous character of their own arguments and measures. First principles must be settled before the time arrives for their application. People will not listen to them when the contest has actually begun, unless they tend to fortify opinions previously conceived.

In the lecture now before us, we find an abstract theory of the origin and nature of government, and a review of the opinions maintained on this subject by the principal French and English writers. We have the assurance of the author, that the lecture was written without the slightest reference to contemporary events, or the political discussions of the present day. It is at once an able and useful production, and will be read with the attention and respect, with which the opinions of the venerable statesman to whom we are indebted for it are generally received throughout the country. The lecturer finds his text in the Constitution of Massachusetts, in which the taste of the authors induced them to embody a fuller statement of general principles than is found in the constitutions of the other States, or in that of the whole nation. The doctrine which he labors to establish, may be clearly stated in his own words; "that the social compact, or body politic, founded upon the laws of nature and of God, physical, moral, and intellectual, necessarily presupposes a *permanent* family compact, formed by the will of the man and the consent of the woman; and that, by the same laws of nature and of God, in the formation of the social compact, the will or the vote of every family must be given by its head, the husband and father." The corollary seems to be, that not every individual is consulted in the formation even of the most liberal government; but one must often act for many, and the persons whom he represents are as much bound by his acts, as if they had directly participated in them. Thus, when it is said, in the Constitution of the State, that "the *whole people* covenants with each citizen," that portion of the people must be meant, who are capable of contracting for the whole. Probably few persons are aware, how small this portion is. No woman, and no man under the age of twenty-one years, had a hand either in the preparation of the instrument, or in the final vote by which it was adopted. The constitution was ratified and made binding upon posterity, because it was approved "by more than two thirds of about fifteen thousand persons who voted upon it, out of a population of three hundred and fifty thousand, or one vote for every thirty-five souls."

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Some of those who are wont to talk glibly about our democratic institutions, may not know that the word "democracy" is not once mentioned either in the Constitution of Massachusetts, or in that of the United States. These two instruments, says Mr. Adams, "form together a mixed government, compounded not only of the three elements of democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy, but with a fourth added element of *confederacy*." The principle of governing by what is absolutely the greatest number is nowhere recognized in our fundamental institutions; for in each State, and in the whole nation, the greater number of human beings living therein have no voice whatever in the election of officers, or the enactment of laws, but are bound to submit to a government framed and conducted for them by a minority of the people. And the doctrine that such a minority has a right to govern the whole body is not a matter of convention or formal agreement, but is recognized as a law of nature, binding upon the whole human race before any society among them is formed. It grows out of the patriarchal or family origin of all government, — out of the natural relations which bind together husband and wife, parents and children, guardian and ward. It is founded on the natural distinctions of age and sex, through which subordination and dependence are established from the moment of birth. It is true, that our government is the most popular one which exists upon earth, — that it constitutes, perhaps, the nearest approach to a pure democracy which has ever been formed. But "it is not democracy, nor aristocracy, nor monarchy, but a compound of them all, of which democracy is the oxygen or vital air, too pure in itself for human respiration, but which, in the union with other elements equally destructive in themselves and less pure, forms that moral and political atmospheric air, in which we live and move and have our being."

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4. — *Manhood, or Scenes from the Past; a Series of Poems.* By William Plumer, Jr. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. 12mo. pp. 148.

This volume is in continuation of the author's plan, begun in a little work noticed formerly by us, in this Journal. The writer's aim is to present the feelings, objects, and pursuits of the different periods of life, and to express them in a poetical form. This volume goes on from the point reached in the other, and describes the period of manhood. Keeping in view the one idea

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of truly representing what truly belongs to the successive periods of human life, Mr. Plumer has given to his poetry a singular interest, — the interest that truth, nature, and reality always excite. The incidents and feelings he portrays belong not to the ultra-romantic character; they are such as all educated and virtuous men experience in the serene paths of public and private duty. No overwhelming passion, no extravagant aim, no ambition strong enough to trouble the even tenor of civic existence, appears ever to have agitated the author's bosom. And yet he has passed with honor across the arena of forensic contests, and has been the not undistinguished representative of a respectable constituency in the House of Representatives at Washington. He shows a calm and philosophical temperament, content to forego the uncertain joys of wealth, for the quiet blessings of assured competency; seeking happiness in the steady performance of duty, and in the pleasures of the domestic fireside. Over this scene of happy repose, the Muse has shed her ray; letters have embellished the ordinary incidents of life; and the good citizen, the virtuous statesman, the kind parent, sits down as the evening of life approaches, and portrays with the pencil of truth the varied scenes through which he has honorably passed.

These hints will give an idea of what may be expected from the present work. It contains no passages of fiery strength or dazzling brilliancy. It startles by no extravagances of sentiment, or intensity of expression. It utters no complaints of the wretched lot and desperate unhappiness of the unappreciated genius. Human life is not delineated here as a state of mortal misery. But the author writes in a smooth and sustained style, not destitute of poetical beauty, and utters thoughts marked by tender sentiment, gentle affections, and the purity of a high-minded and virtuous man. He has well mastered the difficult music of the sonnet. Other metrical forms he uses from time to time with considerable beauty and effect. The Dedication is a fair example of his skill.

"TO JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

"Long years are past, since, first, in Harvard halls,
Thine ardor roused me: pupil there I heard
Such strains of quickening eloquence as stirred
Youth's inmost soul; fond memory yet recalls
High hopes, ambitious aims, or proud desires,
Caught there in contact with thy kindling fires;
And who can tell how much of after life
Is fashioned to the stamp, which genius prints
On thoughts of ductile youth; what hues and tints

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Are there inwrought, which fade not in the strife
Of later years. My guide, in days of youth!
My manhood's friend! to thee the grateful muse
Glad homage pays; nor thou the lay refuse,
To genius due, to virtue, friendship, truth."—p. 7.

We give one more Sonnet, describing the feelings of the author, when a professional student.

"How calm the quiet of the sylvan shade!
Where, wealth and want unknown, our studious toil
Nor heeds the city's pomp, nor village broil;
But blest with leisure, in the tranquil glade,
No cares molest us, and no wants invade.
Ah! happy days of homebred joy, so spent,
In rest and toil alternate,—hiving still
The sweets of science, drinking from the rill
Of copious knowledge. Seasons came and went,
Light winged, unburdened. Hope her nameless charm
O'er all diffused; the World unsought, unknown,
At distance seen, in gaudy splendor shone;
Nor doubt came yet, to sadden or alarm,
Nor envy here her withering blast had blown."—p. 11.

The author proceeds to delineate the varying moods of feeling which the young man passes through;—the hopes, the despondency, the courage and the joy he alternately feels, as he draws near the entrance upon the busy scenes of manly life;—the mourning for early friends, as they drop down, one by one, in the march;—the incidents that happen beneath the parental roof;—the amusements of leisure hours. Then comes the great passion, the absorbing sentiment of Love, which is presented with feeling, delicacy, and taste, never overstepping the modesty of nature. We give two Sonnets upon this subject, hoping they will find favor with our tender-hearted readers.

"Love is the blending of two youthful hearts,
Each in the other fused; union entire
Of end and aim, in passion's glowing fire,
Which leaves no fracture, nor discordant parts;
Abandonment of self, and selfish arts,
In generous transports of intense desire,
Intense as pure,—a feeling infinite,
Which with unbounded service would requite
The boon it craves; yet cannot less require
Than heart for heart, true love's unbounded right.
Modest and diffident, and of his might
Distrustful ever, yet doth Love aspire
To boundless sway, and spreads her gentle power
Alike o'er lordly hall and lowly bower.

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"I tire of days in loveless labor past,
By beauty's smile unblest. Man was not made
For selfish joy or sorrow; sad, o'ercast,
With hopes that fade, and joys that wither fast,
He droops, untended, in the lonely shade.
His paradise on earth, his heaven portrayed,
Is woman's unbought love; all earth beside
Would dark and worthless prove, were this denied.
For ne'er ambition's spoils, nor heaps of gain
The longings of desire could sate, or hush
The heart's wild transports, throbbing to attain
True bliss; but O! when love's warm currents gush
From kindred hearts commingling, man again
Finds Eden's primal bliss, else sought in vain." — pp. 55, 56.

We cannot give any further extracts. The book goes on, and describes the feelings that spring from the domestic relations, and from the scenes of public life, in which the author was placed. A kind and gentle spirit, a poetical feeling, and an equal temper are here uninterruptedly displayed. Towards the close, a short series of portraits of illustrious statesmen are drawn, with singular fairness, impartiality, and pictorial skill. We have been so much pleased with these books of Mr. Plumer, that we hope he will have time and will to complete his original plan.

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5. — *Colonial Literature, Science, and Education, written with a view of improving the Literary, Educational, and Public Institutions of British North America.* By GEORGE R. YOUNG, Esq. Halifax, N. S. 1842. In 3 Vols. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 364.

THIS work comes to our notice as a kind of literary curiosity, being the first volume of any pretensions, so far as we remember, which has come to us from the Northern Colonial press. It has further claims to regard as the production of a gentleman well known among his fellow colonists as a barrister of eminence, who, like some distinguished members of the profession in our own and the mother country, devotes his leisure hours to the great public cause of education and literature. Every profession has to bear its share of popular prejudice, and, perhaps, members of the bar are visited with something more than their proportion; and it ought, at least, to be remembered in their favor, that, both in England and this country, the men who have taken the lead in advancing the interests of popular education have been of their number.

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The volume before us, which is to be followed by two more, consists of twelve Lectures, part of which were in substance delivered by the author as President of the Institute at Halifax. The publication, when complete, is intended to "sketch a general outline, which the student may afterwards fill up according to natural taste and predilection, of different branches of letters, philosophy, and legislation; — and to aid in this useful labor by giving references to the best authors, where the subjects and questions are fully and elaborately treated." It is a design worthy of the author, and calculated to be of much use, we should judge, especially in the present condition of literature and education in the British Colonies. Indeed, we learn from the introduction, that Dr. Birkbeck, the late lamented President of the London Mechanics' Institution, expressed to the author his approval of the scheme, together with that of several influential friends of popular education in the mother country, of whom Lord Brougham was one. We are glad to observe, that the work is dedicated by permission to Lord Falkland, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, in order that official countenance may not be wanting to so good a cause.

It is gratifying to see a man in Mr. Young's position, instead of aiming at the reputation of an original writer, employing his talents upon a kind of work better adapted for practical usefulness among those for whom it is more particularly intended. He is content to give ample space to the speculations and conclusions of the leading minds in their several departments, and wherein they have spoken wisely, they are often allowed to speak for themselves. The proper course in a work like this, "of a strictly educational character," is to inform those who need to be informed of some of the main facts which have been best ascertained in science, and of the elementary truths which have been most approved and best illustrated in the history of human thought. The author has thus condensed much valuable matter into the first three Lectures, by way of sketching the successive stages of knowledge up to the time of modern civilization. In the two following, the subject of education is treated in a national point of view, and a good abstract is given of the more approved European systems of popular instruction.

In the three succeeding Lectures, upon the Condition and Prospects of Education in the Colonies, there is much valuable information that can with difficulty be obtained elsewhere. And those amongst us who take a lively interest in the general cause of popular instruction, irrespective of state and national boundary lines, will be under obligations to the author for enabling them to get some insight into this portion of the subject without the labor

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that he must have taken in collecting and examining large numbers of reports and other official documents.

From the subject of Education, both in its local and general aspects, the author passes, in the three remaining Lectures, to a series of observations upon the character of some of those results by which, in the common course of things, education "is justified of her children." Excellence in intellectual production, particularly in oral eloquence, is treated somewhat at length, and the distinctive merits of the ancient and modern styles, with their causes, are compared and contrasted with much propriety. The author has introduced notices of the styles of some of the leading orators of England, as they came under his personal observation, and the reader is thus presented with sketches of several interesting scenes and passages, which he may not find elsewhere.

But we must bring our notice to a close. "During the last three years," says Mr. Young, "the manuscript has lain on my table, and been a source of mental relaxation and refreshment, when an hour of leisure could be spared from graver, and, perhaps, more profitable pursuits." In pursuits more profitable to themselves, perhaps, Mr. Young and many able men in the Colonies, of whom he speaks as cherishing the same tastes as his own, may indeed engage; in some of more immediate interest to the Provinces as a political community, the author has already been honorably distinguished;* but surely, to that public generally, no pursuit can be more truly profitable than the preparation of books, which, although "they do not profess the loftier intention of instructing the scholar, are written to beget a love of literature and education in the colonial mind, and to *popularize* letters and science in circles where they are not duly appreciated."

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6. — *A Gallop among American Scenery, or Sketches of American Scenes and Military Adventure.* By A. E. Silliman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 267.

This little volume seems to have been rapidly written, but it displays uncommon qualities of style, and powers of observation. The author has apparently travelled much, both in the United States and in Europe. His sketches of scenery are brilliantly drawn, and his stories and anecdotes well told. Unlike most books

* *Letters to Lord John Russell on Responsible Government and a Union of the Colonies of British North America.* By Geo. R. Young, Esq. Halifax, 1840. *Letters to Lord Stanley on the proposed Repeal of the Union between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.* By Geo. R. Young, Esq. Halifax, 1842.

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so miscellaneous in character, this has a spirit and life, which keep up the reader's interest to the end. It is drawn from fresh nature, and is therefore free from vague or unmeaning epithets. It is written in a hearty and honest tone, and we strike up a pleasant acquaintance with the author at once. We are amused, excited, and frequently instructed by our agreeable companion, and part from him with regret. The character of old Kennedy, the retired sailor, is extremely well managed; and the descriptions of battles he is made to give are piquant and lively. The stories of the medical student and the resurrectionist are very striking. The battle of Lundy's Lane is stirringly told. We are particularly pleased with the dashing picture of Niagara in the winter, though it is not done at sufficient length. It is a matter of great surprise, that a scene of such incomparable splendor, of a magnificence that surpasses the gorgeous invention of an Arabian tale, has not attracted more attention from the lovers of the picturesque. Mr. Silliman and Mrs. Jameson are the only travellers that we now remember, who have attempted to portray the subduing glories of Niagara when heightened by the dazzling embellishments of winter.

We take leave of our author with a lively sense of his descriptive powers, his gayety and good humor, and with many thanks for reviving so agreeably the recollection of places made classical by striking events in American history, or that have grown dear to the heart by the gratifications they have afforded to the love of the beautiful.

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7. — 1. *Sonnets and other Poems.* By William Lloyd Garrison. Boston: Oliver Johnson. 1843. pp. 96.
2. *Eloquence of Nature and other Poems.* By S. Dryden Phelps. Hartford. 1842. 12mo. pp. 168.
3. *The Burning of Schenectady and other Poems.* By Alfred B. Street. Albany. 1842. pp. 63 and 36.

Mr. Garrison has but little of the poetical element; and he has diminished that little by dwelling perpetually on a single theme. Like all men of a single idea, he expresses himself with energy upon that one; presents it in all its aspects, and enforces it in all its possible applications. Without being a master of style, Mr. Garrison writes with clearness and purity. Some of his sonnets have music, fancy, and point; and all show an earnestness of feeling and purpose, that, if they do not inspire poetry, inspire something like it. We are impressed by this little volume with the conviction that its author possesses powers, which, if turned in a literary direction, and cherished with a large and liberal

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culture, would have made a distinguished man of letters. As it is, he has limited their exercise to a cause, which he doubtless considers infinitely more important than "all Greek, all Roman fame"; and therefore can assert but slender claims to the catholic character of a scholar or a poet.

As to the second in our list, Mr. S. Dryden Phelps, it was his misfortune and not his fault to have a middle name. In the title-page of his book, he has complacently printed it at full length, while the prænomen is reduced to the comparative obscurity of an initial. Who knows what perilous ambition the medial name of Dryden may have put into the head of Mr. Phelps? This volume of poems doubtless sprang from this unlucky appellation; an appellation which constitutes Mr. Phelps's entire claim to the rank of a poet. We have read the volume carefully through, without detecting a single gleam of poetical imagination. It presents an unbroken expanse of dreary commonplaces, uttered in a monotonous strain of feeble epithets, flowing insipidity, and tasteless cant. To borrow an expression once applied to Jean Paul's grandfather, it is all "very poor and very pious."

Mr. Street is a poet of a different order. He has acquired a magazine and newspaper reputation of no inconsiderable amount. He has plainly the elements of a poet. He has imagination, perception, and the faculty of seizing on the poetical points of a scene to be described. His language has frequently energy and considerable picturesqueness, and his versification is sometimes felicitous. But he is untrained in the school of taste; he writes often with a spasmodic affectation of strength; he invents abrupt and unearthly compounds; he is for ever rolling in a fine frenzy. Simplicity, directness, truth to nature, are not good enough for him by half. He is constantly working himself up to the terrible, the shocking, the alarming; lashing himself into a wordy fury, that makes the reader gasp for a breath of meaning. We give a few specimens of the vices of Mr. Street's poetical style. What human being would naturally write as follows?

> "With baubled brow, but fettered hands
> And kingly hound-fangs in his side,
> Actæon Europe tottering stands
> Mid art and Nature's loftiest pride."

It is hard to say whether the above lines are more absurd or pedantic.

> "And that light Comus of the trees,
> The aspen, as *the balmy rover*
> Creeps by, with mirth is quivering over."

Passing by the circumstance that the aspen is generally considered the symbol of fear, and quite the reverse of a Comus,

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what does the reader suppose is meant by "the balmy rover"? The connexion shows it to be the "fitful breeze." This delicate euphuism is worthy of Mr. Richard Swiveller himself, and may be ranked with the "rosy" and "the balmy" of that illustrious member of the "Glorious Appollers."

Another execrable conceit is the following;

> "The other air-boats, moored in nest,
> Twitter and chirp themselves to rest."

Think of a boat twittering and chirping. What a brilliant imagination is displayed in calling a *bird* an *air-boat*.

The concluding line of the following is in a style which Mr. Street seems very fond of;

> "To pall the air, strike nature dumb,
> *And guard with robes her slumbers numb.*"

The next passage contains a very nice climax;

> "In slumber wrapped, the trader lies,
> The wind-steeds trample through the skies
> *And other noises of the night,*" &c.

Other tasteless conceits are these;

> "The two whose love
> Guided the tottering steps of infancy,
> Had gone on high *to wear bright wings* and raise
> Sweet anthems," &c.
>
> "And when Death
> *Was fastening heavenward pinions* to the one," &c.

We might go on quoting similar absurdities to any length. Mr. Street, like Walter Scott, is fond of dropping the article, where the sense absolutely requires its presence; as,

> "Some at the loops aim fruitless ball.
> Here, meadow with its shaven brow,
> Here, field just furrowed with the plough,
> On mountain-lot the axe is swinging,
> On slant-roofed stoop, by half-swung door," &c.

Mr. Street, like Mr. Willis, uses the pet word *slant*, on all possible occasions. The adjective is well enough in its way; but forced upon every sort of nouns, it becomes a finical mannerism.

Lack of taste and intellectual training is the besetting sin of American poetry. The loose and vague use of words, the substitution of epithets for thoughts, the imitation of the faults and vicious mannerisms of the great English poets, are the almost universal badge of the tribe in the United States. This will continue to be our condition, until a better and profounder education shall have been made the basis of American literature.

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8. — *History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands*, by James Jackson Jarves, Member of the Oriental Society. Boston: Tappan and Dennet. 1843. 8vo. pp. 407.

The author of this work is an American, who has had the advantage of a long residence in the country the history of which he has written, and the greater advantage of such a slight connexion with the conflicting parties there, that it could not prejudice his judgment of their measures. The subject which he treats must be somewhat familiar to most of our readers; for it is not long since Cook's Voyages held a kind of rivalship with Robinson Crusoe, in the love of the young; and any one, who was a school-boy ten years ago, will recollect Owhyhee as readily as his village play-ground. The changes, however, which have taken place in the Sandwich Islands since the visit of the *Discovery* and *Resolution*, give a greater importance to a description of that little group, than it could gain even from the recollection of the favorite book of our school-days. American commerce has made resting-places of its ports, and our missionaries have had so large a share in the civilization, and indirectly in the government, of the inhabitants, that we are naturally anxious to examine the effects of their teaching from other points of view than a religious one. The accounts, which have hitherto been published, are not altogether satisfactory, being either statistical summaries, or the meagre journals of travellers. Mr. Jarves has undertaken to supply the deficiencies of these partial descriptions by compiling, partly from the narratives of others, partly from his personal knowledge, a political history of the Hawaiian nation. He reserves for an additional volume the portraiture of the present manners of the people, and a fuller account of the natural features of the islands.

His book bears many signs of diligence in collecting materials, and he appears to have used them with judgment. The details, which he gives of the intrigues and petty quarrels of the chief personages in this microcosm of a hundred thousand inhabitants, are singularly minute for a country without any records except songs and traditions. The interior of the Hawaiian court, it would seem, is not so much closed to vulgar eyes, as those of more civilized countries. The style which Mr. Jarves has chosen is formal, and sometimes declamatory. A young writer is apt to imagine, that studied periods and a sententious manner are necessary to maintain the dignity of history; but a simpler mode of writing would have freed this book from a certain stiffness which encumbers it. The language, however, in spite of a little overstraining in a few pas-

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sages, is clear and energetic; the introductory chapters, especially, are excellent specimens of descriptive writing.

With respect to the historical portion itself, it seems to be founded, in the main, on native authorities, and represents the conduct of the inhabitants in a more favorable light, than that through which foreigners have hitherto been inclined to view it. Savage tribes, indeed, have been too often excluded from a share in the composition of their own history, and we owe it at least to compassion for the weaker party to hear their side of the question. There is little danger, that any person of a refined mind will be hurried by his feelings too far in the defence of men, whose habits and disposition must often disgust him; and Mr. Jarves studiously preserves his impartiality by balancing the social vices of the people of the Sandwich Islands against the nobleness and intelligence of a few of their chiefs. One portion of his book is not so free from the appearance, at least, of partisanship. There have been some unfortunate contentions between the English and French consuls and the American missionaries; and, in speaking of these, our author uses at times a bitterness of expression, with which his readers, at a distance from the scene of these transactions, cannot wholly sympathize. It is very natural, that one, who has himself witnessed grievous wrongs, should write about them warmly and freely; still, Mr. Jarvis would have done well to consider, whether greater calmness might not have increased the effect of his exposures. These faults of style are easily corrected, and we have noted them the more frankly, because they are all which we have been able to detect. The events in his narrative are well grouped, and the principal characters firmly and consistently drawn. There is much, also, suggestive of new ideas to any one of a speculative mind, in his sketches of the rapid civilization of the people of this small cluster of islands, — of the working of their feudal system and constitutional monarchy, and of the management of their House of Representatives and their double Executive.

Some recent occurrences, which the author could scarcely have anticipated, have given a graver interest to the subject of his work, by connecting the fate of the Sandwich Islands with questions of international policy; and we regret, on that account, that we are not able to notice it more fully. Its literary merits, however, apart from the political importance of the information which it contains, will gain for it many readers.

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NOTE

TO ARTICLE IV. OF NUMBER 119.

In an article which appeared in one of the daily papers of this city, in reply to the review of Mr. Dillaway's edition of the "Tusculan Questions" in our last number, the following paragraph occurs:

"In regard to the text he has followed, we are somewhat surprised at a remark of the reviewer. He supposes this text to be simply a reprint of the small London edition, frequently called the "Regent's Edition." Of this edition he speaks somewhat contemptuously, but evidently without having taken the pains to ascertain whether Mr. Dillaway had followed it or not. If he had examined as carefully as he pretends to have done, the very first pages of the very first of the series, — Cicero's Treatise *de Senectute*, — he would have found that the first page differs from the Regent's edition in two instances, — lines 5 and 11; the second page in five instances, — lines 2, 3, 4, 16, 17; the third page in two instances, — lines 15, 17; and the fourth page in three instances, — lines 11, 13, 17; — twelve variations in the first four pages!"

We have again compared the two editions and find that "the twelve variations," — which, without the writer's suggestion, we should certainly not have considered as constituting a difference of the text, — are as follows: In the first instance, Mr. Dillaway has a comma after "Flamininum," the Regent's edition has none; in the second, third, fourth, and fifth, Mr. Dillaway has a comma after "humanitatem," "urgentis," "et te," and "et ferre," the Regent's edition none; in the sixth, Mr. Dillaway prints "senectute" with a small *s*, the Regent's edition with a capital; in the seventh, Mr. Dillaway has no comma after "tribuimus," the Regent's edition has one; in the eighth, Mr. Dillaway prints "eandem," the Regent's edition "eamdem"; in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh, Mr. Dillaway has a comma after "obrepere" and "ajunt," "nobis" and "speramus," the Regent's edition none; and in the twelfth, Mr. Dillaway has a comma before and after "ut dicis," the Regent's edition a parenthesis, "(ut dicis.)" It is evident that one of two inferences must be true; either that the writer considers these "variations" as constituting a difference of the text, or that he intended that his readers should consider them as such on the strength of his assertion. We are neither able nor disposed to decide which is the true inference.

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QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AGRICULTURE.

Improvements in Agriculture, Arts, &c., of the United States. By Henry L. Ellsworth, U. S. Commissioner of Patents. To which is added, a Treatise on raising Swine. Also, a Treatise on Geology, as connected with Agriculture. New York: Greeley & McElrath. 8vo. pp. 80.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Karen Apostle; or, Memoir of Ko Thah-Byu, the First Karen Convert, with Notices concerning his Nation. By the Rev. Francis Mason, Missionary to the Karens. Revised by H. J. Ripley. Boston Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 16mo. pp. 153.

Memoirs of the Rev. Samuel Munson, and the Rev. Henry Lyman, late Missionaries to the Indian Archipelago. By the Rev. William Thompson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 196.

John Tyler; his History, Character, and Position; with a Portrait. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 40.

American Naval Biography, by John Frost, A. M. Part I. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler. 8vo. pp. 72.

Life of John C. Calhoun. Presenting a Condensed History of Political Events from 1841 to 1843. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 76.

The Christian Patriarch. A Memoir of Deacon John Whitman; who died at East Bridgewater, Massachusetts, July, 1842, at the advanced Age of 107 Years and 3 Months. By the Rev. Jason Whitman. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 12mo. pp. 101.

The Veil Removed; or Reflections on David Humphrey's Essay on the Life of Israel Putnam. Also, Notices of O. W. B. Peabody's Life of the Same, S. Swett's Sketch of Bunker Hill Battle, etc. By John Fellows. New York: James D. Lockwood. 1843. 12mo. pp. 231.

Sketch of the Life of the Hon. Isaac Fletcher. By Isaac F. Redfield. Burlington: Printed by Stilman Fletcher. 1843. 8vo. pp. 23.

EDUCATION.

A System of Modern Geography, comprising a Description of the Present State of the World, and its five great Divisions. Embellished by numerous Engravings, and illustrated by an Atlas of 18 Maps. By S. Augustus Mitchell. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait, & Co. 16mo. pp. 336.

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The Mount Vernon Reader; a Course of Reading Lessons, selected with Reference to their Moral Influence. Designed for Junior Classes. By the Messrs. Abbott. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey. 12mo. pp. 162.

Child's First Book of Spelling and Reading. By a Teacher. Boston: T. Harrington Carter. 16mo. pp. 80.

A Complete Set of Geographical Questions, adapted to the Various School Atlases in common Use. Boston: T. H. Carter. 16mo. pp. 31.

Juvenile Drawing-Book; being the Rudiments of the Art, in a Series of Progressive Lessons. Designed by John Reubens Smith. Philadelphia: John W. Moore. 4to.

Drawing-Book of Trees, exhibiting the whole Process of Sketching and Shading the different Kinds of Foliage, in the most familiar Manner. By Benjamin H. Coe, Teacher of Drawing. Hartford: E. B. & E. C. Kellogg. 4to. pp. 12.

Easy Lessons in Landscape Drawing, with Sketches of Animals and Rustic Figures, and Directions for using the Lead Pencil. Designed for Schools. By Benjamin H. Coe, Teacher of Drawing. Boston: Saxton & Peirce. 4to. pp. 36.

A new System of Geography, on the Classification Plan; being an Arrangement of Modern Geography, adapted to Smith's Atlas. By Charles Morrill. Concord, N. H.: Morrill, Silsby, & Co. 12mo. pp. 24.

Linear Drawing Book, designed for the Use of Schools, and Practical Purposes. By Samuel Smith. Philadelphia: Edward C. Biddle. 4to. pp. 48.

First Lessons in Grammar. For the Use of Young Pupils, in Schools and Families. Boston: T. H. Carter & Co. 12mo. pp. 90.

A Classical Spelling-Book; containing Rules and Reasons for English Orthography and Pronunciation; derived from a Complete Analysis of the Language. By the Rev. A. B. Chapin, M. A. Boston: Saxton & Peirce. 12mo. pp. 180.

Latin Lessons, Introductory to Andrews's Latin Reader, and Andrews's and Stoddard's Latin Grammar; with Appropriate Exercises, for the Translation and Writing of Latin. By Allen H. Weld, A. M. Portland: R. H. Sherburne. 24mo. pp. 224.

A Systematic Text-Book of English Grammar on the Eclectic Plan; with Progressive Questions and Exercises. By Smith B. Goodenow, A. M. Second Edition, enlarged and improved. Boston: Lewis & Sampson. 1843. 12mo. pp. 142.

The Anabasis of Xenophon, chiefly according to the Text of L. Dindorf; with Notes, for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By John J. Owen, Principal of the Cornelius Institute. New York: Leavitt & Trow. 1843. 12mo. pp. 366.

HISTORY.

Pictorial History of the United States. By John Frost, A. M. Vol. I. No. I. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler. 8vo. pp. 64.

The Criminal History of the English Government; from the First Massacre of the Irish, to the Poisoning of the Chinese. By Eugene

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Regnault. Translated from the French, with Notes, by an American. New York: J. S. Redfield. 12mo. pp. 314.

History of Congress; exhibiting a Classification of the Proceedings of the Senate, and the House of Representatives, from March 4, 1789, to March 3, 1793. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 8vo. pp. 736.

Ancient Egypt; her Monuments, Hieroglyphics, History, and Archæology, and other Subjects connected with Hieroglyphical Literature. By George R. Gliddon, late U. S. Consul at Cairo. New York: J. Winchester. 4to. pp. 67.

Sketches of Bunker Hill Battle and Monument; with Illustrative Documents. Charlestown: C. P. Emmons. 16mo. pp. 172.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Annie Moore; a Tale for the Young. By her Mother. New York: Saxton & Miles. 16mo. pp. 80.

Marco Paul's Travels and Adventures in Pursuit of Knowledge. Vols. II. and III. On the Erie Canal, and the City of Boston. By Jacob Abbott. Boston: T. Harrington Carter & Co. 12mo. pp. 144.

The Child's Scrap-Book. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 12mo. pp. 70.

Jemmy's Journey. Boston: B. B. Mussey. 12mo. pp. 64.

The Child's Picture Gallery. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 12mo. pp. 88.

The Rollo Picture-Book, for Small Children; or Mamma's Stories to Little Mary. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co. 12mo. pp. 84.

The Remarkable Story of Chicken Little. Boston: T. H. Carter & Co. 8vo. pp. 8.

Mary's Choice; or the Good Part Preferred. By J. K. Waite. Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 12mo. pp. 42.

The Adventures of Hernan Cortes, the Conqueror of Mexico. By the Author of "Uncle Philip's Conversations." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 186.

Little Stories for Little People. Boston: William Crosby & Co.

The Youth's Plutarch, or Select Lives of Greeks and Romans. Adapted to the Use of Schools and Families. By the Author of "American Popular Lessons," &c. New York: W. E. Dean. 1843. 18mo. pp. 256.

LAW.

Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Supreme Court of Errors of the State of Connecticut. By Thomas Day. Vol. XIV. Hartford: Case, Tiffany, & Co. 8vo. pp. 636.

Reports of Cases at Law and in Equity, Argued and Determined in the Supreme Court of Alabama, during part of June Term, 1841, and January Term, 1842. By the Judges of the Court. Vol. III. New Series. Tuscaloosa: Marmaduke J. Slade. 8vo. pp. 829.

Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Supreme Court of Judicature of New Hampshire. Vol. IX. Concord: Asa McFarland. 8vo. pp. 604.

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MEDICINE, ANATOMY, AND SURGERY.

A System of Practical Surgery. By William Fergusson, F. R. S. E.; Professor of Surgery in King's College, London. With 246 Illustrations, from Drawings by Bagg; and Notes and Additional Illustrations, by George W. Norris, M. D. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 8vo. pp. 629.

The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. By Jonathan Pereira, M. D., F. R. S. With Numerous Illustrations. From the Second London Edition, Enlarged and Improved, with Notes and Additions, by Joseph Carson, M. D. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 714 and 852.

A Demonstration of the Curability of Pulmonary Consumption, in all its Stages. By William A. McDowell, M. D. Louisville, Ky.: Prentice & Weissinger. 8vo. pp. 269.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Annual Report of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, for the Year 1842. Boston: James Loring. 8vo. pp. 40.

Capital Punishment. The Argument of the Rev. George B. Cheever, in Reply to J. L. O'Sullivan, Esq. New York: Saxton & Miles. 12mo. pp. 108.

The Maine Register, and National Calendar, for the Year 1843. Compiled by Samuel L. Harris. Augusta: Daniel C. Stanwood. 12mo. pp. 258.

Martha Washingtonianism; or a History of the Ladies' Temperance Benevolent Societies. By Lorenzo D. Johnson. Boston: Saxton, Peirce, & Co. 12mo. pp. 88.

The Domestic Book Keeper and Practical Economist; suggesting how to Live Independently, and how to be Independent while we Live. By Lemuel Shattuck. Boston: Published by the Author.

Description of the Croton Aqueduct; by John B. Jervis, Chief Engineer. New York: Slamm & Guion. 8vo. pp. 31.

Official Army Register, for 1843. Published by Order of the Secretary of War. Washington: Adjutant-General's Office. 8vo. pp. 52.

Navy Register of the United States, for the Year 1843. Washington: B. Homans. 8vo. pp. 72.

The Last Day of the Condemned, by Victor Hugo, Esq. Translated from the French. Also, The Last Judgment, and Last Lament. By the Rev. D. Newell. New York: W. H. Newell & Co. 8vo. pp. 32.

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